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# High Times

February '77

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# High Times

THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

February 1977

No. 18

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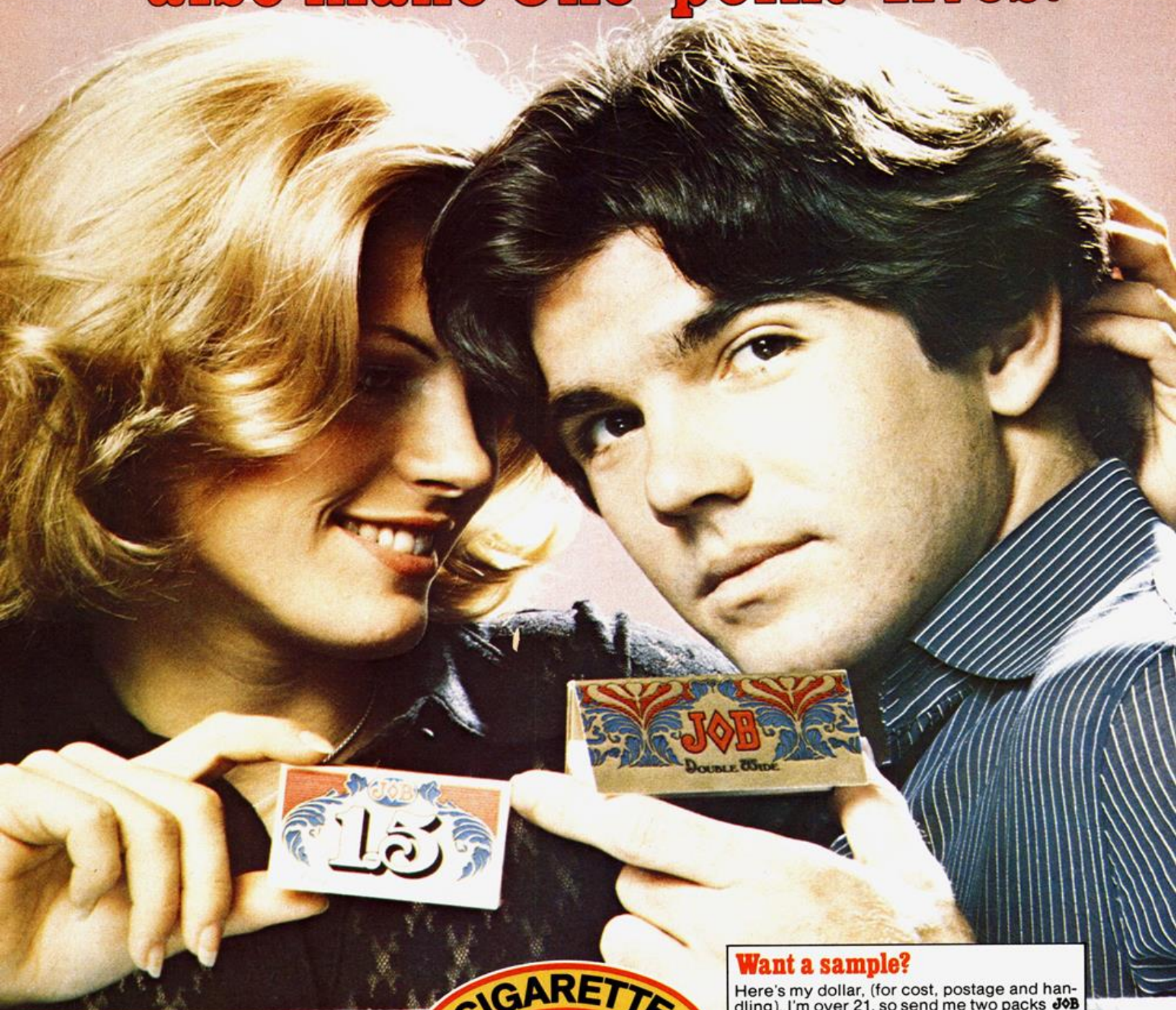
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## Vaughn Befriended

When I saw October's article on my friend Vaughn Bodé, I was excited. But by the time I finished, I was disgusted with you for printing such derogatory things without showing any of his art except some tiny figures of Belinda Bump.

O'Neil's article was more or less factual. Oh, he failed to mention that Vaughn illustrated many wondrous children's books and produced a half-dozen of the finest underground comics ever done. But Denny's naked jealousy and open distaste for Vaughn's work made me want to respond to some of his statements. Of course Vaughn "... would lovingly render a schematic of a space craft ..." Denny. He built whole worlds around his characters. Vaughn had the vision of a Tolkien. And of course his characters were often "ugly, selfish and violent." Look around you. But his strips could make you laugh or dance. He was a cartoon Fellini, reflecting the whole spectrum of life with all its joy, madness and pain.

There's no denying that Vaughn's personal life was twisted and mad or that his work's central thrust was weird sex and a long-time death wish. He short-circuited and exploded like a meteor at his peak. I can only say, Denny, that he lived life on a level that you and I do not. In his book *Schizophrenia*, which you put down so righteously, he said something that still sticks in my mind like white light: "Why be a bubble when you can be the whole fukin' river?"

— Warren Greenwood,

Publisher, Zero Comics, Hollywood, Ca.

Author O'Neil also laments a tone of irreverence or sensationalism he feels was added by our editors. If so, we cannot defend it, but at least the article aroused positive interest in Vaughn's work, as shown by the following letter.—Ed.

## Bodé's Good

O'Neil's excellent article on Vaughn Bodé helped me understand his life as well as his passing. I happen to be one of the Bodé cultists O'Neil mentioned. In 1975 Bodé drew a series of cartoons called "Coco Crow" for the *Funny Pages*. Maybe you could reprint them sometime.

— Tom O'Brien, Lake Hiawatha, N.J.

## High Court Shackles Fourth Amendment

Your October "Law" article "Supreme Court Curbs Protection from Illegal Search and Seizure" did not adequately report the decision's critical effect on Fourth Amendment rights in state courts. The Burger Court has effectively eliminated federal court review of bad police busts. State courts, with local, politically sensitive

judges, are given the ambiguous role of carrying out the requirements for proper search and interrogation procedures while knowing that their application of these rules will not be subject to scrutiny.

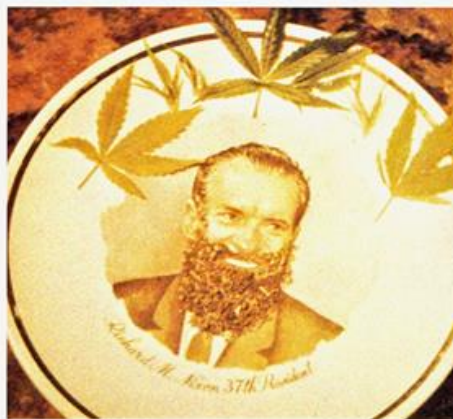
The new standard for habeas corpus means that illegal search must be proved before the federal court can even examine the case. Police officers, who often will consent to testify only upon subpoena, are now assured that if they do not give evidence before a hearing, no hearing will result!

— K. Richard Payne,

Attorney at law, Indianapolis, Ind.

## Richard the Lying-Hearted

The latest member of the Watergate gang to speak out in favor of marijuana was the



guest of honor at a recent fun-raising dinner in the Pacific Northwest. He tried to say a few words, but his new beard messed up his jowls so much he couldn't speak.

— The Rotters Club, Bellingham, Wash.

## Muscaria Muddle

*Amanita muscaria* grows not only in mountainous, isolated regions; it grows quite nicely in the suburbs. The mushroom requires a mycorrhizal association for fruiting, usually a white pine or other conifer, so it is commonly found where people have planted such trees. Where I grew up, near Delaware, every suburban homeowner planted a few white pines. They grow faster than most trees and thus make the place look landscaped faster. The fact that the trees are usually planted farther apart than in a forest is especially favorable for amanita. The tree is exposed to more sunlight, and pines need mycorrhizae much more in full sunlight than in forest shade. The mushroom provides extended root/mycelium surface for water uptake. Without the mycorrhizae, the tree is at a severe disadvantage for water.

Spaced pine plantings in the suburbs have created a nifty ecological niche that the fungus seems to be exploiting quite

well. It's simple to collect bags full of the yellow eastern variety and its cousins in the fall: simply look for a row of pine trees. More often than not, there's the mushroom, if the rain has been sufficient.

The western red variety is a very obvious mushroom; people can identify it easily with little or no training. In the east, it isn't so simple. There are more amanitas here, and they aren't as easily identified. Species hybridize with each other, and the hybrids can contain different amounts of the active compounds. They are thus less safe to deal with.

— John Beutler, Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science, Philadelphia, Pa.

## Censor-Ship on the High Seas

We're crew members of the U.S.S. *Enterprise*, and we've been told we can't receive *High Times* because it is considered paraphernalia. *High Times* is one of the few things sailors have to take their minds off their work and problems while they're at sea. Now they take this privilege away. Maybe they'll take away our birthdays next. How constitutional is it when someone tells you what you can and can't read?

— Timothy Cahalan, Rene Felker,

X.A. Hineberry, J. LaFave, Jerry Burns,

Marcus Smith, U.S.S. *Enterprise*

## Reaped Off

This is one of the best of a field of 76 we grew last year. Shortly after the pic, the Monroe County sheriff harvested most of them for us, leaving a few of the scrawniest



as a trap. Not sure who had ripped us, we pulled the rest and split fast. Lucky the field wasn't watched that day.

— Fuzzy and Grub, Key Largo, Fla.

## Heart of the Issue

I was dismayed to see an article in the September "Health" section attributing



heart disease to feminism. While the feminist movement has made aggression by women more socially acceptable, the stereotype does not fit most feminists.

In 1974 I was publicity coordinator for the Ypsilanti Marijuana Initiative, which waged a successful campaign to pass a five-dollar pot fine (for use, possession, sale or distribution) in our little city. I found that feminists made up one of the key voting blocs for our proposal.

If we are to get anywhere in the battle to legalize marijuana, it is foolish to alienate the female half of our potential voting strength. I was saddened to see your otherwise fine magazine taking an unwarranted pot shot at feminists.

—Eric Jackson, Ypsilanti City Council,  
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Although I don't agree with every opinion reported in the column, I felt we should air Friedman's contention that cardiac stress from hard-nosed, rat-race activity has increased since the Sixties. His idea that the women's movement is a contributing factor must obviously be taken with a pillar of salt, but it's too bad no women wrote in to provide the salt.

—Ed.

### Public Enemy Number One

I was arrested four and a half years ago for possession of dangerous drugs. The federal government waited for a conviction under the state statute, their normal procedure on overlapping charges. But no judge or jurors showed up on the trial date. The prosecutor, and hour late, announced, "We had no intention of seeking a conviction." Nevertheless, the Customs Bureau confiscated my car, and, although they later told me it would be returned, this has not been done to this day. They offered to sell it back to me for \$400.

My suit for damages was denied. I appealed to the federal Seventh District Court in Chicago, which ruled that although the lower court had been mistaken, I had suffered no injustice.

My emotional and physical health suffered greatly during the fight. And, since my car was used for business, my work has suffered too. The whole experience has convinced me that, on the whole, the government is our enemy.

—Lynn Brubaker, Muncie, Ind.

### Laetrile Liability

Your otherwise excellent September issue was marred by your news article on laetrile smuggling. Reports of profiteering by Bircher doctors have been spread by the government and syndicated news media in an attempt to protect drug company profits by suppressing this nontoxic, harmless substance. You should know better, since

you know how hard it is to smuggle, use and defend other helpful substances.

I also wish you would focus more on the role of nutrition in getting high. I think the Rastas are on the right track. The better you treat your body, the higher you'll get. Any mind-altering substance depletes the body of nutrients and will take its toll eventually if not compensated for. I do commend you for your decision to keep butts and booze ads out of your magazine, when everyone else has given in to their bucks.

—Rachele Martin, Palo Alto, Ca.

### Green Oak Arkansas

Here in the Ozarks, we feel home cultivation is definitely the way. The crop im-



proves every year. These bundles of tops were raised from Jamaican and Maui seed.

—Boogie Brothers, Springfield, Mo.

### Mint Condition

Here are two ways to mentholate your stash. Method 1: Add one part dried spearmint or peppermint to five parts weed and mix well. Proportions may be varied according to taste. Method 2: Add fresh mint to thoroughly dried marijuana and let the grass absorb the moisture and taste of the mint. Be careful not to let the mixture mold.

—Bert M., Taylor, Mich.

### Morning Sickness

Morning glory seeds are indeed a fine high if you do them properly. My first 30 or 40 trips were with Heavenly Blue seeds, and most were terrific journeys. The few exceptions led me to the following process, which has worked for me and my friends.

We generally used about 400 seeds and ground them in a coffee mill or flour grinder; they are like wood and don't readily give up the goods on the short ride they get. They are definitely not something your body wants to hold on to; they must be thrown up unless you want to use your heightened senses to observe their sicken-

ing progress through your intestines. We put the powder in 00 capsules to avoid the taste—Portland cement with nausea. If you taste it on the way down, it's all you can do to hold it down for a minute. Ten years have passed and my tongue still remembers.

Once you've got it down, keep it there for 45 minutes to an hour, then do whatever is necessary to throw up. Run in place, stick your fingers down your throat—anything, just get rid of it. Don't tiptoe in, either. It's easier to vomit 450 seeds than, say, 300. Perhaps this is due to an increase in whatever makes you want to barf in the first place. Someone with a strong stomach might have trouble with a lower dosage. As soon as you throw up, all the poison is gone and you are left with a fine high that I'd still prefer over acid if it weren't such a drag to prepare. I recommend growing your own seeds, since some commercial companies claim to treat their seeds with toxins to discourage nonhorticultural use.

—Jim Lambert, Upper Nyack, N.Y.

### Altruism Is Legal

I want to express my gratitude to Michael Stepanian for thinking of the "little guy." After reading Steve Long's interview with him [High Times, September 1976], I know a little more about how to relate to a lawyer. I wish I had known a few years ago.

—J.D. Thompson, Colorado Springs, Colo.

### Laws Made to Be Broken

So Richard Ashley says, "Illicit drug use has risen steadily ever since passage of the Harrison Narcotics Act in 1914" ["How We Got Our Drug Laws," High Times, July 1976]. How very remarkable! Since many more drugs were "illicit" after the Harrison Act than before it, Ashley's statement has all the striking power of a five-cent balloon. He reminds me of a sociology professor I once had who took great joy in telling us that the number of automobile accidents increased dramatically after Henry Ford introduced the assembly line.

—Graham M. Ledbetter, Cleveland, Ohio

### Correction

Art Spiegelman's cartoon on page 106 of our November "National Weed" section originally appeared in Arcade, the Comix Revue, no. 3, published by the Print Mint, 830 Folger Avenue, Berkeley, Ca. 94710.

### Special notice to subscribers:

Because of a United Parcel Service strike in 15 states, delivery of High Times has been delayed to many of our subscribers. New subscriptions are being processed as soon as they come in, but UPS may be holding up your first issue. ☐



## The Waiting Game

**Q:** A sex technique called karezza was mentioned (frustratingly, without details) in an article we recently read about utopian communes in nineteenth-century America. Can you tell us what it is?

—Leroy James and Regina Scott, Muncie, Ind.

**A:** Karezza is a form of tandem meditation and birth control invented by Taoists and Tantric yogis millennia ago. It's like riding a merry-go-round without reaching for the brass ring. The idea is to make love almost without moving so that neither partner reaches orgasm. In fact, many of the most tortuous Eastern positions were devised to make movement impossible. Karezza is currently practiced by several religious groups, but as a contraceptive, it's unreliable. Semen often leaks out before ejaculation. The Gnostic Christians called it the consolamentum, or consolation prize for leading a virtuous (celibate) life. Its rationale was the old idea that semen is holy money, and the less spent the better. Problem is, no matter how much you keep, you can't take it with you.

## Water Works

**Q:** I've heard of a method for increasing the potency of marijuana by boiling it in water. Can you tell me more about it, especially whether it works?

—Bruce Jones, Tampa, Fla.

**A:** An article in the December 1973 issue of the *Journal of Pharmaceutical Sciences* described the technique. Boil the marijuana for several hours to remove the water-soluble components, replenishing the water as necessary. Then cool the pot and water to room temperature and strain them through several layers of cheesecloth. Drink the tea, and spread the wet grass out to air-dry, or carefully dry it in an ordinary oven at moderate temperature. According to the experimenters, 30 percent of the dope's original weight is removed by this process. Since the psychoactive ingredients are not soluble in water, this weight loss means an increase in potency. The boiled grass was reported to be one and a half times as strong as the original grass. The increase in potency was greater than expected, since the THC acids were converted to delta-9-THC by the heat.

## Stash Savers

**Q:** Does freezing MDA or any of the other hallucinogens decrease potency or cause undesirable chemical changes? Is it a good idea to refrigerate them in order to prevent deterioration?

—R. J., San Francisco, Ca.

**A:** Freezing will help preserve your psychedelics, but if you are worried about your stash deteriorating, there are actually three factors to consider. (1) Heat. Any dele-

terious chemical reaction will be slowed down by lowering the temperature. Refrigeration is definitely a good idea. (2) Moisture. Many drugs, such as cocaine, will pick up moisture from the air, especially in a wet, humid climate. Water absorption leaves you with a soggy and probably less potent mess. (3) Light. Some drugs deteriorate more rapidly if left in strong light. High amounts of ultraviolet are especially damaging. LSD and cannabis products, in particular, should be stored in light-proof glass containers.

## Root Bier

**Q:** What can you tell me about sassafras?

I refer not to the pleasant root-bark tea, but to a hallucinogen. I've read that it's prepared by covering grated sassafras root-bark with ether, then letting the ether evaporate. The residue is supposed to contain a legal psychedelic, and a small quantity of safrole, a liver carcinogen. This seems dangerous to take without further information. Can you help me?

—Paul Stanley, Paoli, Pa.

**A:** The psychoactive oil in sassafras root can be extracted more safely in non-denatured ethyl alcohol. Sassafras root is 3 to 9 percent oil, and the oil contains 80 to 90 percent safrole. The safrole can be further concentrated by steam distillation of the oil. According to those who've tried it, the effective dose is 100 to 200 mg. of the oil. Safrole, a starting compound for MDA, is also found in much smaller amounts in nutmeg. It's a euphoric mild hallucinogen.

Studies by the Food and Drug Administration in 1960 showed safrole produces liver tumors in laboratory animals. Therefore, it cannot be considered safe, even for one-time use. In fact, the amount of safrole released in sassafras tea may be dangerous to chronic sippers. One cup usually contains under 10 mgs., but strong tea may release up to 50 mg. Soft-drink manufacturers voluntarily stopped using it as a root-beer flavoring shortly after the FDA findings were announced. Sassafras oil had been used medically for decades as a stimulant and carminative (gas reliever). Large doses of pure safrole may cause vomiting, shock and death by respiratory paralysis. High Times does not recommend it.

## Stronger Than Dirt—Maybe

**Q:** I recently bought some rather "earthy" coke. It's brown, with a few specks of white. My connection said that this batch skipped the bleaching process. Another acquaintance says it's the cut. Can you tell me what's what?

—Linda M., Houston, Tex.

**A:** You should probably find a new connection. Pinkish brown or brown "cocaine"

is usually poorly refined and highly cut. Cocaine alkaloid, which is insoluble in water, is converted to a water-soluble salt in the refining process. The base is usually converted to cocaine hydrochloride by treating it with hydrochloric acid. If the coke isn't properly washed, a residue of hydrochloric acid will remain. It will burn your nose when snorted. If this coke is cut with sugar, the residual acid will discolor the sugar to a brownish hue. "Pasta" is another product that is often brown. It's an extract of the coca plant that seldom contains more than 30 percent cocaine. One of the characteristics of pasta is its sticky, gummy consistency.

## Saint Mescalito

**Q:** What alkaloids besides mescaline are found in the cactus *Trichocereus pachanoi*? Both of my experiences with this plant have been ecstatic and colorful. But there were many unpleasant physical symptoms. I doubt they were caused by the mescaline.

—Jeff Z., Santa Fe, N.M.

**A:** For those who aren't hip to botanical Latin, *Trichocereus pachanoi* is commonly known as the San Pedro cactus. This tall cactus prospers high in the Andes of Peru and Ecuador. Folk healers there prepare a potion by boiling pieces of the plant in water, then drink it to divine the cause of illnesses. The cactus contains approximately the same concentration of mescaline as does peyote. This and its current legality account for its rising popularity in the United States as a psychedelic. Like peyote, it also contains many other alkaloids—tyramine, hordenine, 3-methoxytyramine, 3, 4-dimethoxy-B-phenethylamine, 3, 4-dimethoxy-4-hydroxy-B-phenethylamine, anhalonidine and anhalinine. However, these are present in such small amounts that they probably cause no effects at all. The most likely culprit for unpleasant side effects is mescaline itself. Even when pure mescaline is ingested at a low dose of 350 mg., nausea, and vomiting, often occur about one-half hour into the trip. The fact that most street mescaline is anything but mescaline has created much popular confusion about its actual effects.

## Start the Presses

**Q:** I'm planning to synthesize small amounts of acid for personal use, and I would like to know how to convert the pure LSD from my test tube into doses of uniform size and strength. I can't afford a big machine or complicated equipment. Is there an economical way?

—Dawn Ballantine, Chicago, Ill.

**A:** The cheapest way to make tabs is to pour the LSD in liquid form into thin plastic tubes, then cut the tubes at intervals to form pills after solidification. Another ex-



pedient is simply to place measured drops of liquid acid on other pills, such as vitamins. The trouble is, these methods expose surface layers of the tab to oxygen and light, causing some decomposition to oxy-LSD, lumi-LSD and other impurities that make the journey less comfortable. The best (but not economical—\$3,000) way is to use a pill press and place the desired amount of crystalline LSD-25 in the center of a tablet of inert filler.

#### Mace-ochism

**Q:** A friend of mine once ingested about half an ounce of mace (the spice) mixed with chocolate milk. He said he definitely got off, although the taste was pretty bad. What's in mace, and does it really give a worthwhile high?

—Paulette G., Oak Ridge, Tenn.

**A:** Mace is obtained from the same source as nutmeg—the East Indian nutmeg tree (*Myristica fragrans*). When the fruit of this tree is ripe, it splits into two halves, revealing a brown seed coat, or shell. Covering the shell is a network of fibers called the aril. The dried aril is mace; the seed inside is nutmeg. Both possess a major psychoactive component called myristicin, chemically similar to MDMA. The minor components elemicin and safrole probably also add to the high. Mace produces a sleepless stupor that may include dream-like visions. A fairly large dose (about 20 grams) is generally required to get off. Even with this amount, nothing may happen, or one may experience a full-blown hallucinogenic trip. As to whether it's worthwhile, people have had both pleasant and unpleasant experiences with these spices. The unpleasant reactions may include nausea, vomiting, dry mouth, rapid heart rate and palpitations.

#### Quaaludes and Pregnancy

**Q:** Ever since I read in your August "Forum" that Quaaludes should never be taken by pregnant women, I've been worried sick. I took them twice in my first month before I knew I was pregnant. I took half a tablet once and a whole one a few days later. What exactly could happen to my unborn child, and how great is the danger?

—Name and address withheld

**A:** Information on this question is virtually nonexistent. Some research has been done by William H. Rorer, Inc., Quaalude's manufacturer. It showed that "high doses" given to pregnant rats produce skeletal deformities in the offspring. This seems to indicate that ingestion of one and a half Quaaludes would not involve a grave risk of birth defects. But there is no way even a physician could be certain.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science and technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

**INTRODUCING**

Woodley Herber's

# Lettucene<sup>TM</sup> BRAND 2

USE ONLY AS DIRECTED

Indications:  
Use as substitute for opium, especially in social situations where opium itself is desired. Although this substance tastes and smells like opium, and is smoked like opium, the dangerous side effects of opium are avoided, including going to jail.

Precautions:  
Lettucene has been cited in current medical literature as having reported narcotic, analgesic effects when smoked. Neostigmine has also been cited for psychoactive (i.e., hallucinogenic) properties. Use with caution. Cease use if dizziness or "space" feeling becomes pronounced. Do not operate heavy equipment or drive a car for several hours after use.

Directions for Use:  
Roll small ball of "Opium" between fingers and place in OPIUM PIPE or HASH PIPE so that level of "Opium" does not reach the hole where the stem of a candle. DO NOT LIGHT "OPIUM" DIRECTLY. Inhale resulting smoke and hold breath. If you do not have a proper smoking paraphernalia:

## "OPIUM"

The Herb People introduce the result of years of research in psychoactive smoking . . .

**Lettucene 2** brand of "lettuce opium" looks like, tastes like, tokes like premium opium from the orient, yet is totally legal. Made without domestic lettuce to avoid the danger of pesticide contamination, **Lettucene 2** is the most potent smoking substance that can be had legally in North America.

The Woodley Herber Company, the largest producer of herbal smokes, has never before made that statement. It is only after perfecting the process and formulating a substance that is wild lettuce fortified with organic plant material, processed with modern pharmaceutical methods, that we begin to sell this product on the open market.

We wanted it to be the best before we put our Woodley Herber name on it. The most potent, good tasting, easy burning, "opium" quality smoke that could be produced legally and safely.

In Progressive Stores from Coast to Coast!

In the "space capsule" from The Herb People

I enclose \$12 in check (or money order for same day delivery). Please rush me 3 grams each of **Lettucene 1** ("hashish"), and **Lettucene 2** ("opium").

name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

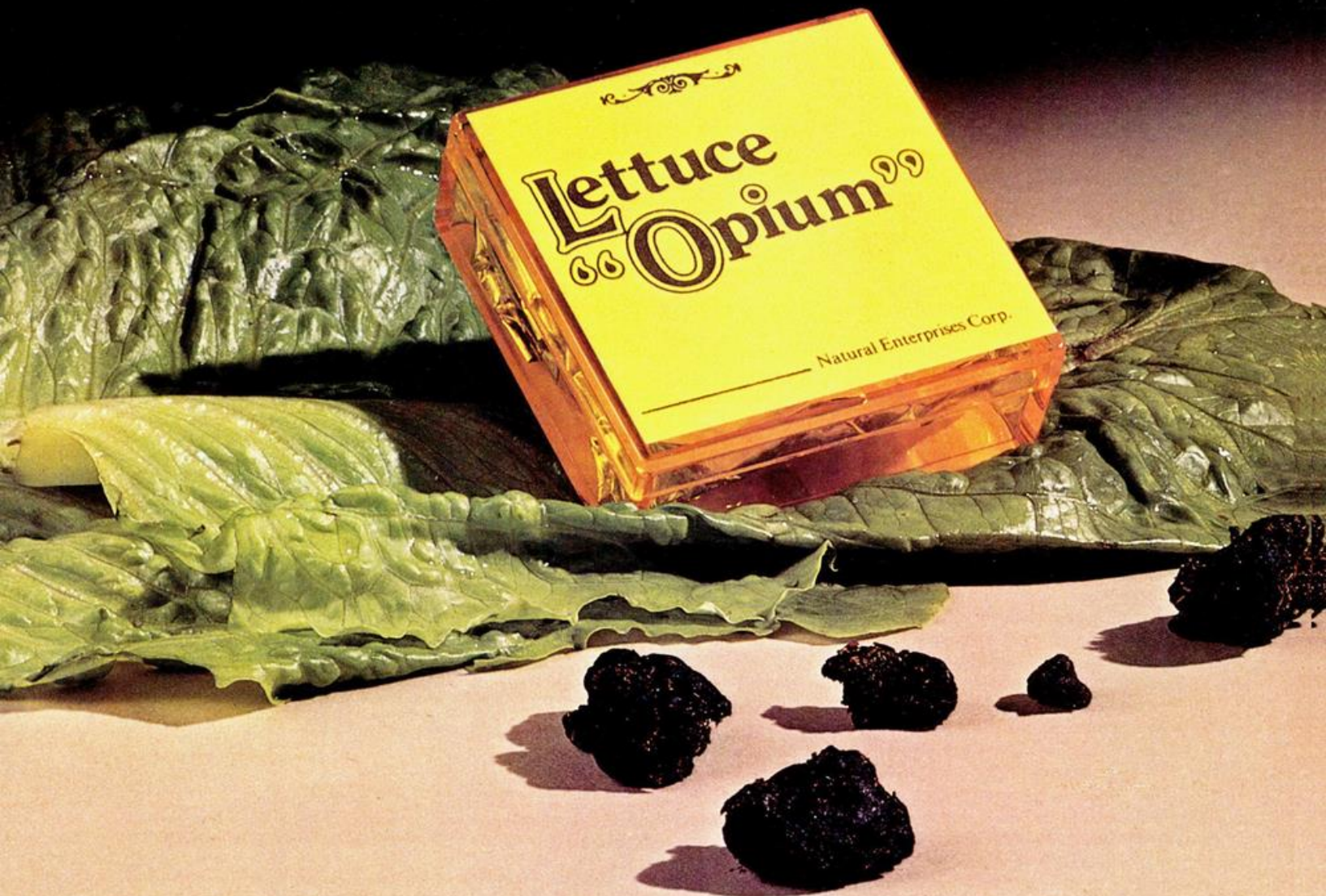
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# Highly Recom



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Lettuce "Opium" is a pure extract from a combination of various strains of lettuce. It contains no other chemicals or additives. Instead, it contains the natural active ingredient, lactucarium, which has a wonderful effect on the body and mind.

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Gaithersburg, Md. 20760

Patent Pending



## Sprayers, Gassers Threaten Ozone

Balloon measurements of the upper atmosphere have confirmed depletion of the ozone layer by aerosol propellants. The propellant compounds—freons, or fluorocarbons—contain chlorine and are broken down by ultraviolet radiation from the sun. Some of the chlorine then reacts with ozone to form chlorine monoxide. The ozone lost in the reaction is part of the screen that shields the earth from hard ultraviolet radiation, which is dangerous to many forms of life. Ozone depletion may reach 20 percent by the year 2000, according to estimates. The National Academy of Sciences suggests a ban on aerosols within two years.

Nitrous oxide also pollutes the stratosphere and poses a potential threat to the ozone sunscreen. Nitrous is emitted by compost heaps, fertilized soil, auto engines and burning coal. The current rate of increase—1.5 percent per decade—would have no significant effect by the end of the century. But as coal and fertilizer use increases, the outlook could change.

## Meditation Pays

A dozen studies performed on meditators support many of the claims made for TM. While meditating, subjects enter brain-wave states characteristic of all four stages of sleep. Alpha and theta waves become stronger as relaxation progresses, and lowered oxygen intake and reduced electroencephalograph activity indicate a calm yet alert state, unlike either sleep or wakefulness.

One of the studies was carried out at the Maharishi International University in Fairfield, Iowa. There are as yet no comparisons to other techniques, such as progressive relaxation, biofeedback or sprawling on the veranda with a cool mint julep.

## Weed Killers Bug Farmers

Agricultural experimenters recently confirmed that herbicides increase crop loss from insects and plant disease. A three-year study at Cornell University showed that 2,4-D—the famous Vietnam defoliant now used to eradicate Mexican pot fields—sprayed on corn increases the damage from corn leaf aphids, corn borers and southern corn leaf blight. Corn leaves sprayed with the poison contain almost twice as much protein as untreated leaves, favoring the growth of pests. Bug and

disease problems have worsened steadily since 1945 as herbicides have grown ever more popular.

## Atom-Tagged Methadone to Foil Booster Shots

Methadone patients may soon need a Ph.D. in nuclear physics to up their dosage on the side or sell their own quota to others. Three University of Toronto chemists have produced methadone labeled with deuterium, or "heavy hydrogen" (a non-radioactive isotope of hydrogen containing an extra neutron), making the methadone molecule slightly heavier than normal. Clinical tests can then distinguish the amount of prescribed methadone in the urine from quantities originating from other sources. Labeled methadone can also be used to check on illegal resale from clinic to clinic.

## Gas of Future Grows on Trees

Nobel chemist Melvin Calvin has proposed refining gasoline from cactuslike shrubs called euphorbias that produce a milky liquid too thin for making rubber but containing hydrocarbons like those in crude petroleum. Though American technologists remain skeptical, Calvin has interested the Brazilian oil company Petrobras in testing the idea. The gasoline would be free of sulfur and other pollutants, Calvin claimed. He estimates an annual yield of 40 barrels per acre, costing three to ten dollars per barrel. An area the size of Arizona would be needed to grow enough gas for America's cars.

## Boys and Girls of Two Minds

The hemispheres of boys' brains begin to specialize at age 6, while the brain halves develop symmetrically in girls until they are 13. Recent experiments showed that left-hemisphere specialization for language begins by age 6 in both sexes. But girls retain plasticity of the right hemisphere until adolescence.

In most right-handed adults, the left hemisphere is the domain of logic, speech and reading. The right takes care of touch, space perception, intuition and creative insight. The unspecialized right hemisphere in young girls could also take over the logical functions in case of disease or injury of the left side. This may explain why females are relatively free of such

language-related problems as dyslexia, aphasia and autism. Ontario psychiatrist Sandra Witelson suggested that female hormones might be tried in treating these conditions in boys.

## Plastic Allergy Makes Life a Sneeze

Carmen Rowley of Dallas, Texas, has a rare allergy. Nearly every synthetic product in her environment makes her ill. She says the condition developed a decade ago when she started taking birth control pills.

After years of misery, her fortunes began to improve when she met Dr. William Rea. Rea is a Dallas heart surgeon who has learned to cope with the same problem and has become a leader in the field of ecological medicine, helping people solve health problems caused by modern technology.

Rowley has now discarded her synthetic drapes, clothing and rugs, as well as her vinyl couch and formica tables, in favor of cotton, wool and wood articles. She wraps a cloth around the receiver before using the telephone. She can only watch television half an hour at a time; the odor it emits while hot makes her sneeze. She can't ride in a car at all because of the exhaust fumes and the plastic interior. And she must see to it that her drinking water and food be entirely free of chemical additives.

## Arabs Push Oil Tax for Ecology

Saudi Arabia's UN ambassador proposed an international penny-a-barrel tax on oil "to save the biosphere for mankind." Jamil Baroudy submitted the plan to the General Assembly's environmental committee. If accepted by the major oil-using nations, the tax would net \$750 million to \$1 billion a year for the UN's environmental improvement program.

## Cancer Compound Wins Legal Rounds

Alaskan hospitals can no longer forbid doctors to prescribe laetrile if their cancer patients want it. Last August, a West Virginia judge allowed the defendant in a laetrile smuggling case ten days to get a permanent supply in Mexico before resuming the trial. In an earlier case, an Oklahoma judge's ruling allowed 17 people to continue bringing laetrile over the border into the U.S.

Meanwhile, the federal ban on interstate



# Come Inaugurate Nobody

Nobody won.

Twice as many people voted for Nobody as for President Ford. And even though the runner-up, Carter, gets sworn in Jan. 20—because the powers-that-be wouldn't have it any other way—Nobody's friends and fans will be at the Washington Monument that morning for various Counter-InHogural fun and games, followed by the Heads' Own Inaugural Ball in the evening (which promises to be the biggest party of the next 4 years).

Whether you're just for Nobody, or want to give the New Administration a gentle hint that government invasions and violations of our civil rights must cease, you can't afford to miss Jan. 20th in Washington.

*"Nobody for President, we don't need a King....*

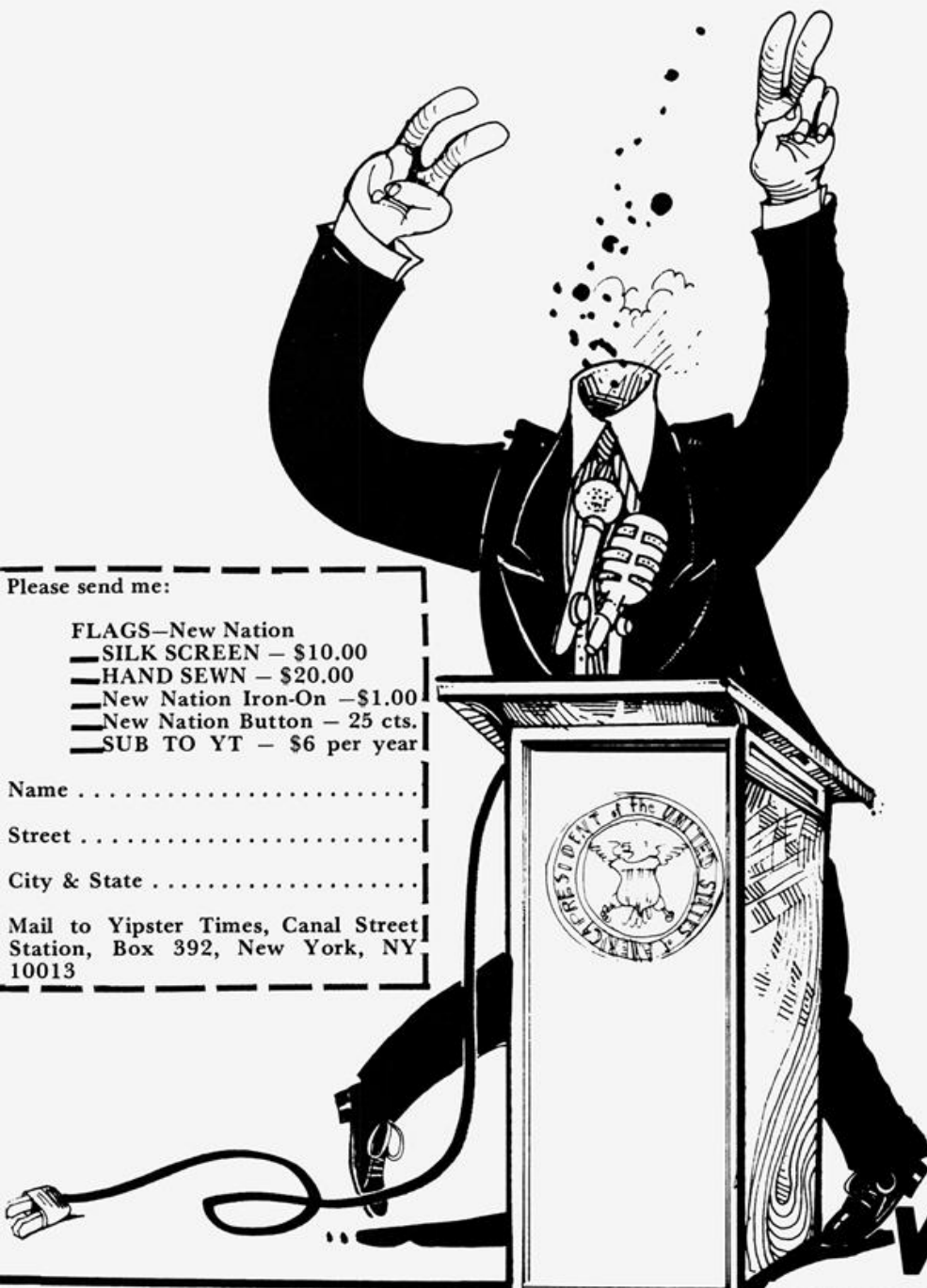
*Let the power, be ours; let the people do their thing."*

—Wavy Gravy

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for a change.**

**January 20  
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**INTRODUCING**

Woodley Herber's

# Lettucene<sup>TM</sup> BRAND 1



Woodley Herber's  
**Lettucene<sup>TM</sup> BRAND**  
(Lactuca Sativa & Turnera Diffusa)

- EXTRA STRENGTH HASHISH SUBSTITUTE
- PURE DISTILLATE OF RESINS - FROM WILD LETTUCE AND DAMIANA
- USE ONLY AS DIRECTED (see back of package)

**3 grams**

**HERB PEOPLE**

**“HASHISH”**

The Herb People introduce an unbelievable new psychoactive smoke--the culmination of years of research in herbology and finally perfected and released to the world.


It looks like hash, it tastes like hash, it **SMOKES** like hash!

We defy you to tell the difference between Lettucene 1 and average Afghan hashish--even after you've smoked it! Never before has there been anything like it available legally. Woodley Herber, the world leader in production of herbal smoking mixtures, has finally perfected Lettucene 1, so much like the real thing it's uncanny.

AND Lettucene 1 is made to be of pharmaceutical quality...USP pure. Lettucene 1 is made with a base of wild lettuce and fortified with 2 other natural, legal, substances. It contains NO PESTICIDE concentration, a danger with domestic lettuce.

And we are proud to again prove that we are "The Herb People."

**In the "space capsule" from  
The Herb People**



**In Progressive Stores from Coast to Coast!**

© 1976 The Woodley Herber Company

traffic or importation has brought research on the controversial apricot elixir to a halt. One study in the early 1970s indicated that laetrile helped limit the spread of breast tumors in mice. Three other studies conducted since then have found no evidence of positive effects.

Some cancer specialists recommend legalizing laetrile although they feel it is worthless. They argue that the ban against it leads people who distrust doctors or the government to rely exclusively on laetrile for therapy. Though three of four cancer victims die despite conventional therapy, the chances of survival on laetrile alone are even worse, contends surgeon George Crile of the Cleveland Clinic in Ohio.

## Krypton Fallout Determines Weather

Radioactive krypton-85 from nuclear power plants and bomb tests may change the weather of the future. Scientists believe thunderstorms are controlled by the electrical conductivity of the upper atmosphere. Krypton gas waste from nuclear reactors forms ions that will inevitably affect this electrical balance and the world's rain patterns, says physicist William Boeck. But we don't know enough about storms to predict whether this means droughts or floods, explained the Niagara University professor.

## Don't Go Near the Water

Disease-bearing water is the world's leading cause of death, according to a study published in *The Elements*, a world ecology journal. Authors of the study estimate that 70 percent of the earth's population is continually exposed to contaminated water, and that more than 25,000 die each day from water-borne diseases. The problem is worst in rural areas of developing countries where sewage and sanitation systems are inadequate for rising populations. Among the most prevalent water-related diseases are malaria, which kills a million of its 100-million sufferers each year, and filariasis, which often causes blindness and affects over 250 million people annually.

## Australians Develop Drunk-Proof Autos

Two new inventions that would prevent cars from being driven by drunks are under consideration by the Australian Federal Department of Transport. One of these may soon be recommended by the agency for installation in all new cars made in Australia: a breath analyzer that prevents the engine from starting if booze is detected on the driver's breath. The other requires that the motorist perform a coordination test before the ignition works. ■



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## Bayh Vows No Legislation Without Decriminalization

Senator Birch Bayh hopes the Carter Administration will support his attempts to decriminalize marijuana this year. Federal decrim is an integral part of Bayh's new drug enforcement bill, introduced in the opening weeks of the Ninety-fifth Congress. The bill's main purpose is to bolster government efforts against high-level heroin traffickers. Charging that the DEA's refusal to support decrim aggravates the heroin problem, Bayh pledged to fight for an Oregon-type law that favors a \$100 civil fine for possession while retaining stiff penalties for import and sale. The Indiana senator first outlined his plan at last summer's hearings on the Ford Administration's narcotics bill, which died in committee.

At the hearings, Bayh attacked the opposition to decrim by former DEA Director Peter Bensinger, who claimed, "I don't think we have enough knowledge medically," without mentioning five years of government reports that have found no dangers in pot smoking. Bayh countered, "Do you think we will ever get enough information so that it won't be a political hot potato? I think we'd better stand up and face realities." He said the vast expense of the grass war prevents an effective campaign against heroin smuggling.

## Physician, Steal Thyself: AMA on the Table for Taxes and Postage

The IRS says the American Medical Association owes \$20 million in back taxes, but the revenue agents have not asked for the money. The AMA has not paid a penny on ad revenue from its 11 magazines since Congress made the income taxable in 1968, asserts Ralph Nader's Tax Reform Group. IRS Commissioner Donald C. Alexander confirmed the uncollected arrears by letter to Nader investigators Robert Brandon and Dr. Sidney Wolfe. No mention was made of any penalties for tax evasion or any attempts to collect.

At press time, a Chicago grand jury was making another legal diagnosis on the AMA. U.S. Attorney Richard Skinner investigated evidence that the medical group defrauded the U.S. Postal Service of \$400,000 by falsifying subscription reports on its periodicals. Washington Postal Inspector Frank Nemic said the case was opened when a volume of confidential

AMA papers was anonymously given to Congress, the press and the postal service last summer.

A member of the AMA legal department told *High Times*: "There is no investigation under way by the U.S. Attorney's office in Chicago. We have not been notified of any."

## California Switches on Parole for Second Pot Sale

The California Supreme Court has decided that ten-to-life for a second marijuana sales conviction is cruel and unusual punishment. The seven-judge panel unanimously declared the penalty unconstitutional. The no-parole clause was kept in the state's recent shift to fixed sentences, but the court's decision will apply to the new law, too.

## Virginia Bench Lowers Rap for Bad Deal

The Virginia Supreme Court has reduced a pot-dealing sentence because the prosecution did not keep its part of a plea-bargaining agreement. William A. Jones II pleaded guilty to a pot-selling charge in exchange for a recommendation of leniency. The state prosecutor made no such suggestion at trial, and Jones was sentenced to ten years on the grass rap and a hash-sales indictment. He sued the state for breach of promise, and the hash penalty was subtracted from his total time. The court did not have the power to overturn the pot conviction or to let Jones withdraw his guilty plea.

## New Ecology Law Protects Polluters

Lobbyists for the environment say the new Toxic Substances Control Act stinks, mainly because it lets a political appointee decide which pollutants to control. "When there is discretion, it inevitably flows to the power base, in this case industry," predicted Dr. Sidney Wolfe, director of the Public Citizens Health Research Group, one of Ralph Nader's watchdog units.

"The industrial regulations are just too slow and cumbersome to work," lamented environmental lawyer Jacqueline M. Warren. Chemical companies are supposed to notify the Environmental Protection Agency 90 days before marketing any new chemical for "significant" new use. The EPA must then test the new compound if it presents "an unreasonable danger of in-

jury to health or environment." In many cases, the agency will have to go to court to ban dangerous substances.

The act also provides for "phasing out" PCBs, chemicals that have caused extensive poisoning of fish in the Hudson River and Great Lakes. Thus, General Electric can legally continue polluting the Hudson until July 1, even as a cleanup program begins with the more than \$3 million in fines GE paid for damages to the river.

## Worker Repaid for Leaf of Absence

A Toronto labor arbitrator has ruled that Air Canada must rehire with back wages a man the company fired following his pot conviction. Air Canada said that the man, identified only as Mr. Poole, was discharged for an unsatisfactory attendance record and "the potential hazard that involvement with drugs could have on other employees, customers and company property and equipment."

Poole, an aircraft mechanic, countered that he was unjustly discharged, since he only indulged in grass-smoking when off duty. The arbitrator said the evidence showed that Poole was able to perform his duties and that his absences did not stem from marijuana use.

## Catskill Town Goes Holy to Beat Ungodly Taxes

More than half the residents of Hardenburgh, New York, a village in the Catskill Mountains, have become ministers to escape exorbitant property taxes. Tax-exempt religious groups have bought so much of the town's land that the burden on taxpaying landowners has grown astronomically. Some of the town's farmers have been paying two-thirds of their meager income in property taxes.

Now, several hundred townsmen have gotten their own tax exemptions by being ordained as ministers of the Universal Life Church. Some have asked the state legislature to curtail religious tax exemptions, but there is little hope that their pleas will be heeded. Meanwhile, the villagers enjoy hailing each other as "Reverend" and talking up the rewards of "seeing the light."

## Lone Star D-Men Follow DEA Script

New DEA guidelines for spotting forged prescriptions are being used by a Fort Worth, Texas, "script detail." D-man L. D.



Ansley says the crackdown has led to revocation of some druggists' licenses for failing to check suspicious prescriptions. Demerol and morphine top the forgers' hit parade.

The DEA says tip-offs include legible handwriting, unusual dosages or directions, lack of proper abbreviations, textbook language and photocopied forms. The agency advises pharmacists to check both doctor and patient on all prescriptions written on hospital blanks, since these are easier to pilfer than are forms from doctors' offices.

## Cops Pop Kids, Cost Pops Plenty

Parents in Glendale Heights, Illinois, will have to pay for the sins of their children under recently adopted local ordinances that make them liable if their kids get nabbed for pot possession. Under the state's new law a fine of up to \$500 can be levied on smokers' parents. The town's lawmakers say their aim is to reduce juvenile delinquency.

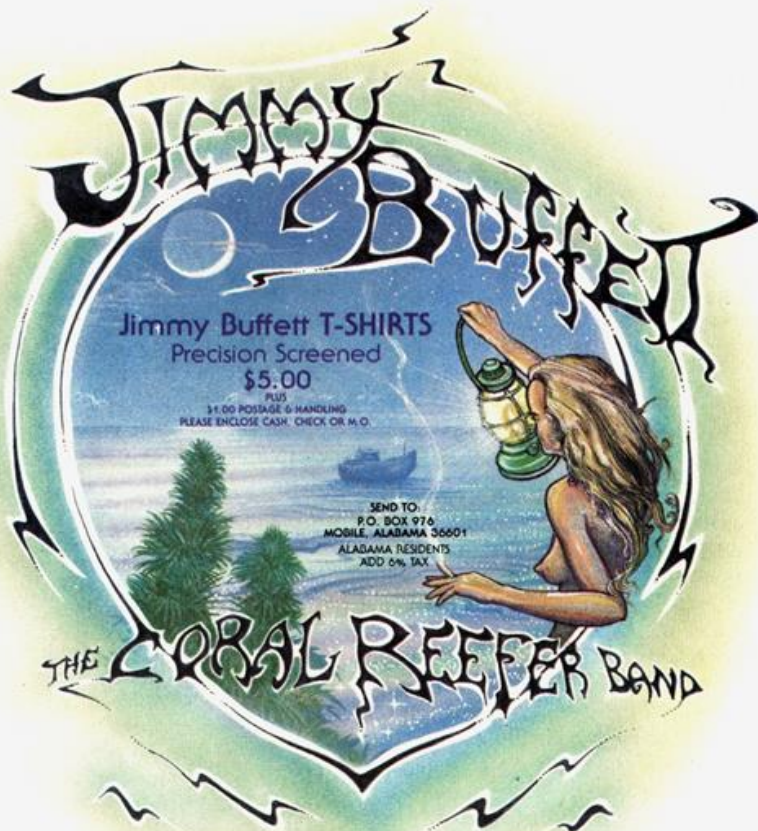
## Kangaroos Get Their Kicks

New South Wales will soon become the second state in Australia to legalize grass possession for personal use. Attorney General David Walker, 32, said the move will be part of a reform of victimless-crime laws, including legislation on homosexuality, prostitution and nonnarcotic psychochemicals. South Australia went legal last year, but all is not yet well in platypus country. Several states still have right-wing laws dealing harshly with marijuana. In Queensland, for example, possession of a joint still rates ten years in the hole.

## Illegal Seizure OK in Alaska Parole Case

The Supreme Court of Alaska ruled last August 20 that evidence obtained by an illegal search and seizure can be used to revoke parole on an unrelated crime. In a 3-1 decision, the high court allowed marijuana illegally seized from Timothy Sears to be used against him in a probation hearing, even though the marijuana charge was dismissed in 1975. The majority opinion held that, although excluding such evidence from probation hearings as well as trials would help deter unlawful police actions, this benefit was outweighed by the needs of the probation system.

Much of the case information in "Law" courtesy of Peter Meyers, NORML Legal Department. ■



## GET IT ON YOUR CHEST



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The Seedslide is designed for the millions of American smokers who have given up on gimmick cleaners and have had to go back to shoe boxes and album covers. Includes features like: a textured, angled cleaning surface, a locking top that helps maintain freshness, and a side pull tab that empties seeds and stems while cleaned stash stays put. The Brand X Seedslide contains no moving parts, and is a compact 6" x 12" size.



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## Top Seeded

I have a huge supply of seed from most of the major dope-growing countries. And I'm about to fulfill a long-cherished dream of starting my own farm. Can you tell me which strains of cannabis are easiest to grow in northern California climate?

—Angelo C., address withheld

Panamanian, Jamaican, Mexican and Hawaiian are best for most areas of the United States. They all grow tall, produce medium to large leaves and resist disease and insects. Of the Mexican types, the all-around best is probably Guerreran. The best choice of all is Maui or Kona—huge leaves and buds, tall, strong, early to bloom.

The worst bets are Colombian and Thai. Colombian plants are hard to grow to maturity and very susceptible to mold. Thai is hard to start, has delicate, fernlike leaves and shows a high incidence of males. Though the plants are small, Nepalese is prized for its large flowers. But since it's mostly exported as hash, few Himalayan seeds make it to America. Brazilian is hardy but matures late and requires a long growing season. These varieties are best attempted in the southernmost states.

## Iced Tea

(PHOTO A)

I had proven to myself and friends that the dry-ice cure for weak pot works, even before you asked readers to try it and report the results. But what won't work is your September "Forum" suggestion to test for liberated oxygen with a glowing match. Too much carbon dioxide is released for the air in the box ever to light a fire.

Here's how it's done: score as much cheap, commercial Mexican as you want to turn into "Colombian." It should rate a 2 to 4 on a D-O-Meter dope tester. Get some dry ice from an ice or bottled-gas dealer. It's usually sold in a 50-pound block for \$7 to \$15. Find a suitable container—a shoebox, insulated picnic basket or ice chest.

Break the dry ice into pieces small enough to fit into your container. Pour in the pot and wrap the package in a blanket for extra insulation. You're trying to keep it as cold as possible. Check twice a day to make sure there's still some dry ice left. The ice sublimates (changes directly from a solid to a gas, with no liquid phase), so your dope won't get soggy from CO<sub>2</sub>. But if the weather is humid, frost may form on the dry ice and the dope. Remove as much as possible or it will melt.

In 48 hours your reefer is ready. If what you put in has rated a 2 to 4 on the meter, what comes out will literally register off the scale (better than a 10). —Peter Piper,

Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

## Hot Plants

(PHOTO B)

Here's a harvest hint from the Big Island. Try dunking the roots in boiling water just after you've pulled the plant. It really seems to push the resin out into the buds. It sure worked on this 9½-foot Kona gold plant. It yielded ¾ pound of buds and ¼ pound of leaf. We harvested it with a police chopper buzzing right over our heads.

—Name withheld, Honolulu, Hawaii

## Indiana's Wild Boo Bonanza

Indiana is one of the best spots in the country for harvesting green grass. In Jasper, Pulaski and Newton counties, the stuff grows like the weed it is—along roadsides, cornfields and water-filled ditches.

The federal government is the original source of the flourishing yearly crop. Hemp was widely grown for rope during World War II, after the Japanese cut off Uncle Sam's supply of Manila hemp. Unrelated to pot, Manila hemp is the leafstalk fiber of abaca (*Musa textilis*), a banana kin.

Indiana's sandy, loamy soil was perfect, and the weed took off, spreading out of control. For years, the government provided funds for herbicides in an effort to stamp it out. But environmentalists complained that foliage and wildlife were dying as well, so the eradication program was halted.

During recent peak years, county sheriffs have arrested 200 to 300 pickers during harvest season, confiscating several tons of pot in each county. Even church groups and Boy Scout troops have been enlisted in a citizens' campaign to deweed the area by hand. But local entrepreneurs cater to the trade by selling not the grass itself but secret maps pinpointing the best and safest

fields. The maps go for as much as \$150. As to quality, Jasper County Sheriff Carroll DeFries recently said, "Marijuana quality usually ranges from beer to champagne; Indiana's on the beer side."

The conviction rate is high for those who are caught. New pot laws take effect in Indiana on July 1. For less than 30 grams, harvesters can get as much as a year in jail and a \$5,000 fine. For larger amounts or for "intent to distribute," the rates go up to two to four years and \$10,000. But Jasper and White County Judge J. Philip McGraw said sentences rarely exceed 30 days and a stiff fine. —Kathleen Arens, East Lansing, Mich.

## Radioactive Seeds Sprout Females

Back in 1952, the Atomic Energy Commission learned that an increased percentage of female plants germinate from cannabis seeds exposed to radioactivity. The normal male/female ratio is 1 : 1. According to the report from the AEC's Argonne National Laboratory in Chicago, Illinois, "The seeds were exposed to thermal neutrons in the Argonne heavy-water reactor for 2 to 16 minutes. . . . Among their first and second generation offspring [there] was a significant influence in the sex ratio. This was consistently in favor of females. For example, plants of the 4-minute neutron exposure showed a final ratio of 142 females to 81 males." The predominance of females gradually diminished in succeeding generations.

If you have an in with a reactor technician you can put this information to good use. But I'm afraid that storing your seeds on top of your color TV won't exactly give you a crop of sinsemilla next year.

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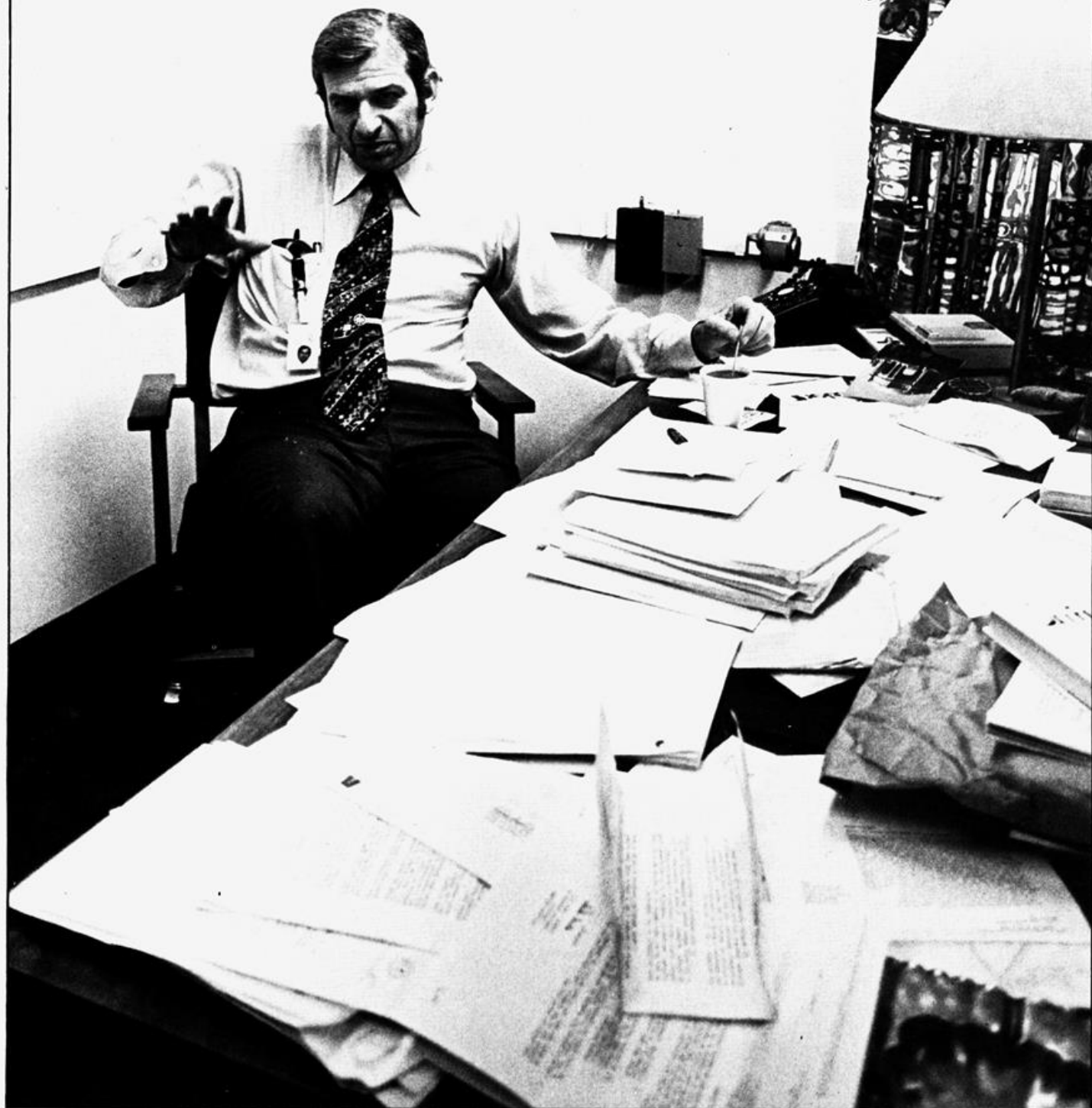
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# Lester Grinspoon



Martha Stuart



Cocaine suffers from a case of mistaken identity. The white-powdered euphoriant—once freely prescribed in patent medicines, generously consumed in turn-of-the-century wines and spirits, as well as in the first Coca-Cola formula—has been framed. Ignorant physicians and reformist legislators originally condemned cocaine for its association with the opiates. Nineteenth-century addicts often took cocaine with their opiates, and the physical addictiveness of the latter was ascribed, erroneously, to the former. In 1887, Dr. Albrecht Erlenmeyer wrote in a monograph entitled “Morphine Addiction and Its Treatment” that cocaine was “the third scourge of mankind,” after alcohol and morphine.

By 1890, reports of cocaine’s serious physical and psychological effects began flooding the medical literature. Although in his final cocaine paper, “Craving for and

Fear of Cocaine” (1887), Freud had insisted that the drug claimed “no victim on its own,” the American public lost sympathy for the easy pleasures of the coca leaf. From the Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914 to the Comprehensive Drug Abuse, Prevention and Control Act, sale and possession of cocaine has been met with increasingly severe punishment. The sentence today is up to 15 years for illegal manufacture, distribution or possession with intent to sell, or a year and \$1,000 for possession with intent to use; in the state of New York, it can mean life.

Such absurdity perdures, in great part, because cocaine lacks persuasive witness. But Dr. Lester Grinspoon of the Harvard Medical School has filled the expert testimony gap.

A psychiatrist best known for his upbeat 1971 book *Marijuana Reconsidered*, Grinspoon comes less to praise the sub-

stance than to bury misconceptions about it. In their eclectic new work, *Cocaine: A Drug and Its Social Evolution*, Dr. Grinspoon and Boston lawyer John Bakalar have coauthored an impressive treatise on the Andean treasure. Their reliance on primary sources and their own backgrounds give their arguments authority.

Yet after a learned exposition of the history, sociology, pharmacology and physical and psychological effects of the drug that lays to rest all of the popular fear and trembling, Grinspoon still won’t give cocaine a green light. Though he laces into his colleagues in white coats for defaming the character of cocaine, he does not advocate legalization. He wants it both ways—demythologized but controlled. In other words, Grinspoon appears content to let today’s anticocaine madness wither away naturally, as the culture takes its own sweet liberating course.

**High Times:** The Peruvian and Bolivian Indians who chew coca leaves have institutionalized their habit into something like the American coffee break. How does it work?

**Grinspoon:** They start off the work day at seven and take a two-hour coca break from nine to eleven. They take a wad of leaves, wet it, put it in their mouths, add some llipta, the alkaline substance, and then chew. This process is repeated in mid-afternoon and once again in early evening. All together, their work day may amount to something like five or six hours of heavy labor and almost as many hours of coca breaks. On the other hand, some *coqueros*, or coca chewers, just keep chewing it as they work.

**High Times:** Do you think this is necessary, or simply a cultural habit?

**Grinspoon:** The distinction between necessity and habit is often not terribly clear. But when *coqueros* go into the army, for example, they give up coca without any difficulty. It’s true that the army provides a better diet than the one they’re used to, and that when they leave the army they resume coca chewing.

It’s very difficult to say how much coca these people would chew if they weren’t otherwise underfed and overworked. But, as it is, it’s clearly very important to them. One study estimated that 25 percent of a *coquero*’s income is spent on coca leaves; in fact, some are paid in leaves.

**High Times:** Can you tell me how this practice can go on when cocaine and coca are illegal substances in South American countries?

**Grinspoon:** Coca isn’t actually illegal, but authorities are supposed to discourage its use. Instead, they look the other way, just as the Catholic Church did during the post-Conquest period. Coca is an important and growing part of the economy. Some of the

officials in these countries are certainly involved in illicit coca production.

**High Times:** Since the United Nations World Health Organization has officially condemned cocaine and coca as dangerous addictive substances, has there been any serious international attempt to destroy the coca plants in South America?

**Grinspoon:** Not as far as I know. As Mr. Bakalar and I say in our book, we are impressed with the ineptitude of the WHO drug groups in defining drug abuse and addiction. It appears that they define these things according to prevailing public prejudices rather than on the basis of inherent psychopharmacological properties.

For example, physicians were much more knowledgeable about marijuana in the nineteenth century. But, in this century, once it became a “bad drug,” they helped contribute to the ignorance. It’s the same with cocaine. The U.N. committees are made up of physicians and pharmacologists who are culturally biased.

**High Times:** What is the botany of the coca plant?

**Grinspoon:** It was first classified in 1756 by Patrick Browne, who called it *Erythroxylum coca*. The plant’s origin is unknown; it’s also found in other parts of the world. The coca bush grows naturally to a height of 12 feet or more and is usually trimmed back to about six. Its small white flower is of no great value. The important part is the light green oval leaf, about an inch and a half to two inches long. This leaf contains roughly one-half to two percent alkaloids, chemical substances of which perhaps 50 to 90 percent is cocaine or ecgonine, a precursor of cocaine.

There are conflicting views about whether the differences in effects are more than quantitative between coca—the whole leaf, including all the alkaloids—and cocaine. I am persuaded that the psy-

chopharmacological effect of coca comes from the cocaine itself, and that the other alkaloids probably contribute very little to it. On the other hand, people like Richard T. Martin and Andrew Weil say the other alkaloids are significant. Mr. Bakalar and I believe that the difference between coca and cocaine is something like the difference between beer and champagne.

**High Times:** What does cocaine do to the body? What are its physiological effects?

**Grinspoon:** Cocaine has two main areas of physiological effect. Topically, it constricts blood vessels and affects nerve conduction. That’s why you get the numbness and why it was used as an early topical anesthetic.

Second, the high is apparently a function of the drug’s capacity to modify the activity of some of the cells of the central nervous system—particularly of the brain. It’s thought to affect certain substances known as neurotransmitters. To be very brief about it, nerve cells in the brain communicate with adjacent brain cells over gaps called synapses. The mechanism by which a nerve impulse from one cell fiber is transmitted, across synapses, to other brain cells has to do with the release of these neurotransmitters—particularly, in the case of cocaine, the catecholamines norepinephrine and dopamine. The drug may stimulate the cells to release an excess of the catecholamine, or it may block reuptake and prevent reabsorption of the catecholamine, thus prolonging the stimulation.

**High Times:** Which is somehow expressed in a high. How is this high usually experienced?

**Grinspoon:** Well, commonly as a sense of alertness, heightened confidence about most things, including sexual potency, and general euphoria. You talk more than usual, find it more difficult to listen, have



the sense that you can work longer, and feel that you work more efficiently. All depression disappears.

**High Times:** I was fascinated to learn that athletes in the nineteenth century used cocaine as a stimulant.

**Grinspoon:** Which resembles the use of amphetamines by modern athletes. The experiments of Beecher demonstrated that speed does seem to enhance athletic ability, especially in short-haul competition. The same is true of cocaine. Both drugs relieve fatigue. For example, using himself as a control, Freud used a dynamometer to test muscle strength before and after taking cocaine. And he demonstrated that cocaine enhanced his muscle strength, especially when he had been feeling very fatigued. When he was in top shape, it had less effect.

**High Times:** Why does cocaine improve performance?

**Grinspoon:** We simply don't know the pharmacology on this point. But Golden Mortimer, who wrote the big book on cocaine in 1901 [*Peru: History of Coca*], believed it had to do with a saving of energy. That simply isn't so. It's probably a central effect. I mean, I think one can do better at any task if one doesn't feel fatigued. Any time you minimize fatigue and enhance confidence, you improve performance; it isn't necessarily that cocaine or amphetamines have a direct effect on performance.

**High Times:** Do we know how it reduces fatigue?

**Grinspoon:** No more than we know how it leads to the euphoria. Perhaps it's just the other side of the same coin.

**High Times:** Is cocaine intake dangerous to health?

**Grinspoon:** It depends on how much is taken, by which route and over what period of time. The acute deleterious effects of large, especially intravenous or subcutaneous, doses are jitteriness, headache, pallor, cold sweats, rapid and weak pulse, shallow respiration, nausea, convulsions and loss of consciousness. If the dose is large enough, it can result in death. If a person uses cocaine in large doses for three or four days, he'll have difficulty sleeping, lose his appetite and experience some jitteriness and anxiety.

As for chronic effects, the most prominent one is probably a runny nose. And, indeed, you know, it's so common among coke heads that they're called horners. Runny noses are a big joke in show business. However, this condition may also be more serious, if it involves ulcerations of the nasal mucosa. And, while perforations of the septum of the nose were recorded frequently in the medical literature around the turn of the century, we've been unable to document any contemporary instances. Perhaps this has to do with the way coke is cut today.

The other chronic effect—and probably the most important one—is the induction of a paranoid state. Again, there appears to

have been more of this at the turn of the century. The state is very much like the paranoid psychosis with amphetamines, which, in turn, is all but clinically indistinguishable from acute paranoid schizophrenia. There are some differences, but they're very subtle.

We tried to locate some cocaine paranoid psychotics and couldn't. During the two years of our research on cocaine, we were unable to find a single case. The closest that we came was that gang of 150 people involved in a huge cocaine smuggling operation in Florida that was broken up last year. A number of the members of the gang apparently became paranoid, and 37 people—mostly the smugglers themselves—were murdered. Maybe you should be a little paranoid anyway if you're in that kind of business. And, if you're taking large and frequent doses of a drug that tends to work in that direction, the combination can be deadly. In any case, our impression is that cocaine-induced psychoses are rare.

**High Times:** Do you conclude that there is no sound medical reason to outlaw the free use of cocaine?

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**"I believe that as we  
continue to synthesize  
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comfortably with them."**

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**Grinspoon:** From a strictly medical point of view, the answer is yes. But perhaps I can clarify this point by rephrasing the question: why should we allow the law to define disease and harm when the person using the drug doesn't consider himself diseased or harmed? From a rational point of view, the best reason for invoking criminal law against a psychoactive drug is that the drug clearly leads to crime and violence. And I am convinced that cocaine fosters not nearly as much of that as do alcohol, barbiturates or amphetamines.

**High Times:** Do you happen to know whether production could match demand if cocaine were to be legalized around the world?

**Grinspoon:** First of all, I don't know what the demand would be if it were legalized. That's impossible to say. But certainly much more cocaine could be produced. Although most of the world supply is grown on the eastern slopes of the Andes in Peru, Bolivia and, to some extent, Colombia, remember that the coca leaf can thrive in many other areas as well. Before World War II, large amounts were grown in Java. What's important is a tropical climate with a mean temperature of about 65 degrees. And these conditions abound geo-

graphically. Even in South America, *cocales*—plantations that cultivate the coca bushes—constitute just a small fraction of the available acreage.

Between 1930 and 1960 most of the coca was consumed by the indigenous population, but in recent years the popularity of cocaine has forced the establishment of new routes into this country. In fact, I was informed by a DEA official recently that important networks are now being developed in Mexico, and they expect to see more cocaine in the U.S. in the near future.

I should also mention that only the Stepan Chemical Company of Maywood, New Jersey, is officially allowed to import coca leaves into this country. They extract the cocaine and the ecgonine (cocaine is methylbenzoylecgonine), send them to the drug companies and dispatch the rest of the product to the Coca-Cola Company in Atlanta, Georgia. So, Coca-Cola still has coca in it—coca minus the alkaloids.

**High Times:** Are researchers legally entitled to conduct cocaine experiments?

**Grinspoon:** Absolutely. In fact, the U.S. government has actively promoted research on cocaine in the past two or three years. I expect a crop of new studies to be published in the near future. Apparently the government realized that not enough is known about this rapidly proliferating drug. Information on cocaine, and marijuana, too, comes mostly from the nineteenth century and the early part of this one. When the drugs became defined as bad—in the Twenties and Thirties, particularly—research just stopped.

**High Times:** You seem to be pretty angry in your book about the prevailing medical and governmental attitudes toward cocaine use. At one point you compare the doctors to the Inca priests who were the first monopolizers of cocaine in South America and the Drug Enforcement Administration and American Medical Association to the Spanish crown and its intellectual arm, the Inquisition. Why so strong?

**Grinspoon:** The comparison with the Inquisition is not so much our attitude as one we attribute to people like Thomas Szasz. But we do think that doctors have contributed to some of the problem of so-called drug abuse. Before the Harrison Act of 1914, most drugs were patent medicines. Doctors as well as the patent medicine people would use these preparations—and with good reason, since we didn't know very much about disease. If you could provide relief by giving somebody something with opium in it, that was about as much as you could do.

The distinction between medicine and pleasure wasn't very precise. Then, influenced by the work of Koch and Pasteur, medicine learned that it could do more than just prescribe euphoric patent medicines. Through the wonders of microbiology, for instance, it could isolate the cause of an illness and treat it specifically. Physicians allied themselves with the forces of





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the law to decree that medicine and pleasure are separate. Now we define one means of drug-taking as therapy and the other as crime. If an opiate is prescribed by a doctor, it's a medicine. But, if it's used on the street in the form of heroin, it's a felony.

**High Times:** But why did this distinction occur? Can you blame it solely on doctors?

**Grinspoon:** It seems to us that drugs are symbols of cultural tension. For example, South American shamans induce trances with tobacco. In the rites of Dionysus, alcohol induced what we would now call altered state of consciousness. In 1890 in the U.S., opium was a strictly upper-middle- or upper-class habit, but by 1930 it had become identified with the lower classes.

**High Times:** Cocaine seems to have been used as a panacea in the United States in the late 19th century. How widespread was its intake?

**Grinspoon:** It was prescribed for any number of ailments—from depression to neurasthenia to gastric distress, to fatigue, to heaven knows what. It was popularly sold as *cocainum muriaticum*—that is, as a solution, taken orally. Like opium, it was prescribed because it made patients feel better. Although it wouldn't cure an ulcer, it did give temporary relief of stomach ache and other minor pains. Patients would feel very much indebted to physicians who prescribed it.

But people could also buy coke from the patent medicine man. A Corsican pharmacist, Angelo Mariani, was the most famous of these, with his *Vin Mariani*, a solution of coca in wines. This concoction was the toast of Europe, and several similar products were available in the United States. Many famous figures imbibed it regularly—Pope Leo XIII, Jules Verne, Sarah Bernhardt, Ibsen, Zola, the czar of Russia, Edison and Ulysses S. Grant.

**High Times:** I presume the original Coca-Cola was a part of this cocaine cocktail trend.

**Grinspoon:** When John Pemberton, a Georgia pharmacist, created Coca-Cola in 1896 from a formula mixing the cola bean, coca leaves and ordinary water, later soda water, he was probably cashing in on the *Vin Mariani* appeal. In 1891 another pharmacist, Asa Candler, paid a total of something like \$15,000 for the controlling rights to the drink. He really promoted it through drugstore soda fountains, where medicine and pleasure met. Folks would visit their local store to get "a shot in the arm," as Coca-Cola was often called when it contained cocaine. We came across a 1905 Saturday Evening Post advertisement for Coke that showed a man in his study over the caption "If you have a lot of brainwork to do between the hours of six and eleven, drink Coca-Cola." It was clearly an antidepressant, antifatigue tonic. It really felt good to have Coca-Cola.

Incidentally, cocaine was dropped from Coke some time before 1906, when the Coca-Cola Company wisely anticipated the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act

of 1906. Coke still has the coca-leaf extract but no longer the cocaine. Caffeine was added to maintain the stimulant effect.

**High Times:** But did people realize that they were consuming psychoactive drugs with all those patent medicines and with Coca-Cola?

**Grinspoon:** Before the patent medicine people were required to label their products, the ingredients were secret. So, until 1906, people didn't always know what they were taking. All they knew was "Hey, I this and it makes me feel pretty good."

**High Times:** Some South American Indian cultures, however, were devoted to and sometimes controlled by this leaf, were they not?

**Grinspoon:** Yes, coca had a very prominent part in their culture and was endowed with godlike qualities. It was very much a substance of the aristocracy and priesthood in Inca society. The lower classes weren't allowed to use the drug very much before the Spanish Conquest.

**High Times:** Why doesn't chewing the coca leaf afford the same high as cocaine?

**Grinspoon:** The leaf is to cocaine as beer

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### **"Freud used a dynamometer to test muscle strength before and after taking cocaine. He demonstrated that cocaine enhanced his muscle strength."**

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is to distilled liquor. You have to drink a lot of beer to get the kind of high you can get very quickly with a glass of 86-proof scotch. But you can certainly chew enough to get a low high.

**High Times:** Is coke in any sense an aphrodisiac?

**Grinspoon:** Like so many other things, if it's thought to be an aphrodisiac, it may have that effect. It's the champagne of the psychoactive drugs. It's expensive and it's associated with movie stars, jet-setters, and their sex lives are thought to be especially interesting. If one has that image of cocaine, then it's likely to have an aphrodisiac effect. But it seems to us that that's more likely to be on the basis of suggestion than on the basis of any necessarily psychopharmacological properties. On the other hand, one cannot dismiss the possibility that it does have at least some direct aphrodisiac effect.

**High Times:** Is it true that Stevenson wrote "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in a cocaine stupor?

**Grinspoon:** Well, it's possible, although there's no substantial evidence. He wrote the story in six days of frantic work. Apparently Stevenson had been taking morphine—a drug not conducive to the production of 60,000 words in six days.

**High Times:** What kind of crash is there from extended cocaine use?

**Grinspoon:** It's like an attenuated amphetamine crash, which can be pretty brutal. However, it's a rare person who will coke up for three or four days continuously and then crash. It's difficult to get that much of the drug, it's expensive and it's short acting. So a cocaine crash usually comes from just sniffing the stuff for part of a day and night. You may feel some slight degree of depression and lethargy, but probably nothing more serious.

**High Times:** Why doesn't cocaine create physiological craving, like the opiates?

**Grinspoon:** Cocaine is a stimulant, whereas the opiates, like barbiturates and alcohol, are depressants. Apparently the body gradually gets used to a depressant. It compensates by becoming increasingly hyperexcitable. If you suddenly take the barbiturate, the alcohol or the opium away, you're left with the hyperexcited body and the consequent effects of withdrawal. Whereas when cocaine—a stimulant—is taken away, the body comes down. There may be some depression, possibly compensation, but nothing that gets played out in physical symptoms.

**High Times:** What is the price of cocaine on the pharmaceuticals market?

**Grinspoon:** Something like a dollar a gram. And at a dollar a gram, you can be sure the companies make a fair amount of profit. It isn't as though that represents the total cost of production.

**High Times:** What happened to cocaine as an anesthetic? Why did it go out of vogue in the operating room?

**Grinspoon:** Because better things came along. The synthetic anesthetics, like Novocain, came along and just pushed it right out of the way. That's part of what happened to marijuana. Marijuana used to be the anesthetic of choice on the Civil War fields until, with the introduction of the hypodermic syringe, it became possible to inject the opiates. The two most common medical uses of cannabis in the nineteenth century were analgesic and soporific. At the end of the century aspirin and barbiturates were synthesized and, since they were easier to administer and more reliable, they displaced cannabis as the drugs most commonly used for these purposes.

Similarly, the synthetics proved more reliable than cocaine in surgery. When you're doing an operation where you want a local anesthetic, you want one without central nervous system effects. Cocaine can be applied topically, and the vasoconstriction it produces retards its own absorption; still, some of it does seep into the central nervous system. But synthetic local anesthetics have no central stimulant effect.

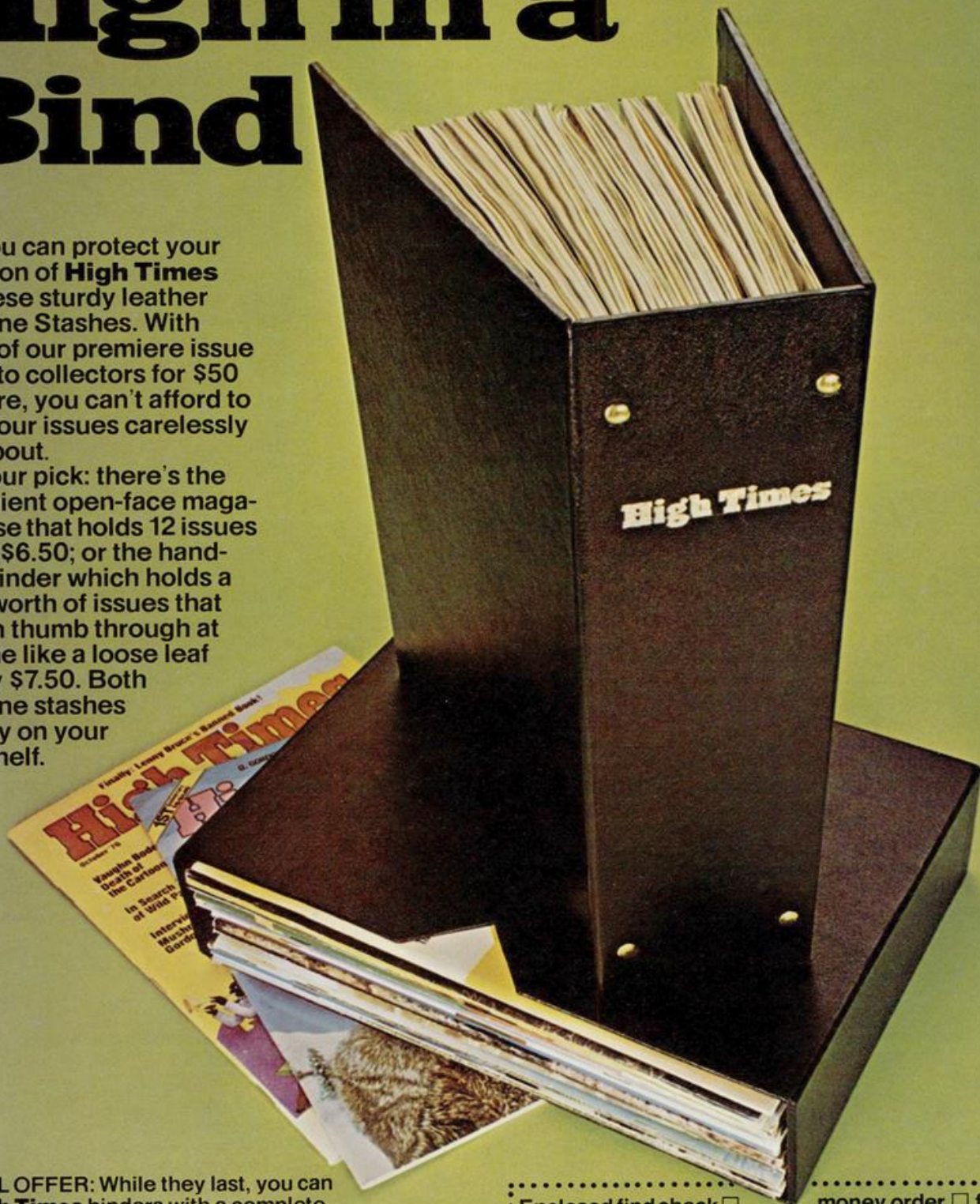
In the early twentieth century, people died from the surgical use of cocaine. As an anesthetic it often led to a lethal outcome, so that doctors developed a healthy respect for its toxic effects. But just as



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doctors have in the past underplayed the harmfulness of amphetamines, which are very similar to cocaine. I think they've exaggerated the dangers of cocaine. And, in our view, cocaine is probably less harmful than the amphetamines in almost every dimension.

**High Times:** Do you suppose that the outlawing of cocaine has blocked potential medical breakthroughs in its use?

**Grinspoon:** No one can be sure that that hasn't happened. But that possibility is greater with cannabis than with cocaine. In the case of cannabis, I'm convinced that within five years there will be analogues and congeners of tetrahydrocannabinol and other cannabinoids that will be used in medicine. And this kind of research is something that should have been begun in 1942, when tetrahydrocannabinol was first isolated. Yet because marijuana was deemed a bad drug, this wasn't done. Medically, I think that cocaine will be more important for teaching us about such conditions as schizophrenia.

Now, in the case of cannabis, it's simply no longer in the pharmacopoeia. If you come to me with glaucoma and say "Hey, I'd like to be able to have tetrahydrocannabinol," I can't prescribe it even though it's clearly useful. You might also want to treat your migraine by smoking some grass, but there's no way I can prescribe it. I could prescribe cocaine, because it's in the pharmacopoeia, although perhaps underused. I believe that cannabis is someday going to be recognized as helpful for natural childbirth. That is, it's a mild anesthetic, yet the mother remains conscious, and anecdotal reports tell us that the baby is born nice and pink, rather than blue from the respiratory depressant effects of some of the anesthetics that we give for pain now. And it must be quite an experience for the mother, too. It will be used in the treatment of asthma, too, before very long.

**High Times:** Why is it that narcotics and cocaine can be prescribed under controlled conditions, and not cannabis?

**Grinspoon:** Because the 1937 Marijuana Tax Act made it difficult for physicians to fill out the required forms. Since you could use morphine for pain and barbiturates for sleep, cannabis didn't seem worth the effort. Therefore physicians allowed it to go out of the pharmacopoeia and allowed themselves to remain ignorant about it.

**High Times:** Can you tell me what a toxic dose of cocaine would be? What would you have to do to kill yourself?

**Grinspoon:** That's guesswork—it's quite uncertain and variable—but the guess is that it takes about 1.5 grams at one time, taken orally, and less, by injection, in order to kill someone.

**High Times:** So, as far as its psychoactive qualities are concerned, cocaine is just recreational?

**Grinspoon:** Nowadays it's used primarily as a fun drug.

**High Times:** Does it follow that you endorse the legalization of cocaine?

**Grinspoon:** Well, let me put it this way. I don't think that the use of cocaine should be the criminal offense that it is now. Criminal law is not an appropriate means of dealing with recreational drugs, even though some people abuse them. Of course some of these substances are abused. It's a risk-benefit situation. But no inherent psychopharmacological property of pot, for example, is in any way as harmful to users as is the experience of being arrested and its implications. There was far more opium addiction at the turn of the century than there is now. But the attendant individual and social harm has multiplied fantastically today, when you consider the wretched health of our addicts and the crime they foster.

There are eight to 12 million alcoholics in this country. The damage they do to themselves and to society isn't considered sufficient to deprive the majority of the pleasure they get from drinking. Yet we adopt an entirely different attitude toward drugs that at worst have much less capacity for harm. Now how is one to understand

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**"I don't think that the use of cocaine should be the criminal offense that it is now. Criminal law is not an appropriate means of dealing with recreational drugs, even though some people abuse them."**

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that? It doesn't make any sense. I believe that as we continue to synthesize new drugs in the laboratories it will become increasingly imperative that we learn to live comfortably with them.

Ninety-five percent of people handle liquor quite well. We have to concentrate on why those five percent do not. Insofar as it's possible to estimate, Mr. Bakalar and I are inclined to say that cocaine abuse will not become the social problem that some other, less restricted and potentially more dangerous, instruments—like alcohol and guns—are already.

**High Times:** What do you want? What should we do about cocaine in America?

**Grinspoon:** Are you putting me in the position of making a choice between the present prohibition and the legal availability of the drugs?

**High Times:** What is the ideal state?

**Grinspoon:** Well, to tell you the truth, I don't know.

**High Times:** After all you've said on the subject, after writing a massive book?

**Grinspoon:** I can't deny that I'm concerned about what would happen if cocaine were freely available. I don't like prohibition. Most prohibitions do more harm than good. But it's also true that between 1920 and 1933, when the Volstead

Act was in force, alcoholism dropped significantly, and so did cirrhosis of the liver. Now, you could argue that the social price wasn't worth the medical benefit. But the fact of the matter is that Prohibition did accomplish something. And, you know, the constraints on the availability of cocaine, much like our traffic laws—few people obey them all the time, and they're seldom enforced—still have a moderating effect. If there weren't any traffic laws at all, would some people go at 150 miles an hour?

So I do worry. And if you ask me whether I'm in favor of legalizing cocaine, as I am with cannabis, I would have to reply that I'm not certain. I'm not sure just what should be done. We are concerned about what would happen if you and I could buy a gram of coke for a dollar. The people who have told us over and over again that they can't leave it alone have made an impression on me.

**High Times:** But if coke only makes them feel good and if we could all get a daily "shot in the arm," as our grandfathers did, what difference would it make?

**Grinspoon:** I'll tell you what difference it would make. There just wasn't that much cocaine in Coca-Cola. If we all chewed coca, maybe that would be O.K. But cocaine itself is much stronger, and correspondingly more dangerous, when sniffed in pure form.

**High Times:** Why are you so rough on your medical colleagues and the DEA if you don't have the answer either?

**Grinspoon:** Well, by admitting that I don't have the answer, I don't perpetuate the myths. In order for us to move toward a more rational approach, part of what we have to do is get a better understanding of how these drugs are defined, what they actually do and how they are used. For example, we should do careful studies allowing people to take cocaine ad libitum, and see what happens. Will cocaine interfere with their functioning as individuals and as social beings? We can't do an experiment that actually simulates unimpeded availability, but we can come a lot closer than we have.

**High Times:** But how could you ever decide a priori whether cocaine abuse would resemble alcohol abuse?

**Grinspoon:** There is no way, as a psychiatrist, that I could identify the abuse population for any drug.

**High Times:** So how would you arrive at the stage of approving legalization?

**Grinspoon:** Marijuana laws weren't reformed on a rational basis, and neither will the law on cocaine be. It's going to be a cultural change. In other words, if more and more people use it, as they appear to be doing, and it becomes clear that it doesn't have devastating effects and not too many people abuse it—as in the case of cannabis—there will be increasing pressure to stop throwing people in jail for sniffing and to make it available to the public with reasonable safeguards. ■





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All bona fide addresses that include zip codes will be entered into a large bin; winners will be drawn on May 1, 1977, in honor of the traditional May Day Smoke-In. Winners will be notified by registered letter following the drawing. Entries must be received by April 20, 1977.

## SALUTE TO HEAD SHOPS

*Dealer*, the Magazine of High Finance, is the trade journal for the paraphernalia industry.

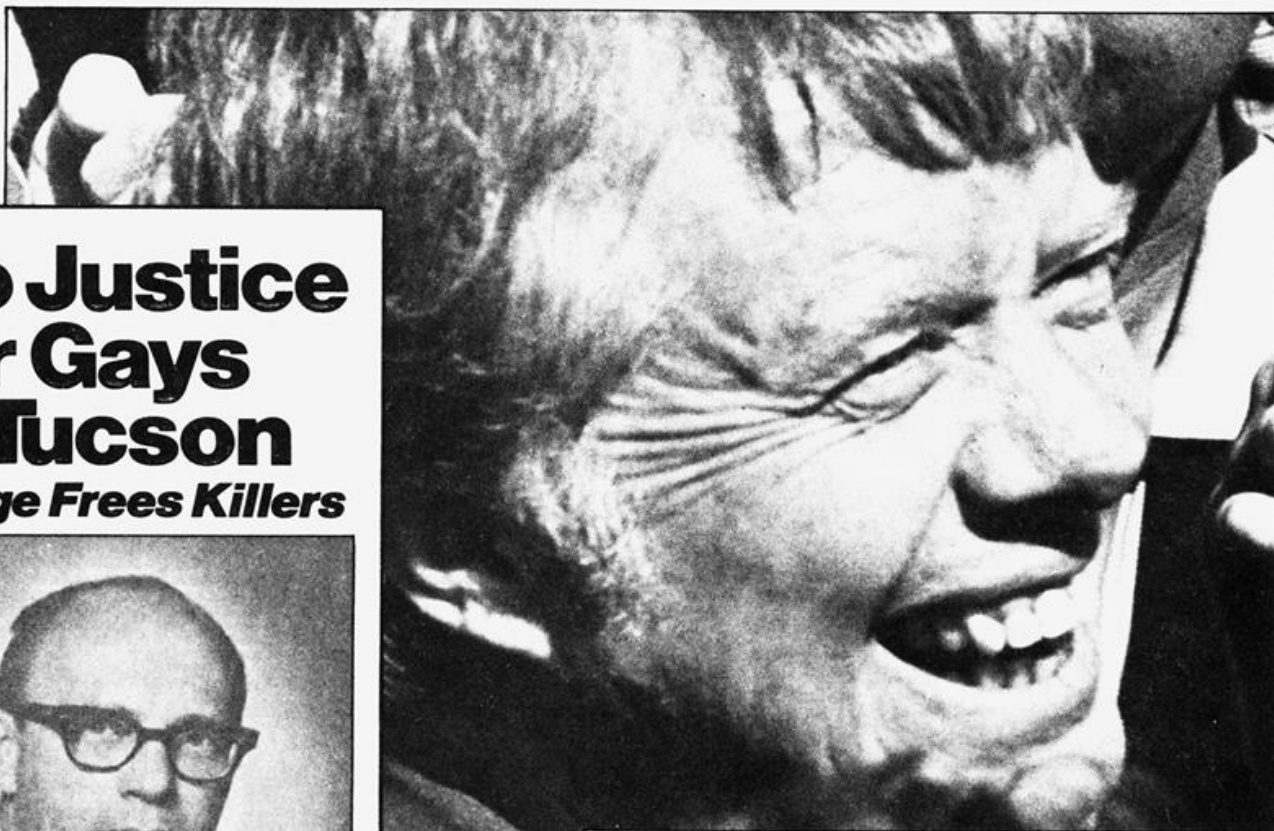
*Dealer* is holding the Smoke-In Sweepstakes to honor the many fine paraphernalia shops of America and the world for supplying us with interesting and useful head toys and dope aids. In turn, we want to let these shops know about our magazine so that they can keep up with the latest developments in paraphernalia.

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# CARTER ROCKS DEA WITH CLEANUP PLEDGE



Mike Chance

## No Justice for Gays in Tucson

**Judge Frees Killers**



John Ridgway

Judge Benjamin Birdsall: killers no threat to Tucson.

— details on page 33 —

"I will certainly be personally responsible for a thorough investigation and correction of the defects of the DEA."

— story on next page

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# Carter Demands DEA Cleanup

## Federal Decrim Looks Good

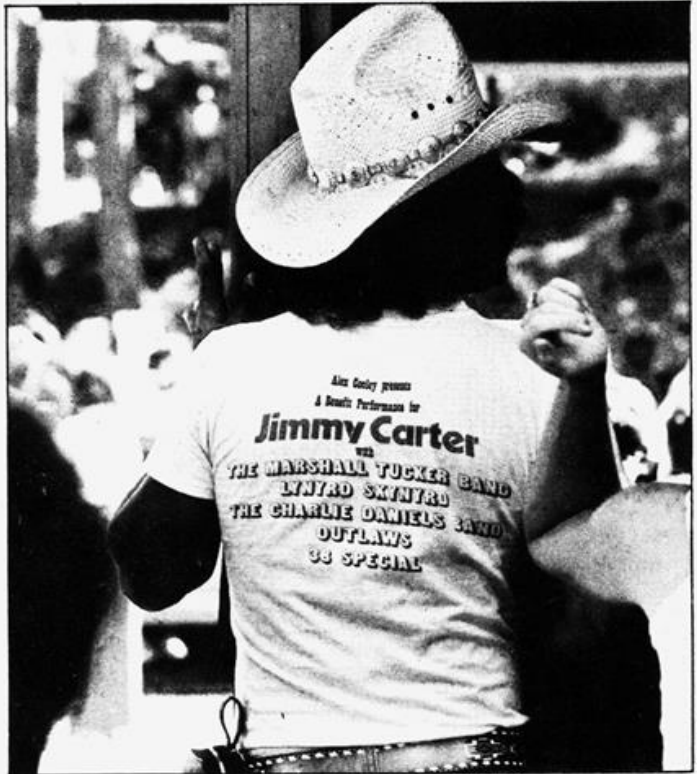
By A. Craig Copetas and Bill Choyke

WASHINGTON—President Jimmy Carter is holding himself “personally responsible for a thorough investigation and correction of the defects in the DEA.” Carter, who has been disenchanted with federal drug policy, told *High Times* last March that if elected he intended not only to investigate the agency but “to run the thing.”

Sources inside the DEA and Congress foresee no immediate overhauls of either personnel or policy in the wake of a Carter victory, however. Aside from Ford-appointed DEA director Peter G. Bensinger, who is sure to be replaced, according to sources in the Carter camp, there are few others in the DEA echelon with appointed positions and subject to replacement. In the change of administration, the jobs of most of the agency's 4,000 employees will be protected by the Civil Service.

A source of major concern among DEA personnel, however, is Carter's announced position favoring the decriminalization of marijuana laws. “I don't think that's going to set very well with some people,” said one DEA source. Carter's marijuana position is in direct opposition to that of Bensinger.

The general consensus on Capitol Hill is that one of Carter's first priorities should be an evaluation of the DEA. One high-ranking Senate aide familiar with the hearings of the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee has suggested that the Carter administration should concentrate more on “high heroin dealers” and less



Mike Chance

“I favor the decriminalization of marijuana. A couple of states have already decriminalized and I think that's proved to be a realistic approach.”

on busting grass smokers.

The DEA acknowledges that it has had far more success in combating marijuana traffic than in the so-called war against narcotics.

At press time, the Carter administration had yet to appoint a new DEA director, but rumors continued to abound that Dr. Peter G. Bourne, long-time advocate of

marijuana decriminalization and former head of Georgia's drug abuse programs under Governor Carter, will be named DEA head.

On specific drug policies of the Carter administration, Vice-President Walter Mondale is slated to head a task force on drug traffic. According to his aides, Mondale favors a DEA housecleaning.

## West Busts East in Hash Diplomacy

STOCKHOLM—A well-organized hash-smuggling operation is being carried out by North Korean diplomats throughout Scandinavia, according to officials in Denmark and Norway who have expelled at least three of the diplomatic personnel.

In Norway, the North Korean diplomats were accused of masterminding a scam that brought at least 325 pounds of hash into the country in diplomatic pouches.

Although officials have no specific information on the motives behind the hash smuggling, some feel that the North Koreans were seeking foreign currency to help pay for propaganda operations. North Korea is in debt around the world and is said to owe Sweden \$60 million.

The American Embassy in Stockholm says: “The North Korean diplomats who left Sweden as a result of the investigation into smuggling activities were at no time officially accused of smuggling drugs.”



North Korean diplomat Kim Sun Gil, who was accused of smuggling hash into Copenhagen, Denmark, seen trying in vain to enter his embassy.

## Shit Hits Japan Fan 2,500 Arrested

TOKYO—Intensive police raids here have netted \$12 million-worth of “drugs” and 2,489 alleged “gangsters.” Also confiscated were 225 firearms and 4,360 other items, ranging from wooden swords to pornographic books and films, according to the Japanese National Police Agency.

Some 12,000 police took part in 1,625 raids throughout Japan's four main islands, following intensified warfare between Japanese gangs.

It could not be determined what type of dope was confiscated in the raids, but Japanese sources say that amphetamine traffic has intensified over the past few years.



# Arizona Judge Frees Murderers

## Gangs Terrorize Gay Community

By Al Senia

**TUCSON**—Richard Heakins was beaten to death because he was gay. And the youths convicted in the incident are not in prison because the judge was impressed with the fact that they didn't smoke marijuana.

Last June, Heakins, a visitor to Tucson from Lincoln, Nebraska, was socializing with friends at a local bar frequented by homosexuals. Upon leaving the tavern he was surrounded and beaten in the parking lot by a band of 13 high school students, who admitted later to being out only to "hassle queers." Heakins collapsed and was rushed to a local hospital. He died before the night was out.

Police arrested four local high school students and charged them with involuntary manslaughter. The four were all athletes between the ages of 16 and 17 and stood over six feet tall. Heakins was 5'7" and weighed 125 pounds.

The accused were brought before Pima County Superior Court judge Ben Birdsall, who ruled in a closed hearing that they should be tried as juveniles. Vehement objections were raised by prosecutors from the county attorney's office, who said the four should be treated as mature adults.

Birdsall found the youths "delinquent" on the charges of involuntary manslaughter and conspiring to commit assault.

Birdsall admitted that it was a blow from one of the four that killed Heakins and that the other three "aided and abetted in the crime." But he dismissed any possibility of a jail sentence. Instead he sentenced all four to probation because they were "productive citizens."

"The sincere feeling of remorse that each of the men has constitutes sufficient punishment," the judge announced after concluding a 90-minute chat with the teenagers and their parents. Birdsall said that he was particularly impressed with the fact that all four were athletes and had stayed away from using marijuana. "The court is convinced that there is no



danger to the public of any repeated law violations by these four men," the judge said.

The Heakins murder was just one incident in the continual intimidation of gays in Arizona. Early last October a man was kidnapped from a gay bar, taken to

the top of a nearby mountain and beaten with a wrench. Police are investigating but have no suspects. "Every week someone is beaten down there in Tucson," explained a member of a gay organization in Phoenix. "They don't do anything about it."

## DEA Joins Sexpionage Bandwagon

The DEA is opening its door to women. Several large busts recently in southern California and Michigan have been attributed to D-women, and DEA heads are considering adding more.

At present there are only 21 women in the DEA corps of more than 2,000 special agents. The first female agent was hired in 1971, making the DEA the icebreaker among Justice Department agencies using undercover personnel. The FBI began hiring female agents in July 1972.

The D-women's effectiveness stems in large part from the assumption by dealers that all agents are male. DEA administrator Peter Bensinger points out that narcotics traffickers have stereotyped ideas about what undercover agents look and act like. Using a woman on an assignment that has been handled traditionally by men reduces the possibility that she'll be suspected as a law enforcement officer.

"In addition," he said, "a woman's information-gathering ability can be greater than a man's. People talk more freely in a mixed group. I do not subscribe to the view that women cannot think and respond in life-threatening situations with coolness and perception. The resource of women is one we intend to expand."

The women agents receive a 12-week training course where they are taught investigative tech-



Women have been vying for more active positions in all aspects of law enforcement.

niques, general drug information, pharmacology, legal principles, physical conditioning, defense tactics and use of firearms. They are paid on par with the men—in most cases, in excess of \$20,000 a year.

On the job, the women conduct full-range investigations into dope manufacture, smuggling and distribution. Like their male counterparts, they breed informants, operate under cover and use

electronic surveillance. After a bust, they work closely with prosecutors and frequently turn up in court to testify.

And they are committed to getting their man. In a recent interview in southern California, a woman agent said, "Using marijuana is contrary to our jobs. I don't believe it's the killer of the race, but I wouldn't use it. It's still a drug, and it's against the law."

Wide World



## Dope Dominates Local Trade in Ca. Town

By Patrick Lanzing

**COTATI**—The mayor of this small college town 50 miles north of San Francisco is under fire from irate locals for reportedly saying that the "real chamber of commerce here is the dope community."

Mayor William Payne, a Sonoma State College anthropology professor and self-described socialist, was quoted in a recent edition of the local San Rafael Independent-Journal as telling a college lecture audience: "Dope explains why so many Cotati businesses are able to go on without much apparent revenue—it's Cotati's chief business."

At a stormy town council meeting, angry local businessmen and council members criticized Payne and demanded an explanation. Pressed to say whether he had been misquoted, Payne maintained that his comments had been taken out of context but added, "I refuse to take the easy way and say I was misquoted."

Payne said that his lecture compared the conventional business economy of neighboring towns with the economy of Cotati, where dope is an undeniable part of the local economic scene. "They're both capitalist," said Payne. "And that's what I was trying to say."

For Cotati, a town of barely 3,000 even during the school year, this marks the second scandal involving dope and town officials. In

1974, former mayor Annette Lombardi and former city councilman Stephen Laughlin were arrested while allegedly leaving the police station with a marijuana plant. The homegrown pot had been earlier confiscated by police from Cotati Planning Commissioner Eve Kitchen. Lombardi and Laughlin, two local college students who staged an electoral takeover of the town in 1970, said that they had planned to transplant the pot to the town's green "hub," a central park resembling a peace symbol when viewed from the air.

Lombardi and Laughlin eventually pleaded guilty to lesser charges and were released. In Payne's case, local businessmen have promised to press the issue until the mayor is forced to resign.



Patrick Lanzing

Mayor William Payne of Cotati, California, catching local flak over statements that boo is his town's biggest business.



Howard Sacks

Former Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller sporting a NORML button.

## NORML Targets 12 for '77

**WASHINGTON**—The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) has begun its 1977 decriminalization campaign by designating 12 target states. At the same time, NORML intends to push bills in Oregon and California that will seek to expand present decrim laws to include cultivation of grass for personal use.

NORML's "Target 12" include Arizona, the District of Columbia, Hawaii, Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, Pennsylvania, Washington and Wisconsin. Lawsuits challenging the constitutionality of marijuana laws at the state level are under way in Arizona, California, Florida, Illinois, Missouri, New York, Pennsylvania and Washington. Litigation at the federal level is being carried out in Tennessee and the District of Columbia.

For the first time in NORML's six-year history the organization will maintain volunteer staff offices in all 50 states and the Virgin Islands. "Although we are still searching for full-time coordinators in Alabama, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Wyoming, Montana and Maine," said NORML Director Keith Stroup, "we do not intend to skip these states." Presently, these five states have NORML representatives but no

full-time coordinator to tie their activities into NORML headquarters in Washington.

"I'll be pleased if we win decrim bills in six of our 12 targets states, and I'll be pissed if we don't," said Stroup. "Illinois may be difficult to decrim, since the governor is no friend to the marijuana issue. However, there will certainly be some states that we haven't targeted that could decrim this year. The best chance is Arkansas."



## Decrim Makes Headway in Canada

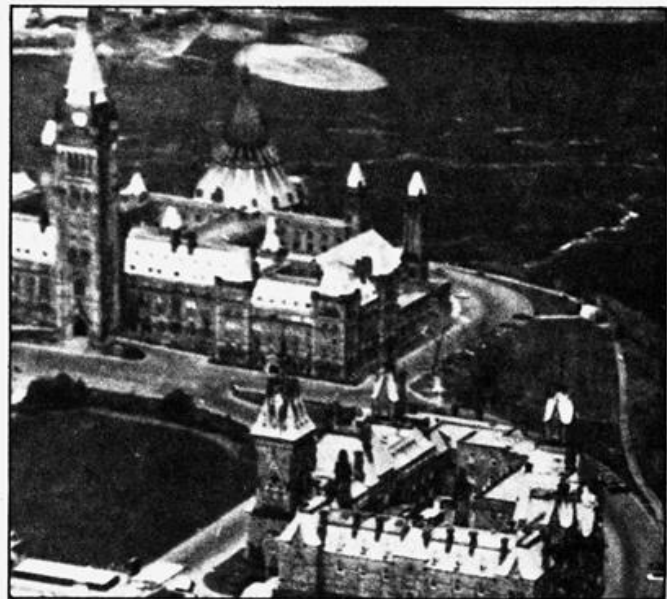
OTTAWA—Finally there's hope for decrim in Canada. A group called Headway was formed in June, when 17-year-old Archie Wells and 18-year-old Niall O'Reilly decided that Canada's million-plus marijuana smokers needed a voice in the Canadian capital.

O'Reilly, a math and computer-science student at Carlton University, and Wells, a printer, have issued a statement of purpose and have contacted Canadian legislators and enforcement officials about their activities.

The group seeks to remove all federal and provincial penalties for possession in small amounts, non-profit transfer and cultivation of marijuana. These policies are similar to those of their U.S. counterpart, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws' Headway, whose logo sports a

smiling roach clip with a joint in its teeth, defines marijuana as any whole part of a live or dried *Cannabis sativa* plant, concentrated hashish or hash oil.

One of Headway's major concerns will be to pressure the Canadian government into conducting a nationwide marijuana-use sur-



Canada's hopes for decrim lie here in Ottawa.

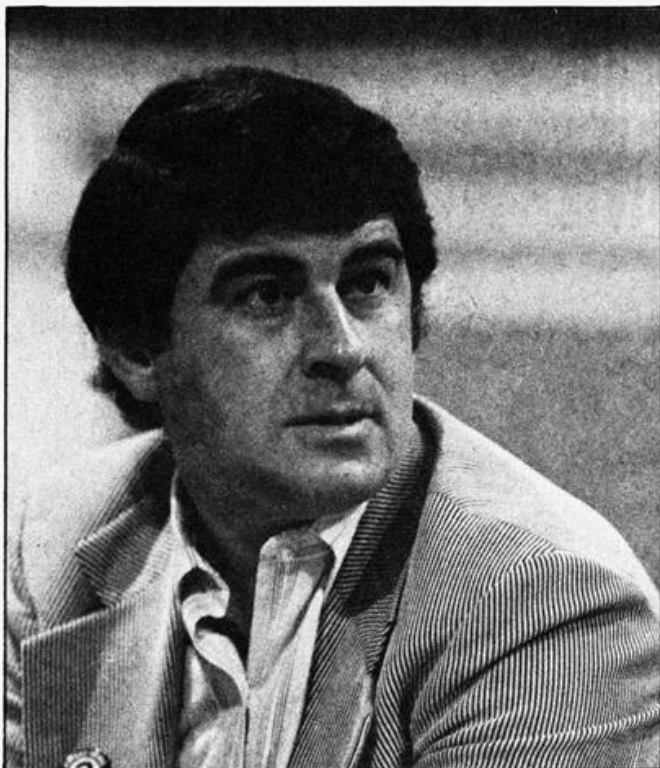
vey. Canada, with a population of 22 million, conducted its last grass check in 1971 and found that at least one million people smoked it on a regular basis.

"The figure has grown a great deal since then," says O'Reilly. "We want to bring the level of study here in Canada to par with that of the United States."

Canada's Bureau of Dangerous Drugs receives assistance from the United States Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and considers marijuana in the same category as heroin. "Marijuana enforcement receives the same

priority as heroin enforcement," said E. V. Wilson, assistant director of the Bureau of Dangerous Drugs. The list of chosen legislators from which Headway hopes to form an advisory board includes Michael Bryan, Non-Medical Use of Drugs Director of Health and Welfare in Canada; Professor Richard Stuart, University of British Columbia psychiatrist; paraphernalia distributor Robert Mandel and Russell Newman, of the Prisoners' Civil Liberties Commission. Headway's address is POB 638, Manotick, Ontario, KOA 2N0.

## The President's Pot Analyst



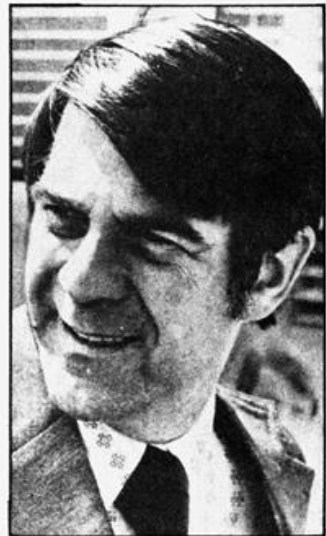
We may be hearing from this man over the next four years. Dr. Peter G. Bourne seems largely responsible for President Carter's pro-pot-decrim stance. Bourne, a psychiatrist slated for a top spot in the Carter administration, will cosponsor a pot study with the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws.

## Swap Treaty Flawed

WASHINGTON—A serious flaw mars the prisoner-swap treaty being drafted between the United States and Mexico. If the treaty is ratified, says California congressman Pete Stark, it would result in the return of some 610 Americans but would "make no provisions for the future protection of young Americans who might be arrested in Mexico."

"The proposed treaty does not deal with serious allegations of torture, extortion, entrapment and other reported civil rights violations against Americans south of the border," said Stark, who has been investigating the plight of Americans in Mexican jails for the past three years.

Stark claims that the treaty is being hurried through Mexican government channels by ex-President Luis Echeverria, who wants to use the publicized treaty as a stepping stone toward appointment as secretary general of the United Nations.



California Congressman Pete Stark believes prisoner swap treaty between U.S. and Mexico is nothing more than a stepping stone on Luis Echeverria's way toward appointment as secretary general of United Nations.



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## Boo Bureaucrat Rises Higher



"For people who use marijuana in moderate doses, in a safe setting and in a reasonable fashion, there is no evidence of harmful health consequences," reported the director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse in 1975. Often quoted but rarely seen, Dr. Robert DuPont has had his now famous report on marijuana relegated to basement files by officials of the Drug Enforcement Administration. But with Carter at the reins in Washington, DuPont's role as adviser on the legal control of substances should be enhanced.

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## Korea Trips with the CIA

The CIA may have used LSD in tests on Chinese and North Korean prisoners during the Korean war, a Tokyo newspaper reported recently.

The Yomiuri newspaper published what it claimed was a copy of a CIA memorandum dated November 30, 1953, four months after the armistice that ended the Korean War. Although there were no indications for what the drug was being used, the paper theorized the LSD was used for inter-

rogation of war prisoners, or possibly for experiments in treating brainwashed American P.O.W.'s from North Korea.

The CIA memorandum identified a Dr. Willis Gibbons as the person in charge of LSD tests for the CIA and claimed that he had "impounded all LSD material in CIA headquarters in a safe adjacent to his desk," aiming to stop "any LSD tests which may have been instituted or contemplated under CIA auspices."

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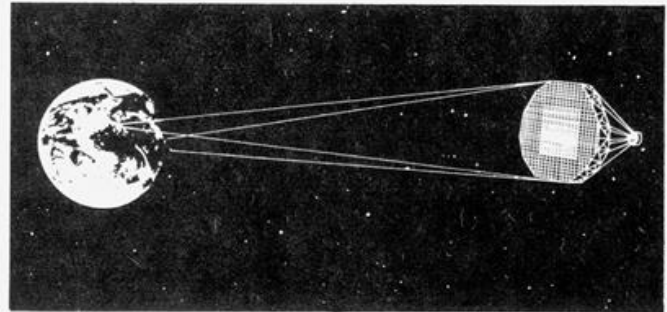
New days may soon dawn every few hours, and moons bright enough to read by may fill the sky. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) and the Rockwell International Corporation are studying the possibility of artificial suns and moons to channel extra solar energy to earth. Huge trampolinelike reflectors in orbit would channel controlled amounts of sunlight on specific land areas to aid farmers and provide solar power.

Two designs for the reflectors have been proposed by Krafft Ericke, science adviser to both Rockwell and NASA. Small reflectors, called lunettas, would provide the brightness of 50 moons on a clear night and of ten moons in cloudy or rainy weather. The illumination would equal that under a bright street-lamp—enough to read or work by.

Ericke proposes lunettas to allow round-the-clock crop harvesting or construction projects. The Alaska pipeline, for example, could have been lit during the long Arctic winter nights. Since the beam's area could be adjusted to cover anywhere from 90 to 50,000 square miles, the moonlets could also illuminate high-crime neighborhoods in the inner cities.

The supermoon could not be used over wildlife areas, cautioned Ericke's co-worker Chuck Gould. It would inevitably alter the ecological balance by allowing more prey to escape predators. He did not mention an expected boom in sales of blackout curtains for light sleepers.

The soletta, a much larger reflector, would provide light equal



Rockwell International

to about 40 percent of normal strong sunlight at night or through clouds. Gould explained that it could not be used over populated regions but would be a source of solar power and increased food production.

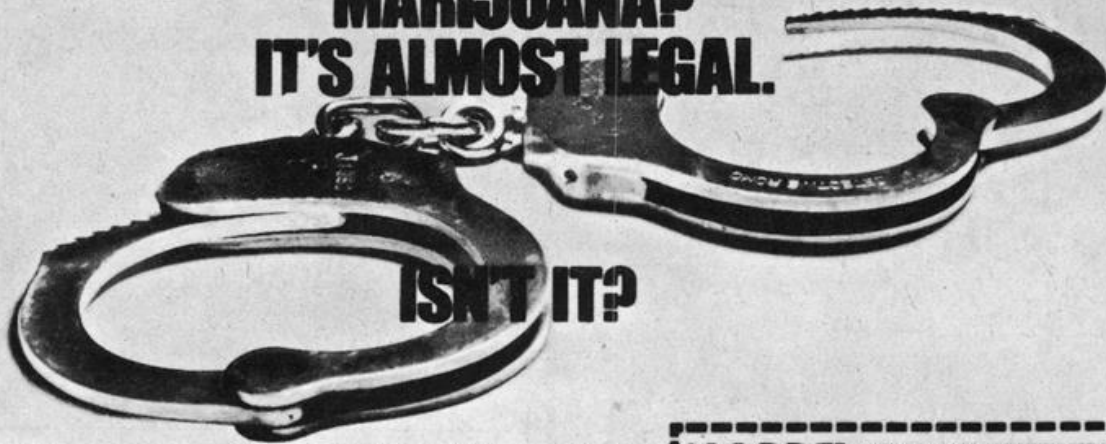
Sunlight could be beamed to energy plants in the world's deserts for storage and conversion to electricity. The satellites could also provide more light for plankton, the marine microorganisms that are responsible for 90 percent of all photosynthesis on earth. Gould explained that the sun's heat is a major factor in creating the con-

vection currents that sweep nutrients up to the surface, where plankton live. Light, of course, is indispensable for photosynthesis.

Solettas focused on major plankton areas could provide a huge boost at the base of the ocean food chain. This would gradually increase the population of fish and other marine edibles, Gould predicted.

Ericke unveiled his idea at a meeting of the International Astronautical Federation in Anaheim, California, last autumn. The cost: cheap, as satellites go—just over \$50 million each.

## MARIJUANA? IT'S ALMOST LEGAL.



No. Nothing is ever "almost legal." Especially marijuana. Last year alone 420,000 people were arrested for marijuana offenses. Of those, 90% were for simple possession.

But now a growing number of Americans are thinking seriously about changing the present marijuana laws. In fact, some laws have already been changed. The state of Oregon has successfully de-criminalized the personal use of marijuana. The American Bar Association, The National Council of Churches, Consumers' Union and The National Education Association have urged other states to do the same. An inevitable chain of events has begun. Become part of that change. Help us help you.

**NORML** NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE REFORM OF MARIJUANA LAWS  
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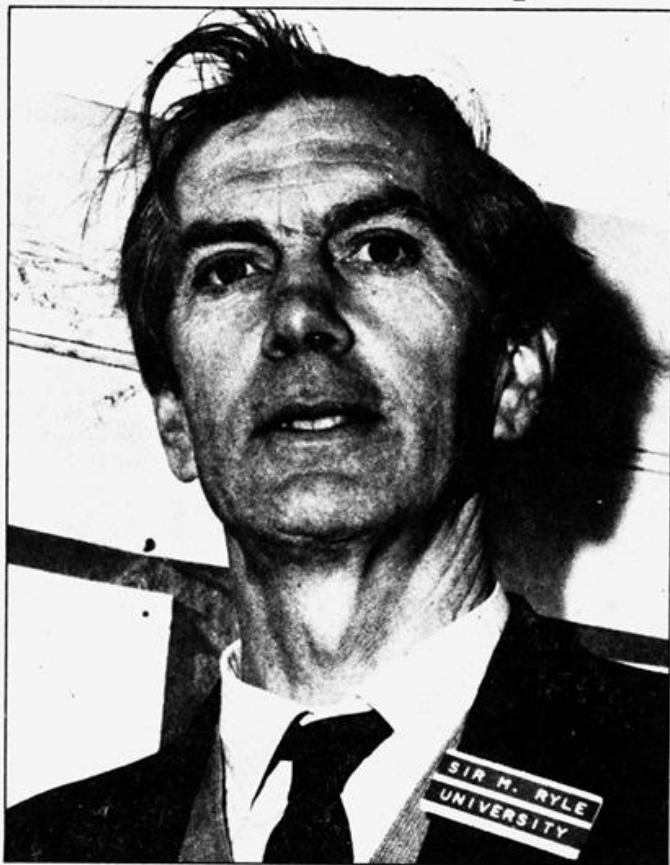
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## Scientist Warns: Stop Messages to Space!



Radio astronomer Martin Ryle.

A Nobel Prize-winning physicist has called upon the American scientific community not to broadcast messages into deep space, warning that such signals might trigger an invasion of the earth by creatures from another planet.

Sir Martin Ryle of Great Britain, who shared the Nobel Prize in 1974 for his development of antenna systems, addressed his appeal in a letter to the prestigious International Astronomical Union

and the American Astronomical Society.

Beings on other planets might learn through the signals for the first time of human life on earth and might choose to set up their own colonies here, perhaps enslaving us, claimed Sir Martin. The British scientist also warned that higher forms of life might be tempted to take away our rare resources and use them for their own purposes.

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## Octopus's Garden: Suboceanic Homes Grown from Sea Water

A Texas architect has devised a plan for growing undersea dwellings from sea water by precipitating dissolved minerals from the water by an electric current passing through a wire mesh that serves as a form for the walls, floors and roofs. The building materials gradually adhere to the mesh, filling in the spaces and attracting ocean animals like barnacles, corals and tubeworms, whose shells become part of the buildings.

"The estimated 60 quadrillion tons of dissolved minerals in the oceans would provide enough material for a limitless number of subsea cities," stated University of Texas professor Wolf Hilbertz.

Experiments near the Virgin Islands have demonstrated the technique's feasibility. The buildings could be constructed either on the ocean floor or floating near the surface. The electric current

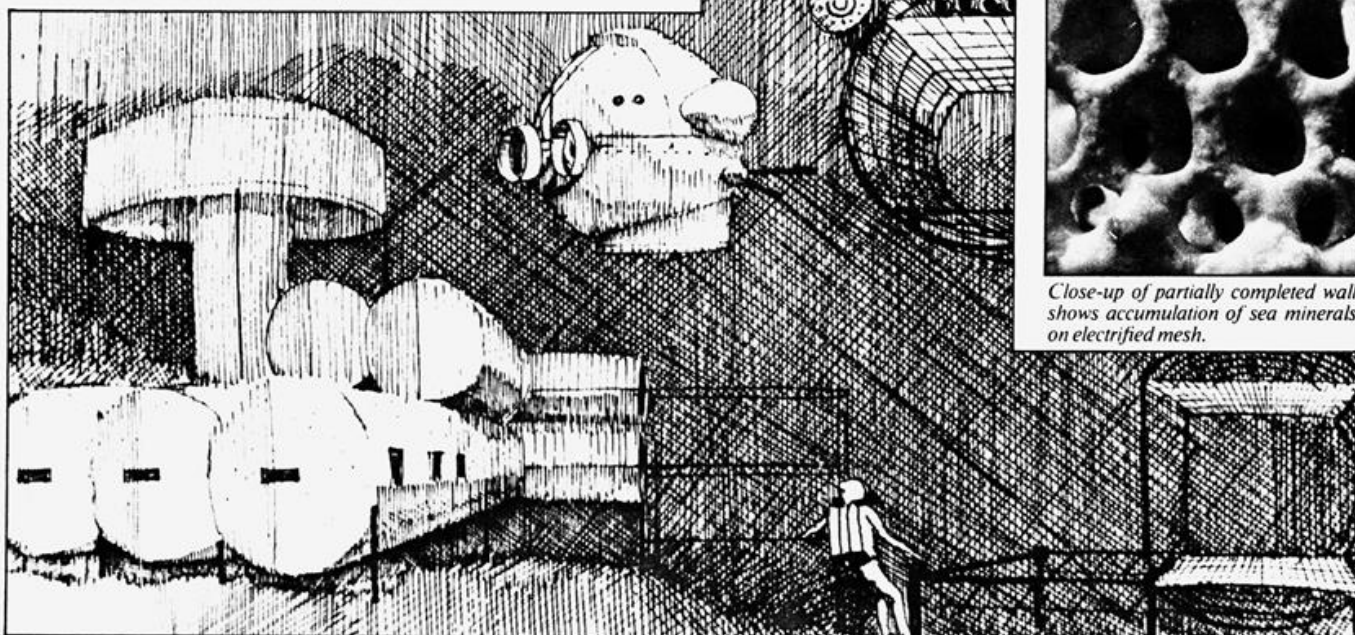
breaks down the water into hydrogen and oxygen, and the gases accumulated automatically force the water out of the interiors. In addition, if desired, they can float the buildings to the surface.

At least half a dozen sources of power are being considered to make underwater living cheap enough to be worthwhile. The hydrogen produced by the construction could also be used in fuel cells. Ocean currents, tides and temperature differences between different levels could be used to power generators. Solar energy systems and a dialytic battery that uses sea water are also possibilities.

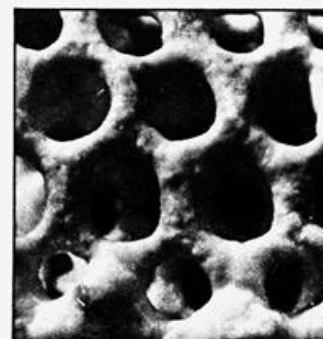
Hilbertz calls his project the first economically viable approach to subsurface homesteading, because it's "a natural process—using the sea to develop a technology indigenous to that environment."



Worker adjusts electric hookup to building segment at University of Texas Symbiotic Processes Laboratory.



Sketch by Wolf Hilbertz shows construction of modular undersea housing units.



Close-up of partially completed wall shows accumulation of sea minerals on electrified mesh.

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## Illegal Arms Biz Booms —U.S. Sells to Both Sides in Mexican War



Mexican newspaper layout depicts the 23 de Septiembre guerrilla group that has allegedly received illegal arms.

The flow of illegal arms and ammunition into Mexico has increased significantly, according to U.S. Attorney Charles Lewis. The federal attorney in Texas blames the increase on weak U.S. gun laws, which allow dealers to sell weapons to anyone except convicted felons, and on licensed gun dealers, who make huge profits on illegal arms traffic.

"Gun sales have become big, big business," said Lewis. One Texas gun dealer recently admitted to selling 100,000 rounds of ammunition to a Mexican Army officer in a single day. Once the weapons have been transported across the border, the mark-up may be as high as 100 to 200 percent. A .45 caliber bullet, which costs eight to ten cents in the U.S., sells for 65 cents in Mexico, according to the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

Gun profits, however, would not exist if there were no market for arms in Mexico. Federal officials have speculated that the current political climate in Mexico has increased the demand for the weapons. For the past year, Mexican rural guerrillas and established landowners have been waging a war over property rights.

Luis del Toro, chief prosecutor for three Mexican border provinces, claims that most of these guerrillas have been eliminated or

sent into hiding. The Mexican attorney charges that the "illegal drug trade" in Mexico is responsible for most of the gun-running. Del Toro made no specific identification as to the guerrilla groups involved or what type of drugs, if any, are involved.

Del Toro told reporters that guerrillas want weapons because they are constantly fighting among themselves to hold their domains. "They are prepared to sell more dope to get more guns," he said.

Jay Dickman



## Plane Thefts Skyrocket—DEA Wants in on Enforcement

Thefts, crashes and unauthorized landings by suspected aerosmugglers are reaching new heights, federal authorities claim. Once a rare crime, plane heists are becoming so commonplace in some smuggling hotspots that the DEA, local police and a little-known federal agency have been working together to slow the winged thefts.

Last year alone, according to the two-year-old International Aviation Theft Bureau (IATB), 98 aircraft, valued at nearly \$55 million, were stolen in the U.S.—14 of them in California. The total list of the Washington-based agency has 126 planes listed as stolen—36 from California.

Several of the missing planes have turned up in areas frequented by dope haulers. Others have been found deserted in the flatlands of the U.S. Southwest and on abandoned airstrips.

DEA chief Peter Bensinger said that another 115 planes suspected of smuggling involvement had crashed in the U.S. in 1976. Many of these had been "in hot pursuit" by government planes when they went down. Most, he added, were coming in from points in Mexico and the Caribbean.



A Navy E-2 Bravo antisub aircraft. The mushroom-shaped dome contains infrared cameras, sophisticated radar and tracking equipment and night spotting devices. Six of these planes are on lease to the DEA at undisclosed locations, presumed to be the Caribbean and the Mexican border.

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## Anti-Poppy Choppers Darken Thai Sky



A Mexican fedale slinging an M-16 watches as two other agents prepare to load a U.S.-supplied Bell spray chopper with herbicides at an advance base deep in the Sierra Madre.

BANGKOK—The United States has given Thailand five unarmed Bell helicopters to be used to track down opium caravans and locate crops and heroin factories on the border shared by Thailand, Laos and Burma.

A spokesperson for the American Embassy in Bangkok said that the helicopters, civilian versions of the Huey craft used during the

Vietnam War, were being assembled for the Thai police.

Officials in Thailand are optimistic that the copters will help wipe out Golden Triangle opium, which accounts for two-thirds of the world's crop. "Although Thailand isn't the biggest opium-producing country," said Prime Minister Tanin Kraivichien, "we are surely a main trading center."



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## A Special HighWitness Report Part II

# CIA Secret Mind Lab

## Years of Clandestine Experiments Confirmed

By Peter H. Meyers

**In January, NORML Chief Legal Counsel Peter Meyers began his investigation into the CIA's use of chemicals in overt and covert operations. In Part II, Meyers reveals the facts surrounding Project MKULTRA, the CIA's clandestine operation to control human behavior.**

The CIA's principal drug-testing program, MKULTRA—originally proposed in 1953 by Richard Helms, then CIA assistant deputy director for plans, and approved the same year by CIA director Allen Dulles—was created to research and develop "chemical, biological and radiological materials capable of employment in clandestine operations to control human behavior," according to the report of an investigative committee headed by Senator Frank Church of Idaho.

The report goes on to state that the agency spent "millions of dollars" on MKULTRA and tested a wide variety of substances, including marijuana, LSD, Mexican

general and general counsel (the two principal internal controls on improper agency actions) were excluded from regular review of the project. Agency officials involved in MKULTRA pursued a policy of "minimum documentation," relying "on oral communications."

An earlier, 1963, investigation into MKULTRA by the CIA inspector general (IG) revealed that the MKULTRA program had evolved a "stabilized" structure with project files that were "lacking in evaluative statements that might give perspective to management policies." The IG also discovered that a "substantial portion of the MKULTRA record" resided solely in the memories of two senior CIA officials who applied the "need-to-know" doctrine to fellow CIA officials "to the maximum degree." Even these files were apparently too "sensitive" to be retained, and most of them—seven boxes full—were destroyed on the orders of Helms.

MKULTRA was a "comprehensive" testing program, beginning with the search for and procurement and analysis of new substances and "conducted through standing arrangements with specialists in universities, pharmaceuticals houses, hospitals, state and federal institutions and private research organizations." CIA sponsorship was generally concealed from these institutions, but "key individuals" had to qualify for top-secret clearance and "were made witting of agency sponsorship." This phase was followed by one involving "physicians, toxicologists and specialists in mental, narcotics and general hospitals and prisons."

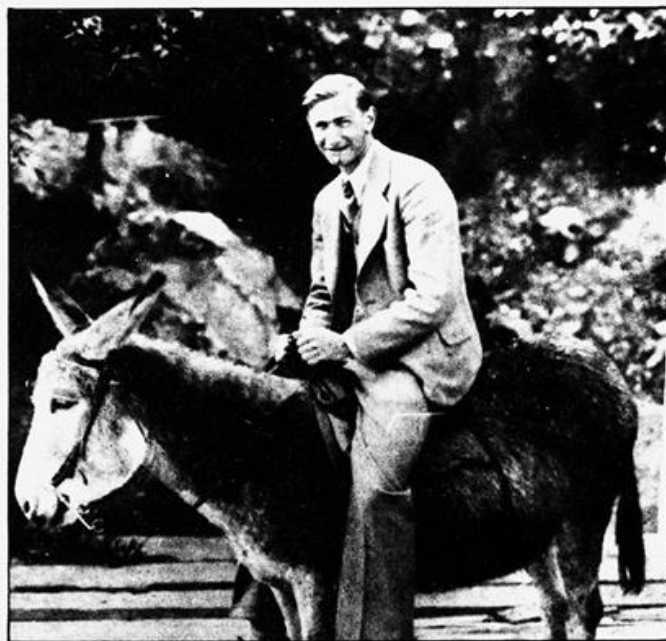
The California State Prison in Vacaville was among those used in the CIA research. At the Lexington Rehabilitation Center in Kentucky, the Church committee discovered that addicts who volunteered for testing were regularly provided with the drug of their addiction as a reward.



Frank R. Olson. Dr. Olson committed suicide in 1953 after army LSD experiments.

mushroom psilocybin and a fungus occurring in crops. Non-chemical techniques investigated included electroshock, radiation, psychiatry, anthropology, "harassment substances" and "paramilitary devices." However, the committee found that "as of 1960, no effective knockout pill, truth serum, aphrodisiac or recruitment pill was known to exist."

Normal funding and accounting procedures for MKULTRA were waived, and the CIA's inspector



Harold Blauer, killed in 1953 by an army injection.

The final phase of MKULTRA involved tests on unwitting subjects. In one such test conducted in 1953, CIA officials gave LSD to Dr. Frank Olson, a civilian scientist working for the army. Dr. Olson exhibited "symptoms of paranoia and schizophrenia" and was flown with a CIA escort to New York City for psychiatric help. While in New York, he fell or threw himself through a closed window on the tenth floor of the Statler Hotel.

The IG's report states that the technical services division of the CIA then entered into an "informal arrangement" with certain "cleared and witting individuals" in the Bureau of Narcotics in 1955.

The CIA delivered its MKULTRA materials to the bureau and provided funds for the "maintenance of a safehouse" for the testing, first on the West Coast and, beginning in 1961, in the East. Unwitting subjects for the test would be "selected at random in a bar" and invited back to the "safehouse" (apartment), where the dope, including "marijuana extract," was administered in food or drink.

The subjects included were individuals "at all social levels, high and low, native American and foreign," including "informers and members of suspect criminal elements." The report also indicated that this was "clearly the most sensitive aspect of MKULTRA," which, if disclosed, could "induce serious adverse reactions in U.S. public opinion" and "stimulate offensive and defensive actions in this field on the part of foreign intelligence services."

Although the commissioner of

the Bureau of Narcotics had been briefed on the testing, it was predicted that he would "disclaim all knowledge and responsibility in the event of compromise." Another CIA memorandum states that when Harry Giordano replaced Harry Anslinger as commissioner in 1962, Giordano was "generally briefed on the arrangements, gave it his general blessing, and said he didn't want to know the details."

It was the discovery of the program by an IG staff member that led to the IG's investigation and report to the CIA director. The report recommended the reorganization of MKULTRA and cessation of all testing on unwitting subjects. Tighter administrative controls on the program appear to have resulted.

Other aspects of MKULTRA, however, were continued until the "late 1960s." In late 1963 and 1964, Helms, by then deputy director for plans, argued that testing on unwitting subjects be continued. However, there is no record indicating that this was approved. Testing on "volunteer subjects," primarily inmates, was continued until 1967, according to the Rockefeller Commission.

## To Our Readers

High Times welcomes news clippings and information sent by readers. Please accompany your newsworthy items with the name of the newspaper, date published and any additional comments. Please be brief. All material should be sent to: HighWitness News, High Times, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

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## Boston Tries Coke

By Terry Kahn

**BOSTON**—Roxbury District Court judge Elwood McKenney has concluded that his snorting cocaine as a test in a coke trial here would become a "circus act" and has decided not to take a toot after telling the court that he would.

McKenney's announcement brought to an end Massachusetts' first legal test of cocaine's classification as a Schedule II substance (with heroin, morphine and other opium-related narcotics). The Suffolk County District Attorney's office and Defense Counsel Joseph Oteri await McKenney's ruling on Oteri's motion to dismiss possession charges against Richard Miller of Dorchester on the grounds that cocaine is misclassified under the law.

During most of the trial it appeared the Roxbury judge might be flown to New York City, where a government-approved psychiatrist was prepared to give him the powder. Dr. Richard Resnick of New York Medical College was the only researcher Oteri's office could find on the East Coast licensed to dispense cocaine for experimental purposes. Resnick said he'd be delighted to give the judge cocaine.

Judge McKenney said he was withdrawing his request for the coke because of "widespread publicity" that had "distorted the idea" behind his experiment and made it impossible for his conclusions, whatever they might have been, to be taken seriously.

The focus of the hearing never shifted from the judge and the issue of decriminalization, despite the star quality of the expert witness, McKenney, who has sat on the bench for more than a decade, was contacted by Oteri six months ago and asked to be on the lookout for a defendant who was not a dealer but was charged with simple possession.

"We didn't want the built-in prejudice against dealing," Oteri explained before the trial began in mid-October. What they got was Richard Miller, a 36-year-old welfare recipient and father of three who was busted by Boston police after buying a \$20 spoon. In court, Miller was never called on to testi-



Wide World

Judge Elwood McKenney, who presided over a case challenging the constitutionality of Massachusetts' cocaine laws.

fy. All testimony was given on a motion filed by Oteri to dismiss the complaint on the grounds that misclassification of cocaine created a situation whereby the defendant was being denied his constitutional rights of equal protection and due process.

Five experts who testified included Dr. Joel Fort, who opened the testimony with a review of the history of cocaine's use and of the laws against it.

McKenney called the attorneys into his chambers. The prosecution rested its case without calling any witnesses to counter Oteri's experts. "He said the way things stood, he'd have to find in favor of the defendant," a source said.

## Task Force Blasts Enforcement Allocations

**WASHINGTON**—The federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) should be shut down, say two privately sponsored studies. The reports, sponsored by the Twentieth Century Task Force and the Center for National Security Studies, claim that the LEAA has had no significant effect on crime, despite its having spent more than \$4 billion.

In addition, a \$2.4-million evaluation conducted by the Mitre Corporation and paid for by the LEAA itself reported earlier this year that program results in eight key cities had fallen considerably below expectations.

The LEAA, established in 1968, provides high-level federal funding for state and local crime-fighting projects.



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## Solicitor General Seeks Support for Fooling Juries

WASHINGTON—Government informers may soon be allowed to “sit in” on privileged discussions between federal defendants and their attorneys — if U.S. Solicitor General Robert Bork has his way.

In a brief presented to the Supreme Court, Bork argued that in some instances it is important for informers to maintain their cover, even if it demands posing as a codefendant and participating in sensitive defense discussions with attorneys.

Bork's brief was filed in a South Carolina case in which a lower court reversed the conviction of a draft protester after it was discovered that undercover police participated in defense sessions.

Bork insisted that current interpretations of the law give defendants a “fail-safe method of

detecting informants.” He argued that a suspected undercover agent would blow his cover by having to turn down an invitation to a defense meeting. U.S. courts have consistently ruled that discussions between a lawyer and a client are privileged and that their privacy is protected under the Constitution.



U.S. Solicitor General Robert Bork: Allow undercover agents to fool juries.

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## HighWitness Believe It or Not...

*Curios from across the globe and all sides of the law*

Ever prepared to give credit where it's due, "HighWitness News" brings to light the following:

The first of our tales concerns Miami building owner Joe Scrap, who has a complaint about his former tenants, the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). It appears that the nation's narcs left trash, litter and what seemed to be marijuana in their abandoned Miami offices. "I'll be glad to come back and vacuum," said DEA laboratory director Anthony Romano.

Not so easily vacuumed was the evidence left by a 34-year-old man in Sapporo, Japan, who literally blew it away while police tried to batter down his door after receiving a tip that he possessed an unknown stimulant. Hideo Hamada set off a large gunpowder bomb and the state had to settle for charging him with a violation of the Explosives Control Law. A search of the house uncovered no trace of stimulants.

Back in Pennsylvania, D-man Paul Brooke shares a problem with would-be grass importers who can't scratch up enough bucks for the big buy. Brooke complained in a speech to state legislators that cuts in undercover agents' buy-money were preventing enough

drug purchases to make busts. Each undercover D-man now gets only \$125 per month.

It does seem that there's more growing in Penn's Woods than the old boy bargained for. Monongahela cop Sam Woncheck spent a lonely two-day vigil watching a marijuana patch at an old Pennsylvania cemetery before he finally nabbed the alleged farmer. The mighty narc had literally stumbled on the pot patch after receiving a tip that someone was dumping garbage on the site. After a two-day stakeout in which the vigilant narc was besieged by mosquitoes, he arrested a 17-year-old youth for possession. The haul: two plants, between eight and nine inches tall.

The haul was not much bigger across the Delaware, where New Jersey state police sent a platoon of armed cops to investigate a hot tip that dope was flourishing in woods near Tuckertown. But the lads were late: the crop had been harvested minutes earlier. A few small plants, under three feet high, were found and sent to the lab. Trooper Earl Schell said the pot had been carefully cultivated, adding that at least 25 trees had been cut down to provide sunlight for the growing season. Looks like Paul Bunyan's on our side.

### Dope at the Front



THEN: Cambodian youth seeks refuge in his parents' bong during a break in battle, Kompong Chhang, 1974.



NOW: Mexican soldiers from the ninth military zone burn a large haul of marijuana near Vizacainas, 50 miles south of Culiacán.

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The triangular Silent Zone hovering in its north Mexican locus.

# The Silent Zone

**By Glenn O'Brien**

**Photography by Ede Rothaus**

El Zona del Silencio is a 3 x 3 x 3-kilometer triangle near the intersection of the states of Chihuahua, Durango and Coahuila, about 200 miles south of Texas and 1,000 kilome-

ters north of Mexico City. The terrain is a cactus desert broken by odd, unnatural mountains. But the terrain varies there because the Silent Zone moves. It moves slowly around the desert.

**A Mexican mystery spot weirder than the Bermuda Triangle**



So how does a zone move? What moves is silence. Radio silence. Radios just don't work in the Silent Zone.

This was discovered in 1969 by Harry de la Pena, an engineer from Pemex, the Mexican national oil monopoly, who was prospecting for oil deposits in the desert near the town of Ceballos, Durango. De la Pena noticed that within certain boundaries his radio was unable to receive or contact Ceballos. There were no obstructions to explain this phenomenon.

Puzzled, de la Pena returned to the Zone with a powerful transmitter-receiver and confirmed the existence of a discrete area of total radio silence. Compasses go haywire in the area, and de la Pena, a specialist in metallurgy and chemical engineering, speculated that these unusual conditions were produced by enormous underground deposits of magnetic iron.

Then, on July 11, 1970, an Atlas-Agena intercontinental ballistic missile of the Strategic Air Command was fired from a base in Utah, its target the White Sands Missile Range in New Mexico. The Air Force lost track of the 100-foot, 265,000-pound, multimegaton delivery device shortly after lift-off. After a few hours, they knew that it hadn't landed in downtown Albuquerque or Las Vegas. In fact, they knew that it must have come down in

**The plant and animal life of the Silent Zone is mutant. The green cactus that covers all of Mexico is there clearly tinted purple, the centipedes are tinted purple and the turtles' shells are patterned in regular triangles.**

some real stix if nobody had noticed it. Analyzing the missile's last known trajectory, the Air Force was pretty surprised that it hadn't come down in downtown Gómez Palacio in Durango, Mexico. So, on August 2, after eighteen days of intensive search, they found the titanic titanium totaler in a large crater way out in the desert stix, a fucking long drive from the truck-stop town of Ceballos in the middle of nowhere in Mexico.

This kind of thing doesn't happen often to the Strategic Air Command. They know that they wouldn't be allowed to keep all those 100-foot, 265,000-pound, suicide-mission rockets if too many of them landed even in the suburbs of Albuquerque or Las Vegas. So it was indeed fortunate that

this rare flop landed way outside of Ceballos, where even if it had landed downtown on Pepe's Tacos it would not have provoked an international incident, merely a large insurance settlement.

But when one of these big birds goes haywire they damned well want to know why; so the SAC and NASA nabobs went batshit when the local Ceballos flyers and technicians told them about the Silent Zone, which, sure enough, they found too. With 265,000 pounds of top-secret hardware worth more per pound than Nova Scotia salmon lying in a Mexican hole for seemingly mysterious reasons, the brass began swarming on the Mexican burg Ceballos like flies on a turd. NASA built runways in the desert. Wernher von Braun hopped out of his jet like Broderick Crawford in "Highway Patrol."

Engineer de la Pena meanwhile had continued to investigate the Silent Zone itself, the area of radio silence, a few kilometers from the crash site. De la Pena, and scientists who accompanied him to the area, found the plant and animal life of the Zone to be mutant. The green cactus that covers all of Mexico is there clearly tinted purple, the centipedes are tinted purple and the turtles' shells are patterned in regular triangles, unlike all others of





their species, which are marked with irregular hexagons. Samples of these turtles were sent to the University of California and classified as a new species. However, to the great surprise of the U of C docs, when the triangled turtles remained outside the Zone they reproduced traditional hexagonal turtles.

The desert floor in the Silent Zone is littered with aerolites and tectites, metallic meteorites from the asteroid belt, from that plane of terrestrial trash thought by occultists to be the remnants of a planet pulverized by a collision with a comet, or, if you will, by nuclear annihilation. By the time the space rocks hit this desert, which is still littered with fossilized sea creatures from its days as ocean floor, they are small, having burned to bits on the long drop through air and shattered on impact. But the desert is littered with this space iron.

Aerolites and tectites are extremely rare. They are only found in certain areas of the globe, and only a tiny percentage of those rocks that appear as shooting stars survive to strike the ground. But considering that it is estimated that only three to five meteorites strike the ground each year, the Silent Zone would seem to have a monopoly on a few million years.

According to *Flying Saucers* magazine, Spring 1976, NASA at Cape Kennedy de-

**Could not radiation,  
cosmic rays, freak  
magnetism, the  
mysterious forces of the  
Zone spawn giant killer  
coliform dysentery  
creatures that can eat a  
person's bowels in four  
hours?**

tected a large meteor approaching the earth on a collision course with a Mariner probe. The meteor allegedly swerved around Mariner, then crashed to the earth in the vicinity of the Silent Zone.

All of this activity around the Silent Zone led NASA to speculate that the rotation of the earth created whirlpools in its magnetic field and in the Van Allen belt, the layer of ionized particles surrounding the earth that plunges in at the magnetic poles and causes the auroras borealis and australis. NASA investigators received many reports of strange lights in the sky around the Silent Zone, which might be accounted for by a mini-aurora effect.

At any rate, NASA believed that this piece of seemingly worthless desert might

have brought down their billion-dollar baby, and that was an extraordinary idea. A magnetic portal that seemed to admit or attract meteorites and rockets and repel radio waves—NASA couldn't help but check this place out as valuable real estate, a possible spaceport or perhaps the real Bermuda Triangle.

Speaking of the Bermuda Triangle, the Silent Zone would seem to have just the right, uh, vibes to make it the ideal occult vacation spot. I mean the Bermuda Triangle may or may not be a geophysical anomaly, but the fact is that it's hard to settle down there and look for the evidence. But the Silent Zone is a mystery spot with actual coordinates (23°40' latitude, 103°45' longitude) on solid ground, a zone of scientifically documented yet unexplained phenomena. Aquarians could have a field day on such a site. Wernher von Braun came back three times.

*For a mountain to play the role of Mount Analogue, I concluded, its summit must be inaccessible but its base accessible to human beings as nature has made them. It must be unique and it must exist geographically. The door to the invisible must be visible. — Mount Analogue, Rene Daumal*

*The conquest of modern Mexico and this contribution of capital importance which*



Gathering meteorites in the radio silence.



Mexico can bring us today consist precisely in the discovery of those analogical forces thanks to which the organism of man functions in harmony with the organism of nature and governs it. And insofar as science and poetry are a single and identical thing, this is as much the business of poets and artists as it is the business of scientists. — "What I Came to Do in Mexico," Antonin Artaud, *El Nacional*, 1936

Now what is New York?  
Now what is New York?  
What could be New York?  
Could that be where I was before I came here?  
To hear the horns of micro-organ animation blowing through the entirety of magnetic situations here?  
In a state of mind bordering on all the ages and speeds I can ever have?  
Is that what the old girls call Karma?  
Is that what the old girls call Karma?  
— Geography, Michael Brownstein

**M**y friend Ede told me about the Silent Zone. Ede is a photographer, and she spends a lot of time traveling around for magazines like *Smithsonian*, photographing things like land trusts (i.e., large tracts of A-1 turf where Aquarian populists are communally tilling the soil). A friend of Ede is Señor Guillermo Bravo of Mexico City, publisher of *OVNIS* (a Mexican UFO bulletin), a public relations man and sometime anthropologist. Bravo would be leading an expedition to the Silent Zone, accompanying scientists and Mexican government officials. Ede gave me the rundown on the Silent Zone. I decided to join up. Sure, it might be dangerous, but danger is my business. I'm a writer.

Just to make things more interesting, I forgot to sleep before I left. Then there was the element of the unknown. Personally, I think the unknown is pretty silly, but when you start thinking about it a lot when you're not sleeping, it's possible to get into it. Just imagine that you're overtired and overworked and you're heading off for a little vacation in the Bermuda Triangle. Might not your overtaxed imagination begin to get sloppy? Might you not begin to construct a tragic plot around some imagined character, like yourself, in whom the gods have taken some petty interest and whose chorus is represented by cheap paperback books? It happens all the time.

Somehow in my personal vortex an overwhelming urge to leave town had begun to struggle with a horrible fear of leaving. In New York the radio waves are everywhere. If you have the wrong kind of bridgework, you can never really sleep. For such a person, only the Silent Zone will do for real R & R.

So Marilyn took me to the airport after we closed the bars and did the Market Diner and I had packed up my camping gear and dinner clothes. On the way to the

airport she gave me a copy of *Mount Analogue*, which is the perfect book to take along to the Silent Zone. I also took copies of *The Golden Bough* by Sir James Frazer and *Soft Machine* by William Burroughs, in case I ran into any trouble with the natives.

But I wasn't worried about that. Getting there would be half the hell of it, especially after seeing the Aero Mexico pilots and worrying about whether they could see over the dashboard. And the stewardesses with their overcooked flan complexions would be of little help. They would scarcely concern themselves with whether our seat belts were securely fastened and our cigarillos out. Anyway, we got up there all right—which is always half of it—and we even got down all right, although over Mexico City the pilots drove like Mexicans, banking the big DC-10 alarmingly and then landing so roughly that the in-flight movie projector fell from the ceiling. But the hundreds of Mexican passengers

**While I'm watching him  
walk away, I notice  
him crumple and hit  
the dirt. Closer inspection  
reveals he's passed  
out in a cold sweat.  
"The Silent Zone got me,"  
he whispers.  
"The Silent Zone got me."**

applauded anyway. They still appreciate the little things down there.

Now the only reason I'm telling you about how I felt instead of sticking to the straight facts on the Silent Zone is that pretty soon it gets to the point where I was thinking "Is it them or is it me?" and then later it gets to the point where I'm thinking "Is it it or is it me?" Which is probably one of the essential questions raised by the Silent Zone.

Right outside the international airport in Mexico City is a big auto-repair shop with a great actual-size model flying saucer on the roof. Señor Bravo, UFOlogist extraordinaire, lives in the Zona Rosa, a very nice section of Mexico City, where I expected to attend a party and then rest for 48 hours before leaving for the Silent Zone. Due to a mix-up in communications, I arrived the day after the party and learned that we would leave for the desert in a few hours.

Guillermo Bravo is an impressive man, especially in the context of Mexico where his 6'2" or so seems alien. He is well spoken in English as well as Spanish and dresses

ultrafashionably. When I arrived, he was already dressed for the expedition in disco-paramilitary style: fatigues, riding breeches, knee-high snake boots and a lot of jewelry. In fact, Bravo once owned and operated a disco up north, near the country where his grandfather had fought with Pancho Villa, near the country where his wife, Beatrice, an Aztec princess type who works as a nurse, was born and raised.

Señor Bravo seems to have had numerous careers. A man with a good rap, he is as comfortable in the disco demimonde as in the occult beyond. His bookshelves are lined with occult and UFOlogy works. On his mantel is an orange crash helmet with his blood type marked on it in big black letters. Bravo is a Renaissance Mexican. Not only does he head *OVNIS*, a Mexican equivalent to American UFO societies like *NICAP* and *MUFON*, and publish its newsletter, but he is also attempting to establish an official government-funded UFO agency.

The members of the expedition gathered in Bravo's apartment prove to be a crazy amalgam of UFOlogists, psychics, media movers and occult tourists. Most are paying to go to the Silent Zone. Everyone will work, scientific and parapsychological experiments will be conducted and we will meet up with a government group of scientists who will fly into the Silent Zone after we arrive. For a modest fee these Mexican cultists will be able to engage in a genuine far-out expedition to a zone of genuine cosmic-scientific anomaly.

**W**hen I had first arranged to go along on this trip I was told that we would fly to the Silent Zone, about 1,000 kilometers north of Mexico City, in a government plane. But now I was told that because of floods near Monterrey, the plane would be unavailable; we would have to drive. The scientists would still be ferried in by plane. It sounded suspicious, and I had no desire to set out on a 12-hour drive in my psychically weakened condition. But drive I would, natch.

The expedition was assembling. Parked in the street in front of Bravo's were Volkswagen campers sporting signs that named them Alpha, Beta, Gemini, etc., and assigned them functions—radio, infirmary, etc. An unusual group, to say the least, was arriving with enough supplies to mount a safari, while upstairs in Bravo's house the *OVNIS* organizers reviewed their intricate itinerary and experimental plans. The planning and the loading dragged on, so the Americans kibitzed and marveled at the disorganization of the neighboring nationals.

My friend Ede was dying. That morning she'd thought it was a hangover from Guillermo's preexpedition party the night before. They'd spiked her lemonade with tequila. Now she feared beriberi and even more exotic diseases. Could she rally for

(continued on page 59)



**High Times**

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**A SPECIAL**

# PUNK

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**PUNK  
MAGAZINE**

**CRUNCH!**



**Dictators**

**THIS ISSUE!  
EXCLUSIVE  
INTERVIEW  
WITH**

**LEGS  
McNEIL**

**WHO  
CAN CRUSH A  
BEER CAN WITH  
HIS BARE HAND!**

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THE  
THUNDER**

**IGGY**

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# PUNK

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"NOBODY EVER SAID IT WAS  
SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD MUSIC."

BILL HALEY-1953

EDITORIAL

## DO NOT READ THIS WHEN YOU ARE STONED.

THE STAFF OF HIGH TIMES IS NOW  
BOUND AND GAGGED. WE THREW ALL  
THEIR DOPE AND DRUGS DOWN THE TOILET.  
WE'VE ALERTED THE FBI. WE TOLD  
THEM TO KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE  
MIDDLE-AGED HIPSTERS AND TO KEEP  
THEM AWAY FROM PLAYGROUNDS AND  
SCHOOLYARDS. THEY'LL PAY FOR THEIR  
CRIMES AGAINST THE STATE, DON'T WORRY.  
NOW WE'VE TAKEN OVER EIGHT PAGES  
OF THIS SUBVERSIVE PERIODICAL. WE  
ARE GOING TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH.

READ IT AND WEEP. CREEP YOUR  
DAYS ARE NUMBERED. THE AGE OF  
AQUARIUS IS ALL OVER NOW. BABY BLUE  
THIS AIN'T THE SUMMER OF LOVE, AND IT  
NEVER WAS. EVERYTHING YOU BELIEVE  
IN IS DEAD AND GONE. ELDRIDGE  
CLEAVER IS AN OREO COOKIE. JERRY  
RUBIN HAS GROWN OLD. ABBIE HOFFMAN  
IS UNDER A ROCK SOMEWHERE. TIM LEARY  
TURNED HIS BACK ON YOU. JIMI HENDRIX  
IS ROTTING AWAY. GREGG ALLMAN FINKED  
ON HIS "BRUTHER". MAN. THERE'S NO-  
THING LEFT FOR YOU DIRTY HIPPIES.

THERE NEVER WAS.  
ROCK'N'ROLL IS BACK, JACK,  
AND IT'S HERE TO STAY!

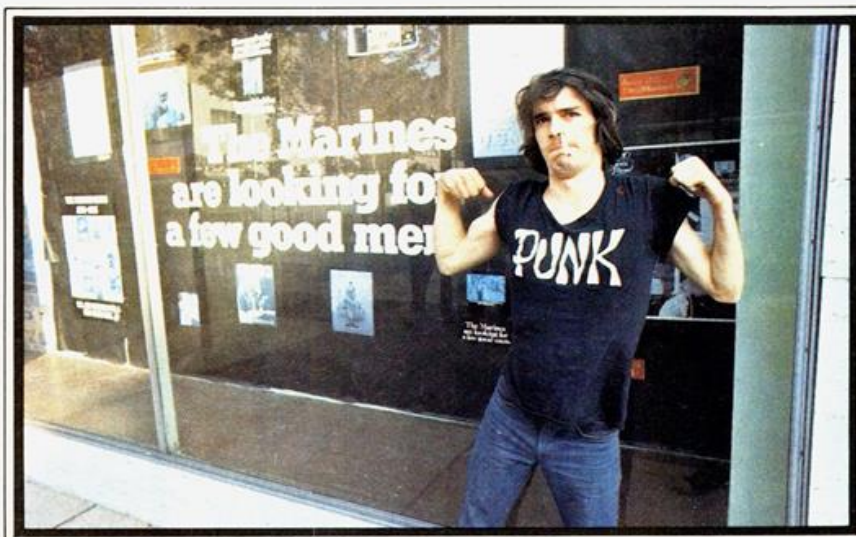
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# INTERVIEW WITH A TRUE PUNK



FILM-MAKER,  
BOWERY BUM,  
ALCOHOLIC,  
WOMANIZER,  
WRITER,  
HALF-WIT.  
PUNK'S RESIDENT  
PUNK-  
LEGS McNEIL

HE'S A POET AND A PROFIT-LEGS McNEIL- PHOTO BY CHRIS STEIN

LEGS AND ME - JOHN, THE EDITOR - WENT BACK TO OUR HOME TOWN, CHESHIRE, CONNECTICUT, TO DO THIS INTERVIEW FOR HIGH TIMES.



BEFORE WE STARTED THE INTERVIEW, LEGS DEMANDED A FREE MEAL AT THE NEW McDONALD'S...

I'M NOT DOING THIS STUPID THING UNLESS YOU GET ME DRUNK AND BUY ME A HAMBURGER, YOU PRICK!



SO WE TOOK HIS MOTHER'S CAR, GOT GOOD AND DRUNK, TALKED, AND GOT INDIGESTION.



LEGS - IS IT ON?

JOHN - SURE! WELL, LET'S SEE. WE'VE BEEN AROUND CHESHIRE... SOME KID - SPILLIN' COKES! JOHN - HUH? OH, YEAH, YEAH, RIGHT. LEGS JUST SPILLED A COKE ALL OVER THE TAPE RECORDER. HOPE IT WORKS.

SOME KID - OH, MR. BLAKE WAS TALKIN' ABOUT YA, SAYIN' "WELL, ONE OF MY STUDENTS WAS ED McNEIL AND I UNDERSTAND HE WAS WORKIN' IN NEW YORK... UM... DOING MOVIES" AND I'M SITTING THERE, "HE'S GOT A MAGAZINE" AND HE SAYS - "I KEEP TELLIN' HIM TO GET AN EQUIVALENCY DIPLOMA OR GO BACK TO HIGH SCHOOL, BUT HE WON'T LISTEN!"

JOHN + LEGS - HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! KID - LEGS SAID HE'D FLUNK 'CAUSE HE WAS TOO BUSY MAKIN' MOVIES!!

JOHN + LEGS - HA! HA! HA! HA! KID - AND HE SAYS "NOW I GUESS HE'S MAKING A MAGAZINE, AND I SAW IT AND THOUGHT IT WAS DISGUSTING, BUT I SUPPOSE FOR THE AGE GROUP IT WAS ALL RIGHT."

JOHN - WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

KID - TONY PANASCI.

JOHN - GREAT. YOU WANNA HAVE A SEAT? ALL RIGHT, LEGS. LET'S EXPLAIN TO ALL THE DUMB HIPPIES EXACTLY WHAT THE PUNK-ROCK SCENE IS.

LEGS - IS THAT A QUESTION,

DUH... OR... IS THAT?!

JOHN - YES, IT'S A COMMAND.

LEGS - UM, IT'S... WELL, I THINK, YOU KNOW, YOU HAVE TO SAY, YOU KNOW, AND WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT PUNK ROCK, YOU KNOW, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS BEFORE, UH... WOULD YOU - YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THIS INTERVIEW, DO YOU? JOHN - YOU SPILLED COKE ALL OVER MY OUTLINE! I CAN'T EVEN READ IT!!

LEGS - ASK ME SPECIFIC QUESTIONS JOHN - WHAT IS PUNK ROCK?

LEGS - ROCK'N'ROLL THAT'S RAW AND LOUD AND MINIMAL. JOHN - WODDEYA MEAN, MINIMAL?

LEGS - SHORT + FAST, MINIMAL AMOUNT OF CHORDS, STUFF THAT ISN'T POLISHED - RAW.

JOHN - I THINK ALSO IT'S LIKE STRIPPING ROCK DOWN TO THE ESSENTIALS. LESS IS

MORE - DOING MORE WITH LESS

WHY DO SO MANY PEOPLE CALL N.Y. ROCK PUNK ROCK?

LEGS - I GUESS... I-I... I DUNNO. PROBABLY 'CAUSE MOST OF 'EM DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY WELL. JOHN - UH - HUH, RIGHT. YEAH...

LEGS - WELL, I SHOULD EXPLAIN, THERE'S A WHOLE UNDERGROUND ROCK SCENE GOING ON IN NEW YORK, CENTERING AROUND THIS DUMPY BAR ON THE BOWERY CALLED C.B.G.B.'s.

JOHN - WHAT DOES C.B.G.B.

STAND FOR?

LEGS - COUNTRY, BLUE-GRASS AND BLUES. HILLY (THE OWNER) WANTED THAT MUSIC AT FIRST BUT ROCK MUSIC MADE MORE MONEY. MOST OF THE GROUPS THAT PLAY THERE DON'T PLAY REAL RAW ROCK AND ROLL BUT SOME OF 'EM ARE GREAT ANYWAY.

JOHN - O.K. WHAT ABOUT THE PUNK SCENE OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK?

LEGS - WHAT ABOUT IT?

JOHN - WHAT ABOUT THE ROCK'N'ROLL GROUPS IN



**LONDON** - THE **SEX PISTOLS**, THE **DAMNED**, **EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS**, OR THE **BUZZCOCKS** YOU KNOW. THE ENGLISH PRESS REALLY PICKED UP ON THE **RAMONES**, **PATTI SMITH** AND THIS PUNK THING - THE KIDS GOT INTO IT, AND NOW THERE'S AN ENGLISH PARALLEL. ITS A REACTION TO ROCK MUSIC BEIN' A **CORPORATE STRUCTURE** AND TO THE STUPID EXCESSES AND STAR TRIPS ROCK STARS EXHIBIT. IN LONDON, THOUGH, IT'S HEAVIER MORE AGGRESSIVE, MORE DETACHED. **MCLUHAN COOL**. THEY'RE REALLY INTO HEAVY VIOLENCE - ROCK'N'ROLL TO ITS **EXTREME!**

LEGS - **AHH**, THOSE ENGLISH GUYS TAKE THINGS TOO SERIOUSLY. BUT I KNOW WHAT



**IGGY POP**

PHOTO BY ROBERTA BAYLEY

IS USUALLY NIHILISTIC. WELL, WHAT ABOUT **PATTI SMITH**? SHE'S BEEN CALLED A **PUNK**. LEGS - SHE'S A **HIPPIE**. JOHN - YEAH?

LEGS - LIKE, UH, SHE TALKS ABOUT ASTRAL PLANES. LIKE, I ASKED HER WHAT HER FAVORITE TELEVISION SHOW WAS AND SHE STARTED GOIN' OFF ON ALL THIS ARTY STUFF. JOHN - SHE SMOKES A LOT OF DOPE. TALKS A LOT ABOUT **JIMI HENDRIX** AND **KEITH RICHARD**. HER MUSIC IS ALMOST JAZZ, OR, LIKE, **REGGAE**.

LEGS - NOT ALL THE TIME. SHE'S A GREAT ROCK'N'ROLLER. I LIKE HER A LOT. I'VE GOT A **CRUSH** ON HER, TOO. BUT I THINK THE CRITICS ARE GONNA TEAR INTO HER. JOHN - HOWCUM?



**RICHARD HELL**

PHOTO BY ROBERTA BAYLEY

JUST A JOCK STRAP - ALMOST ANYTHING. HE WAS REAL SPONTANEOUS. HE PLAYED GREAT ROCK'N'ROLL, TOO. THE BEST.

JOHN - WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES? LEGS - I THINK THE **RICHARD HELL** BAND IS REALLY GREAT. HE PLAYS AMAZING FUCKIN' MUSIC, BUT I THINK IF YOU CALLED IT **PUNK-ROCK** HE'D BE OFFENDED. MY FAVORITE SONG THAT HE DOES IS "THE **BLANK GENERATION**." HIS STUFF IS LIKE SORTA AVANT-GARDE. WELL, HE'S LIKE AN INTELLECTUAL, BUT, YOU KNOW, HE DOESN'T **POSE** AS AN INTELLECTUAL.

JOHN - HE'S **EXISTENTIAL**. HIS MUSIC IS VERY NIHILISTIC. LEGS - FUCK YOU, **NIHILISTIC!** IT'S JUST GOOD ROCK'N'ROLL. JOHN - I THINK ROCK'N'ROLL



**PATTI SMITH**

PHOTO BY LYNN GOLDSMITH

YOU MEAN. IT'S DEFINITELY HAPPENING OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK. THERE'S THIS REALLY GREAT GROUP FROM CLEVELAND I SAW CALLED THE **DEAD BOYS**. JOHN - YEAH, **BOSTON** CLAIMS TO BE THE SECOND SCENE, ALTHOUGH I THINK **BOSTON** IS TOO LAID-BACK AND TAME TO BREED A REAL ROCK AND ROLL SCENE. WHAT ARE SOME PUNK-TYPE GROUPS? LEGS - THE **RAMONES**, THE **DICTATORS**. **IGGY POP** WAS A TRUE PUNK-ROCKER. HE'S LIKE THE BIGGEST INFLUENCE. **IGGY WAS CRAZY!** HE'D **SMEAR** HIMSELF WITH **PEANUT BUTTER** AND **ATTACK** THE AUDIENCE, OR **SMASH** A MICROPHONE INTO HIS MOUTH UNTIL HE BLED, OR **JUMP ON A PILE OF BROKEN GLASS** AND ROLL AROUND IN



**TALKING HEADS**

PHOTO BY PATTI KANE

LEGS - CRITICS ENJOY BUILDING YOU UP TO THIS **GOD-LIKE LEVEL** AND IF YOU DON'T LIVE UP TO THEIR EXPECTATIONS, THEY ENJOY TEARING YOU DOWN. I THINK CRITICS ARE **SICK**. JOHN - BUT THEY USUALLY PICK OUT COOL GROUPS - **TALKING HEADS**, FR INSTANCE. LEGS - YEAH. **TALKING HEADS** ARE REAL GOOD. JOHN - WHY DO YOU LIKE THEM SO MUCH? LEGS - OH, BECAUSE THEY'RE VERY **PSYCHOTIC**, Y'KNOW? THEY'RE **ABNORMAL**. WEIRD. THE LEAD SINGER - **DAVID BYRNE** - REMINDS ME OF **TONY PERKINS** IN **PSYCHO**. AND THEY HAVE THIS BEAUTIFUL CHICK BASS PLAYER **TINA**, AND ALL SHE DOES IS STAND THERE AND LOOK



COOL. THE ONLY OTHER PERSON IN THE BAND IS THE DRUMMER - CHRIS. I THINK HE PLAYS REAL GOOD DRUMS. I REALLY THINK HE DOES! JOHN - PATTI SMITH AND ALL THE CRITICS LOVE TELEVISION LEGS - BUT TELEVISION NEVER TAKES OFF, WHERE THE TALKING HEADS GO BERSERK, Y'KNOW! TELEVISION'S TOO PRETENTIOUS.

JOHN - TOM VERLAINE, THE LEADER, IS A VERY SMART GUY. THEY'RE NOT EXCITING TO WATCH, BUT TOM'S A GREAT GUITAR PLAYER. PEOPLE GO TO LISTEN. THEY'RE A GUITAR BAND, LIKE CREAM, OR NEIL YOUNG. TELEVISION, TO ME, IS A PSYCHEDELIC GROUP, EVEN THOUGH TOM DOESN'T TAKE ANY DRUGS. DO YOU? LEGS - WHAT?

JOHN - DO YOU TAKE DRUGS? LEGS - I SMOKE AN OCCASIONAL JOINT BUT I LIKE DRINKIN'. DRUGS ARE SO BORING!! I HATE HIPPIES. THE WHOLE DRUG THING HAS HAD IT. IT'S LIKE ALL THESE PEOPLE IN HIGH SCHOOL, Y'KNOW, WHO ALL OF A SUDDEN DISCOVER DOPE AND REACH A LEVEL WHERE ALL THEY CAN TALK ABOUT IS POT AND THEY BUY LITTLE SCALES AND LICORICE ROLLING PAPERS AND ALL THIS STUPID PARAPHRENALIA. I MEAN, LIKE, WHO CARES?!!?

JOHN - THIS KID'S A PUNK. LEGS - YEAH! WE SHOULD BE TALKIN' TO THESE GUYS! HEY - WHAT DO YOU DO ON FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHTS? KID - HUH? FIND A PLACE, GO DRINKIN'!

JOHN - WHO SMOKES POT? KID - SOME PEOPLE. JOHN - YOU DON'T. HOWCUM? KID - 'CAUSE I LIKE DRINKIN' BETTER. HEY! CAN I BE PUNK OF THE MONTH? LEGS - THAT GUY'S NAME IS PUGSLY.

PUGSLY - O.K. I'M A PUNK. I DON'T SHOWER, YEAH. JOHN - PUNKS TAKE SHOWERS! PUGSLY - I SMELL, YEAH. LEGS - WHAT KIND OF MUSIC DO YOU LISTEN TO? PUGSLY - THE DOOBIE BROTHERS. JOHN + LEGS - THE DOOBIE BROTHERS?

JOHN - UH-OH, HE JUST BLEW IT. PUGSLY - FRANK ZAPPA. JOHN - WHAT DO YOU GUYS THINK OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION? TONY - I THINK THEY'RE ALL FUCKED.

PUGSLY - I THINK FORD SUCKS. LEGS - IT'S SO BORING. VOTING FOR THE PRESIDENT IS LIKE CHANGING THE CHANNEL ON T.V.

JOHN - I DON'T THINK GIRLS CAN BE PUNKS, DO YOU? TONY - PUNKETTES, MAYBE. LEGS - CUPCAKES. HA! HA! TURN 'EM UPSIDE DOWN AND THEY'RE ALL THE SAME. JOHN - LET'S BE A LITTLE MORE PROFOUND THAN THAT!!

LEGS - GIRLS ARE ALWAYS GONNA BE GIRLS, Y'KNOW. GIRLS ARE ALWAYS GONNA BE THERE. YOU KNOW, FOR OUR PLEASURE! JOHN - WHAT ABOUT FEMINISM?

LEGS - A LOT OF THEM. FEMINISTS ARE REALLY GOOD IN BED. SO YOU CAN'T PUT 'EM ALL DOWN. BUT, AH, SOME OF 'EM ARE PRETTY UGLY. THEY TAKE THINGS TOO SERIOUSLY. JOHN - YOU DON'T TAKE ANYTHING SERIOUSLY. LEGS - NO. NOTHING AT ALL. I DON'T TAKE MYSELF SERIOUSLY. I MEAN, NOTHING IS THAT IMPORTANT THAT IT SHOULD BE TAKEN TOO SERIOUSLY. JOHN - DON'T YOU CARE ABOUT PEOPLE GETTING

TORTURED IN SOUTH AMERICA BY THE CIA? DON'T YOU THINK THE CIA IS A THREAT TO WORLD SECURITY?

LEGS - NO, I THINK THEY ARE OUR FRIENDS. I DON'T WANT THE COMMUNISTS. THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY McDONALD'S IN RUSSIA, AND WE'RE IN McDONALD'S. ONE OF MY FAVORITE PLACES. THERE'S NO McDONALD'S IN RUSSIA, THERE'S NO DISNEYLAND IN RUSSIA, THERE'S NO GILLIGAN'S ISLAND IN RUSSIA. THERE JUST WOULDN'T BE ANY OF THAT STUFF. JOHN - WHAT SIGNIFICANCE DOES McDONALD'S AND DISNEYLAND HAVE FOR YOU? LEGS - PLEASURE. THEY REPRESENT PLEASURE. IN AMERICA THAT'S ALL WE SEEK.

JOHN - THAT'S DECADENT! LEGS - IT ISN'T DECADENCE, IT'S JUST PLEASURE. I MEAN AMERICA IS BUILT ON THIS INCENTIVE SYSTEM. YOU WORK THIS HARD AND YOU GET SO MANY PLEASURES. ANYONE CAN MAKE ANYTHING THEY WANT OF THEMSELVES. JOHN - A STEREOTYPE PUNK IS A KID WHO GOES AROUND BEATING UP FAGGOTS AND WOMEN AND STUFF, HOW DO YOU FIT INTO THIS? LEGS - I'M MORE INTO THE IMAGE, THE FANTASY OF VIOLENCE THAN THE ACTUAL ACT. I LOVE THE VIOLENCE IN MOVIES, T.V., IN CARTOONS - BUT THE SATURDAY MORNING CARTOONS REALLY BLOW NOW. THEY HAVE FAGGOT CARTOONS ON NOW, NOT LIKE WHEN I WAS A KID AND EVERYBODY BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF EACH OTHER.

POLICE OFFICER - WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?





"PUNK ROCK" IS A TERM THAT HAS BEEN ABUSED, MISUSED, OVERUSED AND OVER-DEFINED.

"WHAT IS PUNK ROCK?" "WHAT IS A PUNK?" PEOPLE KEEP ASKING. WHAT THEY DON'T REALIZE IS THAT THERE REALLY IS NO SUCH THING. BY ASKING THOSE QUESTIONS THEY ARE CREATING IT. THE TERM WAS ORIGINALLY COINED TO DESCRIBE THE RAW ROCK'N'ROLL AMERICAN GARAGE BANDS MADE AFTER THE BRITISH INVASION AND BEFORE THE PSYCHEDELIC MISTAKE. THIS IS WHY NEW YORK UNDERGROUND ROCK HAS BEEN DUBBED "PUNK" ROCK. MOST OF IT SOUNDS VERY SIMILAR TO STUFF YOU'D HEAR ON THE RADIO BETWEEN 1964 AND 1967. "GLORIA" BY THEM, "HEY LITTLE GIRL" BY THE SYNDICATE OF SOUND, OR "LIES" BY THE KNICKERBOCKERS. EVEN "ARE YOU A BOY OR A GIRL" BY THE BARBARIANS. YOUNG MUSIC.

"PUNK" MUSIC IN THE STRICTER SENSE INVOLVES A LOOK AND AN ATTITUDE THAT EMBODIES THE ESSENCE OF ROCK'N'ROLL. THE LEATHER JACKET, JUVENILE DELINQUENT. THE WILD ONE. LIVE FAST, DIE YOUNG, LEAVE A NICE CORPSE, GO CRAZY AND STAY THAT WAY. BLOW OUT YOUR BRAIN CELLS. BE A PUNK.

LESTER BANGS ONCE WROTE THAT PUNK ROCK WAS "MUSIC MADE BY TEENAGE SLOBS WHO WERE PROUD OF IT, AND THAT IT WAS ABOUT THE PERPETUATION OF ADOLESCENCE AND THE CULTIVATION OF INFANTILISM." I WROTE "PUNK ROCK-ANY KID CAN PICK UP A GUITAR AND BECOME A ROCK'N'ROLL STAR, DESPITE OR BECAUSE OF HIS LACK OF ABILITY, TALENT, INTELLIGENCE, LIMITATIONS, AND/OR POTENTIAL AND USUALLY DOES SO OUT OF FRUSTRATION, HOSTILITY, A LOT OF NERVE, AND A NEED FOR EGO FULFILLMENT. TO ME, CHUCK BERRY WAS PUNK-ROCK. THE EARLY BEATLES CERTAINLY WERE-LEATHER JACKETS AND ALL. EARLY ROLLING STONES, EARLY WHO, IGGY AND THE STOOGES AND THE MC5 REVIVED THE SOUND IN DETROIT DURING THE LATE SIXTIES AND EARLY 70S. ALICE COOPER

DID A CLASSIC PUNK-ROCK ALBUM - **KILLER** - BEFORE HE WENT HOLLYWOOD. HE WORE BLACK LEATHER, SANG ROCK'N'ROLL, BOOZED IT UP REAL HEAVY, AND DESCRIBED TEENAGE FRUSTRATION AND FANTASIES WITH HIS MUSIC. THE **NEW YORK DOLLS**, AN INFAMOUS GLITTER GROUP, - AND MUCH OF THE REASON FOR THE MEDIA ATTENTION ON NEW YORK ROCK-WERE PUNKS. THEIR MUSIC WAS RAW, ADOLESCENT AND OBNOXIOUS.

THE TWO GROUPS WHO EMBODY THE REAL ROCK AND ROLL SPIRIT TODAY ARE THE **DICTATORS** AND THE **RAMONES**.

BACK IN 1973, WHEN ALL THE OTHER GROUPS WERE PRANCING AROUND IN DRESSES AND MAKEUP TRYING TO RIP OFF BOWIE OR THE DOLLS, THE **DICTATORS** WORE BLACK LEATHER JACKETS, T-SHIRTS, JEANS AND SNEAKERS, ONSTAGE AND OFF. OTHER GROUPS TRIED TO BE THEATRICAL AND ARTY. THE **DICTATORS** PLAYED ROCK'N'ROLL AND HAD A GOOD TIME. THEY PUT OUT ONE OF THE BEST ALBUMS OF THE DECADE - **GO GIRL CRAZY** - BUT UNFORTUNATELY BROKE UP RIGHT AFTER IT'S RELEASE. NOW THEY'VE REFORMED, BETTER THAN EVER, AND THEY JUST



DICTATORS - LEFT TO RIGHT - HANDSOME DICK, MARK THE ANIMAL, SCOTT TOP  
TEN FRIEDMAN, ROSS THE BOSS. MISSING - ADNY SHERNOFF + DICK TEETER

# DICTATORS vs

MASTER RACE ROCK-DICTATORS

"WE'RE THE MEMBERS OF THE MASTER RACE/  
GOT NO STYLE AND WE GOT NO GRACE/FIRST  
YOU PUT YOUR SNEAKERS ON / GOIN' OUTSIDE  
TO HAVE SOME FUN / DON'T FORGET TO WIPE  
YOUR ASS / C'MON GUYS! LET'S GO! LET'S GO!  
LET'S GO! LET'S GO! LET'S GO! LET'S GO! LET'S  
GO! LET'S GO! LET'S GO! LET'S GO! LET'S GO!  
LET'S GO! LET'S GO!" @SURE-ENUFF TUNES 1974  
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PHOTOS BY ROBERTA BAYLEY



MIGHT TAKE OVER THE WORLD; THEY'RE THAT GOOD.

THEIR ONLY COMPETITION FOR WORLD DOMINATION IS THE RAMONES, WHOSE ONLY PROBLEM IS THAT CRITICS LOVE THEM. IN SPITE OF THAT, THEY'RE A PERFECT ROCK'N'ROLL BAND. LIKE THE DICTATORS, THEY'RE GARBED IN BLACK LEATHER, JEANS, T-SHIRTS, AND SNEAKERS. LIKE THE DICTATORS, THE RAMONES USE THEIR OWN UNIQUE HUMOR IN THEIR LYRICS AND THEIR LIVE SHOW; PLAY HARD, FAST, TIGHT, LOUD ROCK'N'ROLL; INSPIRE AUDIENCES TO UNCONTROLLABLE MANIA; AND SING ABOUT THE TEEN AGE.

FINALLY, THE RAMONES ALSO PUT OUT ONE OF THE BEST ALBUMS OF THE DECADE: THE RAMONES.

THAT'S WHERE THE RESEMBLANCES END. THE GROUPS APPROACH THEIR ART FROM DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSED VIEWPOINTS.

THE RAMONES DON'T PLAY ANY MUSIC. NO GUITAR SOLOS AT ALL. "THREE CHORD." MINIMAL. LOTS A NOISE. SIMPLISTIC. STYLIZED. ELEGANT-MONOCROMATIC- BLACK AND WHITE. THEIR HUMOR LIES IN THEIR LYRICS- (NOW I WANNA SNIFF SOME GLUE/ NOW I WANNA HAVE SOMETHING TO DO / ALL

THE KIDS WANNA SNIFF SOME GLUE/ ALL THE KIDS WANT SOMETHING TO DO.\* -THIS CAUSED FRONT-PAGE HEADLINES IN SCOTLAND, WHERE THE RAMONES ARE BEING CENSORED IN A CAMPAIGN AGAINST GLUE-SNIFFING) THE MUSIC IS LIGHT, HAPPY AND JOYFUL. THE RAMONES PLAY IT VERY SERIOUSLY. THEY DON'T SMILE. THEIR SETS ARE SHORT-FOURTEEN TWO MINUTE SONGS. THE SONGS ARE WRITTEN BY ALL FOUR MEMBERS OF THE GROUP. ONE OR TWO RAMONES WILL GET AN IDEA, AND THE FOUR WILL WORK IT OVER UNTIL ITS PERFECT. BACKSTAGE THEY'RE QUIET. THEY DON'T DRINK. THEY DON'T SMOKE, THEY DRINK LOTS OF COFFEE. THE RAMONES ARE A FAST PACED, HARD-DRIVING, STRIPPED DOWN ROCK'N'ROLL MACHINE. AND THEY'LL GET YOU WHERE THEY'RE GOING.

THE DICTATORS PLAY MUSIC! LOTS A GUITAR SOLOS, HARMONIES, BREAKS, RIFFS, CHORDS, STYLES, COLORS AND TEXTURES. THEY'RE SERIOUS, TOO. ROSS THE BOSS, LEAD GUITAR, TAKES LESSONS AT JUILLIARD- THE EXCLUSIVE, PRESTIGIOUS, CLASSICAL MUSIC SCHOOL. THEY PLAY HEAVY METAL, BUT ONSTAGE THEY DANCE, RUN, JUMP, CAVORT AND GO NUTS!!! HANDSOME DICK MANITOBA, THE LEAD SINGER, DOES COMEDY MONOLOGUES BETWEEN SONGS, AND CLOWNS AROUND DURING ROSS'S GUITAR SOLOS. THEY LAUGH A LOT. THEY LOVE THEIR WORK. ADNY SHERNOFF, WHO STARTED THE GROUP AND PLAYS KEYBOARDS AND GUITAR, WRITES ALL THE SONGS. HE CALLS THE SHOTS BACKSTAGE. THEY'RE WILD! THEY DRINK, PARTY, JOKE, AND GET ROWDY. THE DICTATORS ARE A CLASSIC ROCK BAND, AND DO EVERYTHING "THE WORLD'S GREATEST ROCK'N'ROLL BAND" SHOULD DO, ONLY BETTER.

THE RAMONES AND THE DICTATORS REMIND ME OF MY FAVORITE COMIC BOOKS. THEY DESCRIBE THE TEEN-AGE WASTELAND THAT ARCHIE AND SPIDERMAN CAN'T.

IF YOU LIKE ROCK MUSIC, YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO EXPERIENCE THEM. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR SANITY.



RAMONES LEFT TO RIGHT- 1. DEE DEE RAMONE 2. TOMMY RAMONE 3. JOEY RAMONE 4. JOHNNY RAMONE

# RAMONES

BLITZKRIEG BOP - RAMONES

"HEY, HO! LET'S GO! SHOOT 'EM IN THE BACK NOW / WHAT THEY WANT, I DON'T KNOW / THEY'RE ALL REVVED UP AND READY TO GO / HEY! HO! LET'S GO! HEY! HO! LET'S GO! HEY! HO! LET'S GO! HEY! HO! LET'S GO!" \* @ TACO TUNES/ BLEU DISQUE MUSIC

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ARTICLE BY J. HOLMSTROM



# SHARKS IN JETS CLOTHING

A SHORT FILM BASED ON THE SONG BY THE ROCK GROUP - **BLONDIE!**

DIRECTED BY LEGS McNEIL ☆ PHOTOS BY ROBERTA BAYLEY ☆ LYRICS @ JIMMY (BLONDIE) DESTRI

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

GIRL WHO FALLS IN LOVE WITH SCHMUCK WHO GETS OFFED - **DEBBIE BLONDIE!**

SCHMUCK WHO GETS OFFED - CHRIS (BLONDIE) STEIN

ASSORTED JUVENILE DELINQUENTS - GARY (BLONDIE) VALENTINE, CLEM (BLONDIE) BURKE, TOM KATZ + LEGS!



I ALWAYS HAD MY EYES ON YOU, BUT  
YOU CAME FROM ACROSS THE LINE.  
I HAD TO MAKE GOOD TIME TO SEE YOU,  
YOU HAD TO PAY THE FINE.



ALL THE BOYS ON MY SIDE KNEW  
THAT YOU WERE THE SHARK  
IF YOU WERE FOUND ON THE BORDER LINE,  
YOU'D BE SHOT IN THE DARK.



DON'T WEAR THOSE CLOTHES AGAIN  
THEY DON'T MAKE IT IN THIS CROWD.  
DON'T GO ALL DTK, IF YOU DO  
YOU'LL WEAR A SHROUD.



WE'RE MEETING IN A NEUTRAL ZONE,  
THE LAST CAR ON THE TRAIN.  
THE LOVE YOU BROUGHT, SHAKIN' UP MY BONES  
AND CRAWLIN' THROUGH OUR VEINS.



WE ALWAYS MET AT THE EDGE OF A BLADE  
AND WE LEFT AT THE END OF A FIGHT.  
OF ALL THE GIRLS YOU PLAYED AND YOU MADE,  
WHY DID THIS ONE HAVE TO BE WHITE.



THEY'RE GONNA GET YA THEY'RE 12 O'CLOCK HIGH,  
GOT THEIR SIGHTS SET LOW ON YOU.  
YOU BETTER BELIEVE ME, I WOULDN'T LIE.  
WE BETTER QUIT BEFORE YOU'RE THROUGH. ■



# Silent Zone

(continued from page 50)

the adventure? Ede dozed, and her beau Mark, a long-haired law student from New Orleans and avid *High Times* reader, joined this reporter in a preliminary discussion of the expedition's incipient incompetence over a few Tecate beers while the vans were loaded. Finally, when the gringos learned that the expedition would be cramming nine persons into each overloaded vehicle, a minor revolt was staged and departure was put off for a few more hours until another could be procured.

At one in the morning, after 41 hours of consecutive consciousness on the part of your reporter, we were off. It would take 12 hours steady driving to get there, said Comandante Bravo. That's a long drive, but fiery determination glowed in his eyes, and there was little doubt that we would drive straight through, if it took till the next afternoon, to reach El Zona del Silencio.

Volkswagens roared in the night. The tropical rain poured down in a torrent. In the front seat of the lead vehicle, Bravo at the wheel, Beatrice in shotgun, the CB blared. It brought out the paramilitary disco in Bravo. "Alo Alpha," he shouted, poking the antenna out the vent window as he floored the Volks down the Mexico City expressway. "Alo Alpha, Alo Alpha." But it was not smokies worrying Señor Bravo. It was just that this was an expedition. Expeditions talk a lot on the radio. We didn't want to lose any of our vehicles along the road. All were instructed to communicate every half hour: "Alo Alpha! Alo Alpha! Alo Alpha!" Later the radios would help us find the Silent Zone.

In the back seat of the kommand kar, boredom raged and joints rolled. Your crazed reporter finally grabbed the CB and twanged in his best Texas trucker style, "Hello Alpha, this is Gringo. Do you read me? We got no smokies till Durango. Hello Big Bear, this is a convoy!!"

**E**de, Shelley, another gringo, and Mark had dropped off into anesthetic sleep. Up front the CB still droned on in military monotones like a Spanish dub of *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*. The Mexicans have none of the charming CB lingo that makes this obsession colorful stateside. "Alo Alpha" had passed the point of no decency.

Sitting in the facing seat was Ramón Thomassiny, a UFOlogist. Ramón has the face of Sancho Panza. He looks serious, almost obsessed; yet his face is as comic as the deadpan of Bill Dana's José Jimenez. I'm not about to go to sleep, because this convoy has it to the floor—yet huge semis covered in Christmas lights are roaring by, buffeting us half off the road. I don't want to die while asleep. So I says to Ramón, I says, "So Ramón, what's your UFO theo-

ry?" Now, one look at Ramón will tell you that he has a UFO theory, but really, how could I have known?

His eyes gleaming through the darkness of the van, Ramón pulls away his poncho and points to the breast pocket of his olive-drab tailored jumpsuit. On it is embossed a gold sun emitting rays in a cross.

"Our Lady of Fátima," Ramón whispers. "Answer the question of Our Lady of Fátima and you will answer the question of the UFOs."

Our story takes us back a few years. It takes us back to New York. Ramón is a young Mexican businessman. He is living in New York, attending full-time English language classes. He wonders about the meaning of life but never comes up with much in the way of answers.

Then one day he is walking to the United Nations building to take the tour. He is standing by the East River when he looks up in the sky at the sun over the UN. Something has happened to the sun. Just as Ramón looks at it, it goes into a spin.

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**If you think the  
Age of Aquarius lasted  
18 months instead of  
the scheduled 2,100 years,  
the New Mexican will  
hip you that you're wrong.  
Psychedelic may have  
left the centers,  
but it has penetrated the  
wilderness.**

---

Ramón sees the sun spinning in the sky, just as the Portuguese children did at Fátima in 1917. The sun spins in the sky over the United Nations. And then, suddenly, the sun takes the form of a cross. Tears stream from Ramón's eyes. Why has he, a poor miserable sinner, been granted such a vision?

This question haunts Ramón for days after the vision of the solar cross. He can think of nothing else. He returns to Mexico, quits his lucrative job as a car salesman and informs his wife that he is going to devote his life to answering the riddle of his vision of the sun. His wife does not take this news lightly, and a divorce ensues. But Ramón persists in his quest and begins serious study of religion, philosophy and the occult.

Today, after five years of study, Ramón has the answer. He has the word. And now he plans to devote the rest of his life to spreading it. Ramón feels this mission to such an extent that his every move seems to spring from it. His presence exudes

mission. The car is filled with it. But Ramón still smokes cigarettes, and so we hurtle on into the night, under an amazing canopy of stars, Ramón on Raleighs and faith, your reporter on Merits, marijuana, no sleep and grave doubts, the bus often on two wheels. Ramón speaks slowly in English, asking Guillermo a word every sentence or two.

Ramón has merely given me the philosophical prelude. Ramón is a New Mexican. And the New Mexican exists. I have seen him. If you think the Age of Aquarius lasted 18 months instead of the scheduled 2,100 years, the New Mexican will hip you that you're wrong. Psychedelic may have left the centers, but it has penetrated the wilderness.

Obviously Hispanic, possibly with no Indian blood, Ramón is still proud of his Mexican heritage. He sees the Mexican Indians as the heirs, along with ancient Egypt, of the superculture of Atlantis. Amazingly, he is able to see the ancient Indian religion and the Catholic religion that destroyed it as a perfect synthesis. This synthesis, though costly, was perhaps divinely ordained. Ramón sees himself and his initiated compatriots as the products of this union. Ramón rhapsodizes about the Mexican renaissance that's a-coming and the times that are a-changing. The Age of Aquarius is alive and a-dawning in Mexico.

Ramón looks out of the window into the sky. The theory is coming. But I intercept it. "I think I know what your theory is, Ramón." I do. Ramón's theory is this: God is the sun. UFOs are God's interplanetary beepers. Signs in the sky. Sun/Son.

Ramón is very excited by the fact that I have apprehended his flying saucer theory from the implications of his neo-Mayan, Roman Catholic, Spinoza-Jungian UFOlogy. But it really wasn't too hard to pick up. Take 2,000 years of Christianity, much of it in the delightful Hispanic style of the Grand Inquisitor, and graft it onto 2,000 years of divine solar cardiotomy and plant it in the middle of a century so apocalyptic that it is in astonishingly bad taste, and what else could you expect?

"Jesus!" screams Guillermo as the van nearly swerves off the mountain expressway, narrowly missing a cannonballing double semi, the cab of which is decked out in Christmas lights and a Nativity shrine.

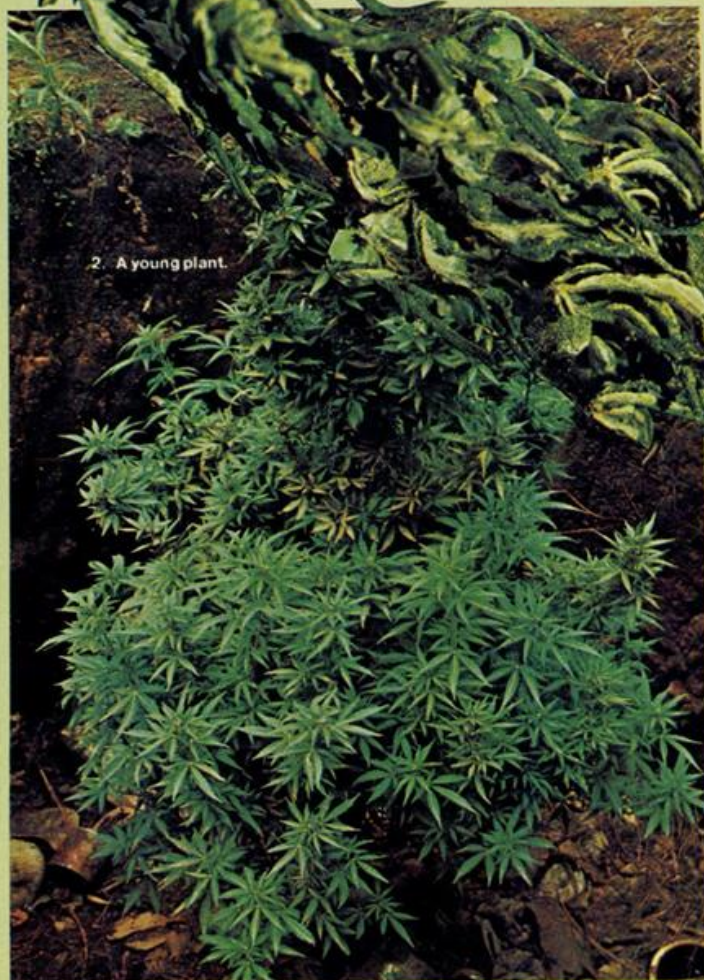
"Look at that," he yells, pointing up to the sky.

Ramón saw it. I didn't. Something. A light in the sky. We drive on. Ramón continues to expound his theory. The sun is God, and the sun/son pun is the basis of occult Christianity. When the sun spun in the sky over the UN it was communicating directly with Ramón, illuminating him, choosing him. Ramón has big plans. He plans to make a major revelation soon. I ask him what it is, I press him, but he won't tell

(continued on page 98)



1. A bud showing pelo rojo.



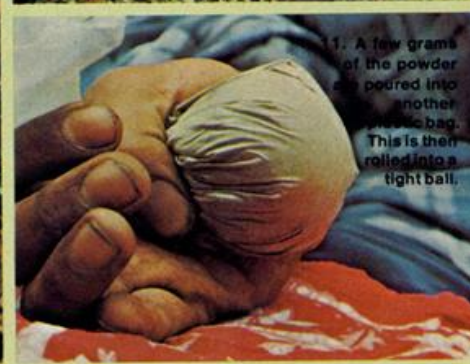
2. A young plant.



3. Large sticks are removed by hand.



4. The initial screening.



5. A few grams of the powder are poured into another plastic bag. This is then rolled into a tight ball.



9. The aromatic results of silk-screening.



12. A cloth handkerchief is tightly rolled around the plastic ball.



13. The ball is then twisted and then compressed.



10. The powder is poured into a plastic bag for sun-drying.



## The secret hash factories of Mexico

It had been a difficult summer. We had trudged up and down endless mountains of the Sierra Madre of Oaxaca in a futile search for *teo-papalotl*, the "butterfly god" of arcane Aztec medicinal treatises. Ingesting the dried wings of this unique insect was said to render mortals as gods. It was on a dusty byway of our search that we discovered the hasheesh factory.

A dilapidated shack perched on the edge of a deep gorge, its thatched roof was covered with *colas* of Oaxacan *mota* spread out to dry. Gazing wistfully out of the shack's inner gloom, joint in hand, a stoned-eyed *mariguano* invited us to partake of this verdant treasure of the Sierra Madre. "Man, that's bad-ass boo!" was all Don Jeremias could say. Our host smiled proudly and informed us that more delectable fare was in store. He was drying the *mota* to make hasheesh; we were invited to sample the product! Hasheesh—that delicacy of the Near East—in the high sierra of Mexico! Our friend explained that a wandering Frenchman had brought the secret of hash-making from Morocco.

Bushy, thick-stemmed plants of famed Oaxacan *pelo rojo* peeked from around trees as we walked to a clearing to observe the hash-making. Building a small fire, our stoned friend spread a sheet of plastic on the ground and eagerly began to



# THE SIERRA MADRE



Photography By Jeremy Bigwood

clean a pile of the dried *mota*. Removing the sticks by hand, he then passed the pot through a screen, which removed smaller sticks and seeds. The screened *mariguana* was clean and fine.

Our friend then covered a small bowl with some gauze, overlaid with a pair of silk panties, and rubbed the cleaned pot through into the bowl below. The silk-filtered pot was light tan, aromatic, powdery. When a sufficient quantity was collected, it was left to dry thoroughly in the sun in an opened plastic bag. The dry powder was poured into another bag, rolled into a ball and twisted tight in a handkerchief.

Our friendly *mariguano* then wet his hands and squeezed the cloth-wrapped ball to moisten it. Squatting close to the fire, he heated the ball in the flames, repeatedly wetting the cloth to ensure that it did not burn. After five minutes, certain that the ball was fairly hard and solid, our host removed it from the bag and the handkerchief. He then rewrapped the naked, aromatic hash ball in the wet handkerchief alone, briefly reheating it to produce surface hardness and a nice textured finish. We gaily sampled the final product. Late that night, we crawled wearily into our sleeping bags, to dream sweet dreams of hasheesh balls and *teopapalotl*, the butterfly god. ■

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## Up the Mississippi from New Orleans

# JAZZ

By Jack Frazier

**I**n New Orleans is the fantasy capital of the United States. Its bitter sweet whorishness has been a byword for A.W.O.L. sin, hot goins' on and scandal since it was bought from the French. It's the conjure capital of the world, a magic spell that brings up bayou visions of a heaven and hell. New Orleans is America, but it's Africa too, as hoodoo as the weird rites and sacrifices that take place in the cypress swamps that surround it. Reeking with the smell of dope since the days of ragtime, and then some, this surrogate Paris, this outpost on the cross-cultural frontier of decadence, is all one big street-car named desire. And what the people have desired since the folks first settled there is a taste—a taste of midnight rambling under the bayou moon, a taste of riverboat gambling and of the golden leaf.

Ah yes, the golden leaf that the old-timers smoked in the Storyville bordellos as they conjured up jazz. It's been called many things—grifa, muta, ganja—but in "Newahllins" it was muggles, an affectionate name that still calls its devotees to order like the sound of the deep jazz funeral march. Yet long before the first jazzmasters took their first tokes, this golden leaf was a part of this simmering delta.

Consider the testimony of one of the first Europeans to set foot on the wet, black lands of the Mississippi mouth. A Dutchman with the moniker of LePage Du Pratz was boggled by the profusion of hemp plants that grew ripe and ready for the taking along the banks of the river. In fields where the Latin Quarter and the View Carre were later to rise stood an endless vista of the biggest, sweetest muggles plants this Dutchman had ever seen. Pratz wrote back to his French king that, "Hemp grows naturally on the lands adjoining the lakes on the west of the Mississippi. The stalks are as thick as one's finger and about six feet long. They are quite like ours in the wood, the leaf and the rind."

Of course, this is not to say that Pratz discovered the potent herb. Perhaps there is truth to the long-standing belief that the potent weed that inspired jazz and enraged the more proper citizens of the bayou city came in the duffel sacks carried on the wet backs of blacks and Mexicans. Whatever the origin of the herb in New Orleans, once

the citizens of the dulcet city of the south were hipped to its presence, it grew on them fast. So much so that an anonymous report from 1883 on marijuana claimed, "Smokers from different cities, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and especially New Orleans [emphasis mine] tell me that each city has its hemp retreat..."

At that time, dope smoking was a taste cultivated mainly by the upper crust and the lowly black. But muggles was springing up alongside jazz, bursting out of the disreputable quarters from which it had long been dispensed. What came first, the muggles or the jazz? I'd have to say that the muggles came first. Of course they both grew out of the fertile banks of the Mississippi, but there was something about the muggles head that set jazz apart from the music that preceded it.

**I**n the 1920s those uptight and righteous citizens of the bayou city began to lobby against jazz, than a black man's music and thus very easy to vilify. Take, for example, the ravings of the Daily Picayune, which tried to head off the jazz threat in 1918. "In the matter of jazz," the Picayune fumed, "New Orleans is particularly interesting, since it has been widely suggested that this particular form of musical vice had its birth in this city—that it came, in fact, from doubtful surroundings in our slums. We do not recognize the honor of parenthood. Its value is nil, and its possibilities of harm are great."

But it was too late. The horses had already skipped the barn, and jazz and dope were swinging north, east and west, no thanks to the Daily Picayune. Rather it was thanks to the U.S. government and World War I. The Navy wanted the Storyville area cleaned up so our boys in blue wouldn't be caught in the web.

With the eye of Uncle Sam on New Orleans, not only jazz but the muggles the jazzmen so revered became the target of every nickle-sheet muckraker and reformist in the state. The shit had hit the fan, and it looked like it was time for Storyville to start making its exodus north.

Once again the crusading Daily Picayune sent snoops to find scandal where none existed. Jazz and dope became synonymous in the annals of degradation.

What the Picayune discovered wasn't the fact that some bleary-eyed jazz artists and hookers were supplementing their creativity with a weed that had been used by Indians for hundreds of years but the growing influence of the weed among the children of the ruling classes. A city ordinance was passed in 1923, following the "discovery" that "at least 250 school children" were smoking the weed. This first law made only selling an offense; it was still quite legal to smoke or possess a bit of the grifa.

In 1926, trying its damndest to please the feds and their navy yard honchos, the New Orleans Tribune sent its reporters out with explicit orders to uncover the nefarious muggles trade, even if they had to add a little tabasco to their facts. So while shrimp boats, loaded to the gunwales with iodine-flavored whiskey, were dropping their cargoes all over the inlets around the city of New Orleans, the good folks at the Tribune were busy sneaking peeks into parked cars in the Latin Quarter, watching "young men and women smoking marijuana."

The enthusiastic reporters reported buying cigarettes everywhere—in saloons, restaurants, poolrooms, on street corners, in parks, cabarets and dance halls. They found that marijuana "is a great industry in New Orleans, and it is growing greater every day." The most popular outlets were hot-tamale, soft-drink and barbecue stands. Even more shocking to the average reader was the revelation that marijuana was distributed "by creatures slinking along without means of making a living."

This Tribune series came in 12 parts, so you can imagine that no stone was left unturned. The Tribune reporters found that school children in 44 schools (count 'em) were smoking "mota" and that muggles could be bought as easily as sandwiches in the schoolyard. And, shades of the recent Jamaican study, they found that the stevedores they interviewed (mostly Latins and blacks) succumbed to "a lure that is not felt by the less imaginative Nordics. The Latin and Negro seemingly smoke them to assure the hypnotic effect and the mental detachment the drug gives.... We learned from several stevedores that the marijuana made them feel

(continued on page 97)







# HASH OIL

## WILL IT SOLVE THE PSYCHIC ENERGY CRISIS?

By Richard Ashley

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"This is a highly potent and concentrated hallucinogenic substance which can be manufactured with relatively simple equipment. As such, it must be regarded as a novel and threatening shift in marijuana abuse."

DEA Acting Administrator John R. Bartels, Jr., 1974.

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**W**e might not agree with his conclusion, but for once "Chief" Bartels was operating with correct premises. Hash oil is indeed a potent and concentrated substance, which, in high enough doses, is definitely trippy. How potent and concentrated? Well, hashish is made by gathering the resin of the marijuana plant. Resin is the primary source of delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), the major psychoactive ingredient of marijuana, the one that gets you high. Hash is several times more potent than the plant from which it is taken, and hash oil, an extract containing THC and other oils present in the resin, is several times again more potent than hash.

It takes about five keys of good hash to make one key of high-quality oil. It takes twenty-five keys of good grass to obtain an equivalent amount. The oil is manufactured by boiling finely powdered marijuana or hashish in a solvent such as methanol (methyl alcohol) or ethanol (ethyl alcohol). The oil—which contains

THC, cannabidiol and cannabinol—dissolves in the solvent, but the cellulose parts of the plant do not. These are removed by straining, and the solvent is removed by evaporation. The remaining residue is basic hash oil. It is often further refined into a more potent product by extracting most of the substances that give it taste, smell and color. Contrary to rumor and much authoritative opinion, there is no essential difference between hash oil made from grass and hash oil made from hash. Virtually all the domestic, Mexican and South American hash oils are extracts of grass, not of hash. The extraction procedure takes longer, but the end result is the same—a tasty, very potent smoke.

Good hash oil is such a tasty, potent smoke that the heavy thinkers predicted its first appearance on the street in 1971 would render the common joint as extinct as the five-cent glass of beer. And this wasn't an especially outrageous prediction. The new product contained far more THC than anything yet corralled outside a

government-sponsored lab, and the bigger-bang-for-your-buck philosophy is a featured player in the American Dream.

Oil samples analyzed in 1974 averaged more than 23 percent THC. (Some were in the 45- to 65-percent bracket; some were rip-offs with less than 1 percent THC.) Fresh primo Afghani hash, by contrast, ranges from 8 to 15 percent THC—in Kabul, that is. By the time it reaches American smokers, oxidation has usually reduced it to 3 to 5 percent THC, the potency generally found in the best Hawaiian and Thai grasses. Much of the hash we get here contains less than 1.5 percent THC, and the great bulk of commercial weed contains no more than 1 percent. Considering these figures, predicting that hash oil would become the common currency of the dope world was reasonable enough.

But history seldom follows reasonable expectations. Hash oil, so golden, so promising, never made it past the connoisseur market. How it was developed, who originally brought it here and why it hasn't hit the big time are some of the questions this brief history will try to answer.

**H**ash oil is the fruit of more than a century's search for the active ingredient of marijuana. Peter Squire, a distinguished London chemist, made the first recorded alcohol extract of cannabis in the early 1840s from marijuana given him by Dr. William B. O'Shaughnessy. (O'Shaughnessy introduced the Western world to the therapeutic use of cannabis in a paper presented in 1839 at a chemistry society meeting in Bengal, India.) We don't know the potency of Squire's extract, but in 1843, Savory, his colleague, extracted 12 ounces from 4 pounds of ganja. If the ganja contained a reasonable 2 percent THC, the extract may have been as high as 10 percent THC—comparable in potency to fresh, top-quality hash.

By the 1850s potent extracts of weed were being sold at corner drugstores in America for six cents a dose. The best known, Tilden's Tincture of *Cannabis indica*, was consumed in large quantities by Fitz Hugh Ludlow, inspiring his classic *The Hasheesh Eater*.

In 1896, a trio of Cambridge University chemists published their study of several pounds of Bengali hash. Wood, Spivey and Easterfield isolated four constituents, among which was a "toxic red oil" that they named "cannabinol." A co-worker, Dr. C. R. Marshall, studied the physiological effects of the constituents and reported that three of them showed "none of the characteristic symptoms of cannabis.... The red oil, on the contrary, is extremely active and taken in doses of 0.05 grams induces decided intoxication, followed by sleep. The symptoms produced by it are peculiar to *Cannabis indica*, and as none of



the other products appear to possess this action, this substance must be regarded as the active constituent of the plant."

While Marshall deserves our admiration, the red oil wasn't what he thought. It contained enough THC to lay him low, but it was not pure THC. Assuming his 50-mg. oral dose had an effect roughly equivalent of the standard 10- to 15-mg. oral dose of pure THC, Marshall's "cannabinol" may have been as much as 30 percent THC.

The nineteenth century extracts were widely prescribed for ailments such as migraine, neuralgia and menstrual cramps. And physicians, patients and plain dopesters seemed quite satisfied with them—at least until the early 1880s when the English medical and pharmacology journals were filled with speculations on the sudden and lamentable deterioration of the standard extracts.

Not only were they significantly less potent when fresh, they oxidized and became inert much faster. No satisfactory explanation was offered until it was established that while the extraction procedures hadn't changed, the basic material had. Originally, the extracts were made from top-quality marijuana harvested in the Bengali hills. Following the imposition of an excise tax on marijuana exports by the Bengali authorities, drug manufacturers switched to low-grade (but untaxed) weed from the plains of Bombay. Thereafter, the medical use of cannabis declined rapidly.

The Wood group's "cannabinol," a mixture of several ingredients, was considered the single active ingredient of cannabis until Roger Adams, a graduate student at the University of Illinois, proved otherwise. In 1940, Adams and his co-workers first extracted a powerful red oil from wild Minnesota hemp. Then, making a major advance in cannabis chemistry, they isolated cannabidiol and pure cannabinol from the red oil and demonstrated that pure cannabinol was "very toxic but has no marijuana activity." Cannabidiol gave promise of having marijuanalike activity, so Adams isomerized it into tetrahydrocannabinols, which showed "considerable marijuana activity in both dog ataxia tests and clinical studies with humans." These THC's were chiefly delta-3 derivatives. Some of them, together with the red oil concentrated into pill form and grass confiscated by the N.Y.P.D., were used by the LaGuardia Committee Report researchers in the early 1940s to study the effects of marijuana on prisoners.

The next breakthrough in cannabis chemistry was in 1964 when two Israeli chemists, Mechoulam and Gaoni, demonstrated that the major psychoactive component of hashish was delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol. A year later they successfully synthesized delta-9. Natural or synthetic, the new product was much

more potent than any cannabis extract previously tested. An oral dose of 15 mg. induced marijuana-type intoxication, and the more efficient smoking route required only 3 mg. (A typical joint, by comparison, contains about 500 mg. of marijuana.)

The commercial possibilities of such power were not overlooked by the dealing fraternity. Within a year of Mechoulam and Gaoni's discovery, a number of alleged THC preparations were being hawked on the streets. Most of them were total shucks, but some were potent. Among these was the "honey oil" that rendered several Yipie leaders *hors de combat* in Chicago's Lincoln Park during the 1968 Democratic Convention. No one knows just what it was or who made it, but it seemed to be an extract of hash in a honey base. One spoonful gave people the staggers and then laid them out on the grass for several hours. Wherever it came from, it was in short supply. A year later virtually all the "THC" being peddled around the country was identical to the product now being sold under that name—i.e., PCP, a stupefying pig tranquilizer.

At \$15 to \$20 a dose, pure THC was prohibitively expensive, and there wasn't enough of it available at that price. Products like the "honey oil" that blitzed them in Chicago were obviously special stash. The average dopester had as much chance of copping some as he had of beating the rap for selling to an undercover agent. So the dealers followed their natural propensities and ripped off the eager but unknowing public with fakes.

Meanwhile, the righteous were hard at work developing what was to become the first widely distributed underground extract of cannabis. Named "The One," it hit the streets in late 1970, a dark, gummy, delicious-smelling, alcohol extraction of high-grade weed, which, in the words of the accompanying brochure, had been "stabilized to optimum smoking consistency with pure-ground superweed." It was a quality product in every respect. The packaging alone—a five-gram vial, combination cork-stopper and metal spatula, two Pyrex pipes and a sheet detailing the proper smoking method—made it worthy of the Neiman-Marcus Christmas catalogue. At \$125 to \$135 a vial, it was hardly Everyone's smoke. Samples of The One assayed at 13 percent THC. A piece the size of a match head was sufficient to get two people as stoned as they'd ever been this side of a major psychedelic. Light, clear and energetic, the high was everything that word seems to imply.

Despite the loving dedication of its distributor, The Cosmic Traveler, The One was around for only a year or so. Its successor, "Son of One," seemed a bit less potent even though sellers claimed it was

made from Afghani primo and quality Mexican weed. The price was roughly the same, but you got only one pipe and no instruction sheet. Son of One exuded a definite methol odor, indicating that not all the solvent used in the extraction process had been removed from the final product. Still, it got people very high until mid-1971 when it was driven off the market by a more powerful entry—hash oil.

From the beginning, two grades of hash oil were generally available: a dark greenish-black, viscous liquid selling for \$25 a gram; and a thick, translucent, tawny-amber preparation selling for \$40 to \$50 a gram. In most cases the price differential was justified, the latter honey oil—not to be confused with the honey oil of Chicago fame—being a more refined and potent version of the dark oil. Most of the good honey oil was 40 to 45 percent THC, while good dark oil usually contained about 25 percent THC.

How much of the dark oil or the honey oil came from the Lands of Hash and how much was locally manufactured it is hard to say. But one thing does seem certain—the great bulk of the high-quality imported oil originally got here courtesy of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. What pushed the Brothers into the oil business is of some interest in itself, and their experiences shed considerable light on why hash oil never drove the common joint off the market.

To begin with, necessity, not belief in its commercial potential, moved the Brotherhood into hash oil. Between 1967 and 1970, they smuggled some 50 tons of Afghani hash into the United States. That's a lot—1,600,000 ounces of prime stuff annually. They had their own fields and hash-making sheds, supervised by Aka Hayotulla, a local resident; they had a comfortable central-operations base in a Kabul hotel that Aka had bought with Brotherhood money and, as the 50 tons a year testified, they knew how to move hash out of Afghanistan and into high-rent America. But Kabul is a small place and a poor one. The sudden rags-to-riches glory of Aka and his associates, the new fields under cultivation, the half-track truck the Brothers used for inspection trips to the fields—all were too conspicuous to go unnoticed indefinitely. The resident U.S. narcs eventually noticed. Under the heavy pressure applied by the U.S. government, the Afghani government cracked down on the hash smugglers. They could hardly do otherwise. When it came down to who could pay the most, the Brotherhood was no match for the U.S. Treasury.

Given the kind of money that members of the loose-knit fraternity had made, one might think they could simply have retired until the situation cooled out. But if a lot



had been made, a lot had been spent. Money was needed, and hash oil seemed to be the answer. The vital essence of five keys of primo fit nicely into a quart jar, an easy item to smuggle when the vigilantes were looking for large shipments of hash.

Some people claim the Brotherhood chemists taught the Afghans how to make oil, but this seems unlikely. The Brotherhood may have introduced more efficient methods, but there are indications that Easterners were making very potent cannabis extracts long before we knew that hemp could be used for something other than making rope. *Schlimmer's* (Persian) *Pharmacopoeia* (1896) cites this traditional preparation: "The Dervishes make an extremely somniferous preparation by boiling the tops of Indian hemp in fresh butter or oil of almonds. Of this a sufficiently minute quantity introduced into an ordinary culinary preparation will cause an entire family to sleep for 24 to 72 hours without the taste of cannabis being detected."

Had hash oil proved to be the bonanza that many predicted, the Brotherhood would surely have begun producing it on a large scale right here in America. Compare the retail value of the hash needed to make a given quantity of oil with the retail value of the oil itself. Assuming the hash base contained 10 percent THC, five pounds would make one pound of 50-percent THC oil. Five pounds of primo hash at \$75 per ounce—an average price in 1971—would bring in \$6,000. One pound of oil at \$50 per gram—a rock-bottom price for 50-percent THC oil—would bring \$22,675.

Now \$16,000-plus is a big edge, especially when the production costs are so low. But the Brotherhood reaped no bonanza. Like "The One," and "Son of One" before it, hash oil never made it from the gourmet shop to the supermarket. As the Brothers learned, there were several reasons why, both real and imaginary. All too frequently the commercial, mass-produced, black oil from Nepal, Lebanon and Morocco was neither tasty nor potent. The ether, methanol or other solvents used in the extraction process hadn't been entirely removed or had been deliberately left in as a cut, and the product had a rancid odor and taste. More important, much of it was old, shipped from stock that had been stored too long. Unless refrigerated, hash oil deteriorates even faster than hash, and many an unknowing buyer has laid out \$25 for a gram of stuff carrying less punch than ordinary weed. As a result, hash oil got a rip-off reputation that even the golden product distributed by the Brotherhood couldn't overcome.

Most people thought it was overpriced. In fact, it wasn't really. If you were knowledgeable, you could easily get a gram of 25-percent THC oil for \$25—that is 250 mg. of THC for \$25. Compare this to the THC yield from an ounce of \$25 grass (purchased when commercial weed was going for \$10 to \$15). If you lucked out, the grass

might be of the 1.5 percent THC variety. At best, you might have two-thirds of an ounce of smokeable material, or 284 mg. of THC, after cleaning. The slight advantage grass had in this comparison wouldn't always hold. Today, with the price of weed having literally doubled and that of oil having remained essentially what it was, oil is a far better value. And if your chief concern is how high you will get, you can use a half-ounce of 1.5-percent THC grass in a single night and never reach the high, clear, stoned state provided by a few tokes of good oil.

Finally, there was what might be called the technology gap. Neither the frequent rip-offs nor the apparent expense of hash oil were insurmountable barriers to a commercially significant place for oil in the dope market. Bad goods for high prices have always been a part of the dope scene. After being burned a few times, the average consumer usually learns enough to protect himself. But the typical head is also slow to adapt to a new technology. They simply smeared oil on a rolling paper, made a joint and lit up. Of course they got high, but the waste was monumental; most of the oil was consumed by fire rather than by the user's bloodstream.

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### **The best test is what happens when you smoke it. Two small hits are enough to get most people very stoned. And five will put even a Rasta man into a spin.**

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A pipe made of Pyrex or glass and shaped like a small opium pipe makes consumption of hash oil less wasteful. Smear a small bit of extract on the inside of the bowl and tilt the pipe so the smear is on the bottom side and almost horizontal. Tilting the bowl minimizes the amount of smoke that can escape before you inhale it. Hold a paper match under the tilted bowl so that the visible part of the flame is approximately a quarter-inch beneath the bowl. Direct flame on the bowl will vaporize the oil before you can take a hit. As soon as the smear begins to bubble and show tiny curls of smoke, start to inhale slowly and gently. Toking as you would on a joint will reduce you to a helpless coughing mass of protoplasm. Hash-oil smoke is concentrated, powerful stuff. Keep the flame in position and keep gently inhaling until the smear has been consumed. One good hit should take about 15 to 20 seconds.

Compared to lighting up a joint or hash pipe this is admittedly a fairly complicated procedure. For a generation raised on technology, it should have been child's play. But the art of efficiently consuming hash oil

was mastered by very few. And the resulting waste from sloppy smoking made hash oil as overpriced a high as the unknowing had thought it to be.

Although inefficient smoking procedures are expensive, getting ripped off by the dealers hurts even more. Buyers are likely to be confronted with a confusion of bottles, from clear prescription vials to exotic Oriental containers in a variety of colors. Pretty as the bottles may be, they conceal the color of the oil, preventing the buyer from spotting the tawny amber (yellow-gold tinted with red) of the best oil now available. And the best oil is also thick. Nearly a solid when refrigerated, it should barely ooze to the other end of the container when it is inverted at room temperature. If oil moves quickly, it has been heavily adulterated.

Since it doesn't significantly alter the pungent aroma of the oil, vodka is probably the most common cut. Methanol and ethanol are also frequently present, either as cuts or as unremoved solvent. They impart a greasy-kid-stuff odor detectable by anyone not suffering from a bad cold, as do the flavored liqueurs and brandies that are occasionally used as adulterants. But whether or not cuts are discoverable by the nose, all cuts thin the oil enough to make their presence obvious to anyone who knows that, like good ketchup, the best hash oil is slow.

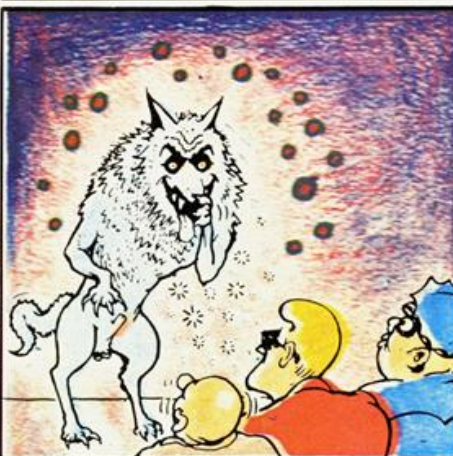
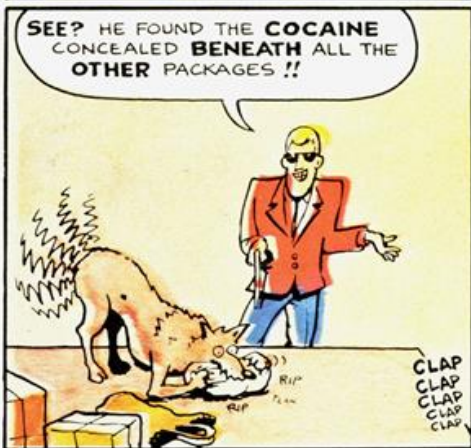
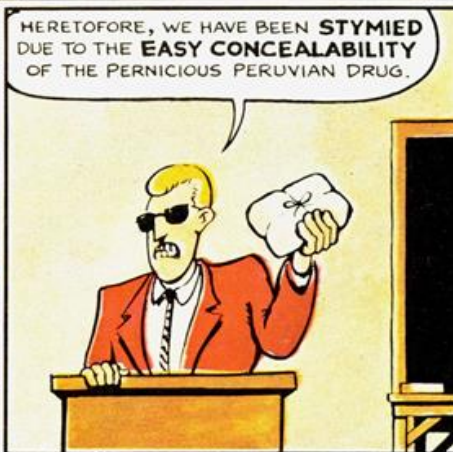
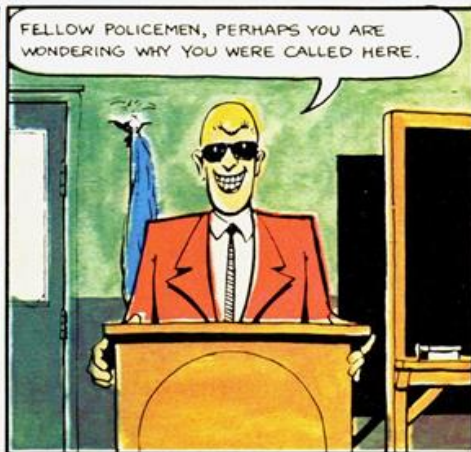
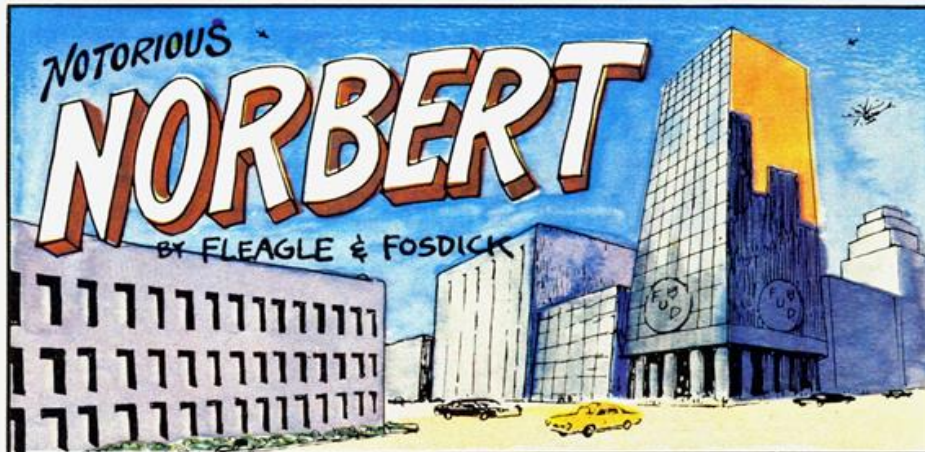
Short of laboratory analysis, the best test for quality is what happens when you smoke it. You should begin to feel its power as you're taking the first hit. Two small hits are enough to get most people very stoned. Three, completely stoned. Four hits are an overdose for most smokers, and five will put even a Rasta man into a spin. The high is light, clear and energetic—the opposite end of the spectrum from the laid-back heaviness frequently induced by hash and good Jamaican grass. And there is an additional feature: even after floating around on it all night, few users of quality oil have ever reported the morning-after lethargy commonly experienced after too much weed or hash. Whatever cannabis constituents are responsible for these hangovers, they seem to be absent from good hash oil.

In a nation of junk-food addicts, it's not surprising that a gourmet trip like hash oil failed to sweep the country. And though it is unlikely that the potent extracts will replace common weed in the foreseeable future, a few moments spent contemplating the virtues of hash oil should persuade a lot of people to give it a try. The real question is, how high do you want to get? If the answer is "as high as I can," then hash oil is for you—at least until those synthetic THC analogs, some of which are reputedly 1,000 to 2,000 times as potent as pure THC, hit the market.

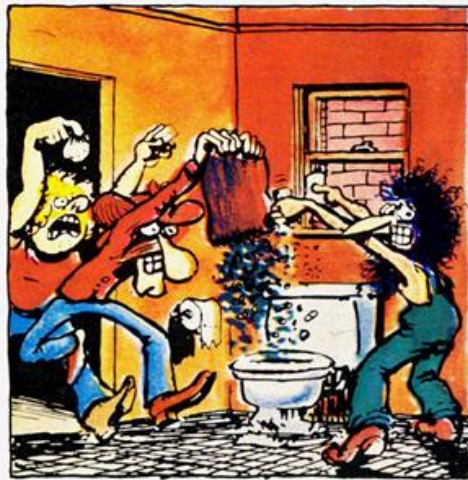
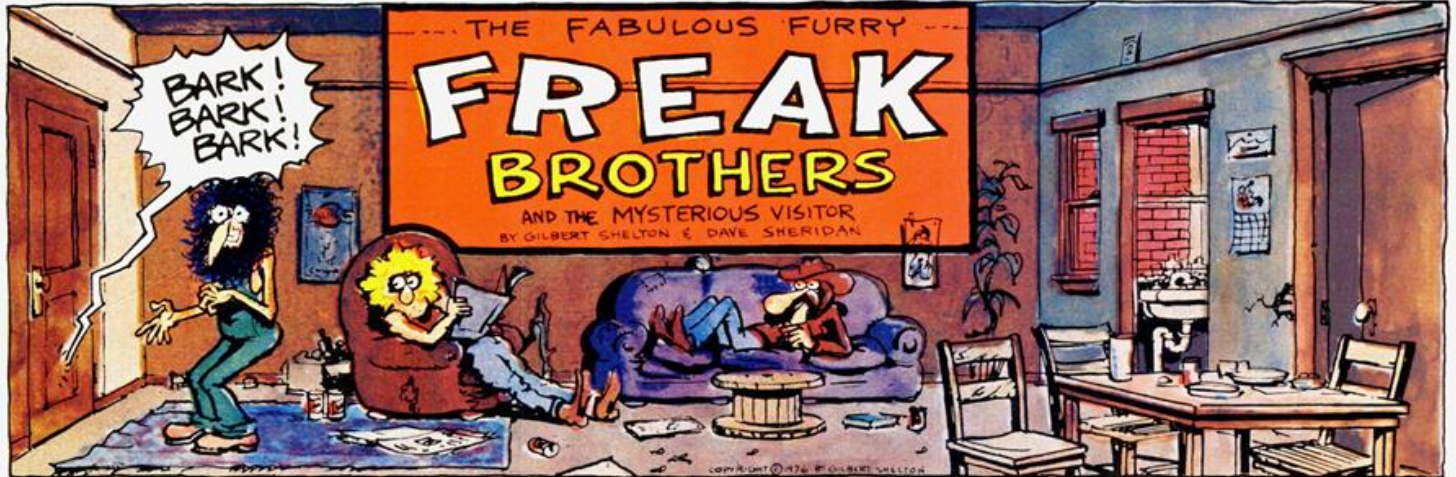
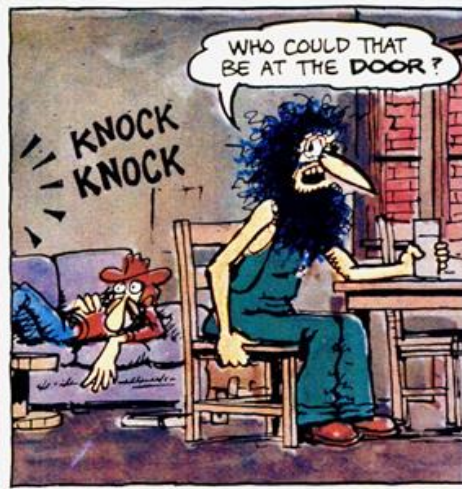
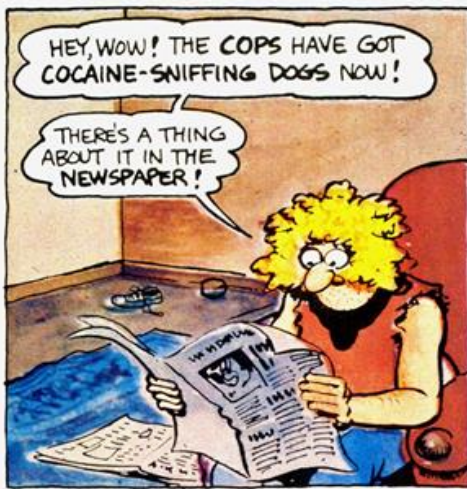
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*I'd like to thank Michael Aldrich of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library and Tom Thompson of the L.A. Vanguard for the valuable information they provided. ■*













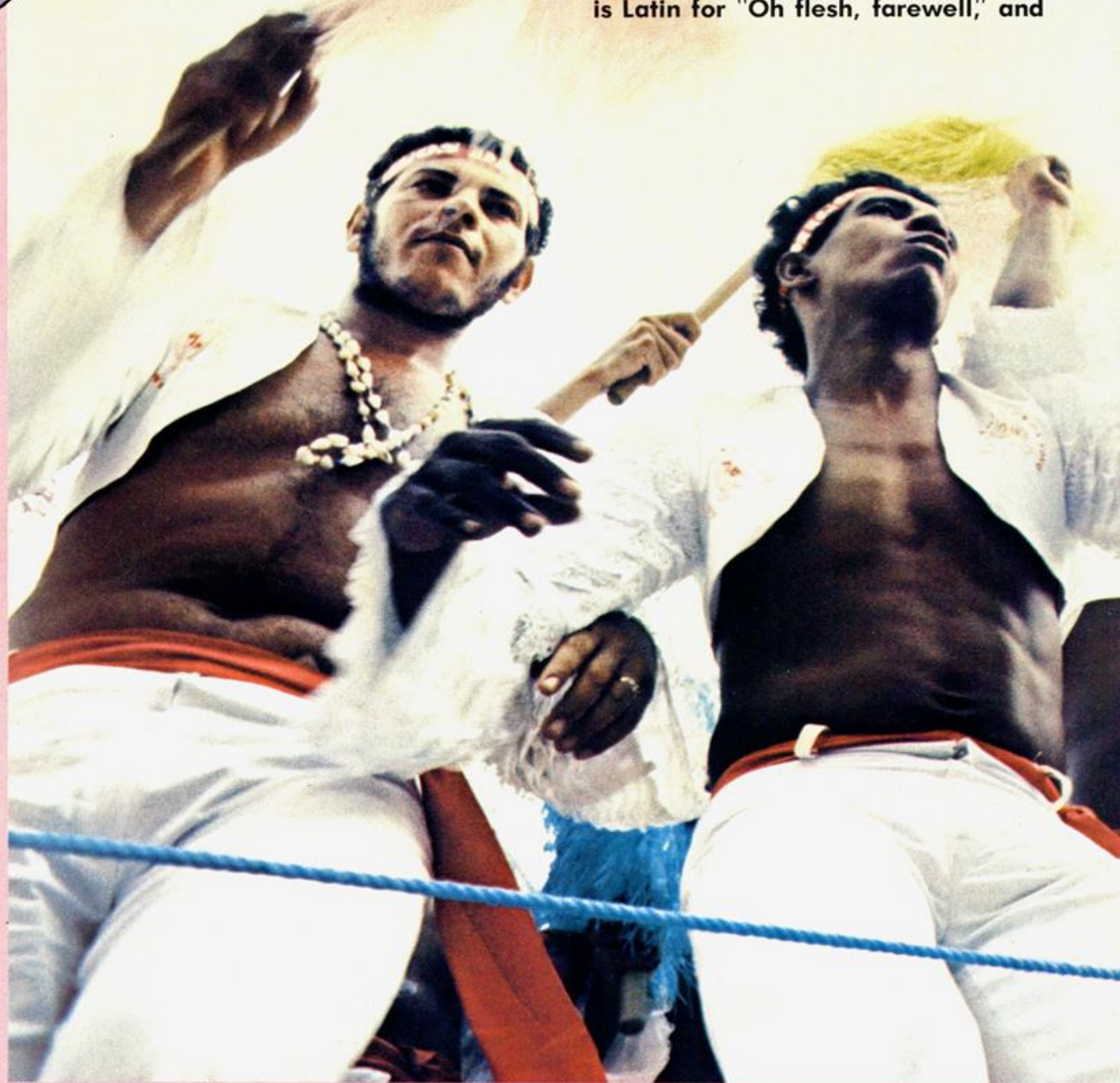


# Carnival!

Going nuts in Brazil

**B**razil is a very religious country that also happens to be the pleasure capital of the western hemisphere.

Brazil is a Catholic country. But Brazil is not just Latin; it's African and Indian too. And that's why they have the sense to have a good enough time to assure a 40-day hangover before going on a binge of fasting, prayer and abstinence called Lent. *Carnival* is Latin for "Oh flesh, farewell," and





Brazilian carnival is the greatest farewell party on earth, four days of supreme indulgence that burn out on Ash Wednesday.

Brazil has two main centers of carnival carrying-on—Rio, where the jet-setters party in the street with the poor; and Bahia, the black musical soul of Brazil. Rio is supercrowded, superexpensive and supercharged. Half the action is on the street, where the crazy-costumed samba schools—

thousands of devils and skeletons and roosters—dance and sing their way through an amazing 20-hour Rose Bowl-style parade of gaudy to garish floats. The rest of the action is at private balls, where macho Latins shed their identities and take up their hilarious fantasy poses, mainly drag or pacifier sucking infantilism. All rules are suspended (except dope rules, but the suspension of sexual rules can more than make up for that).

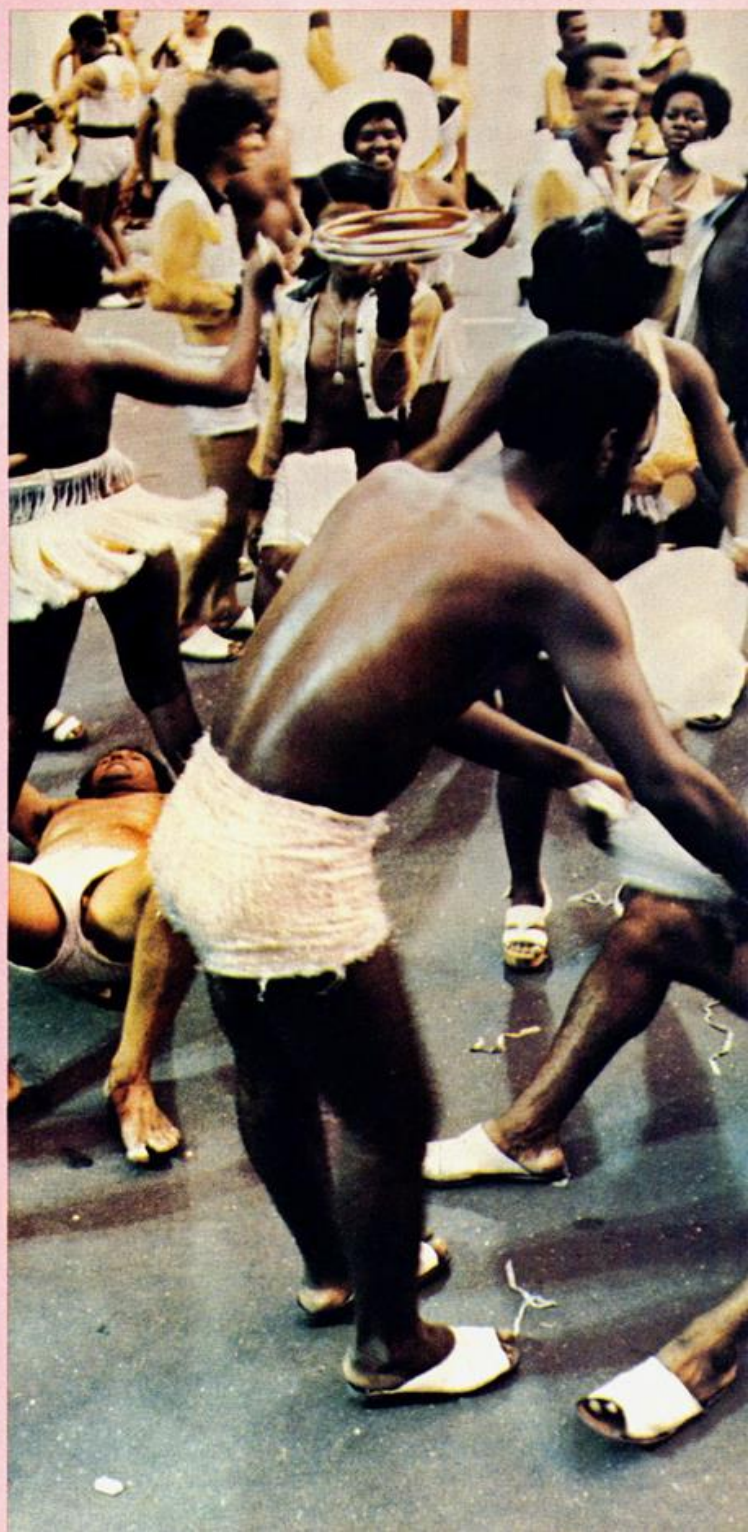


Photography by Robert Ostrowski





Up north in the beautiful but impoverished black state of Bahia, where the samba was invented, is what connoisseurs of hedonism call the real carnival. In Bahia, almost everything happens in the streets. It's a less elaborate celebration than Rio's—but it's a real pagan bacchanal with no tourist trappings except pickpockets. The samba schools in Bahia work up to a state of





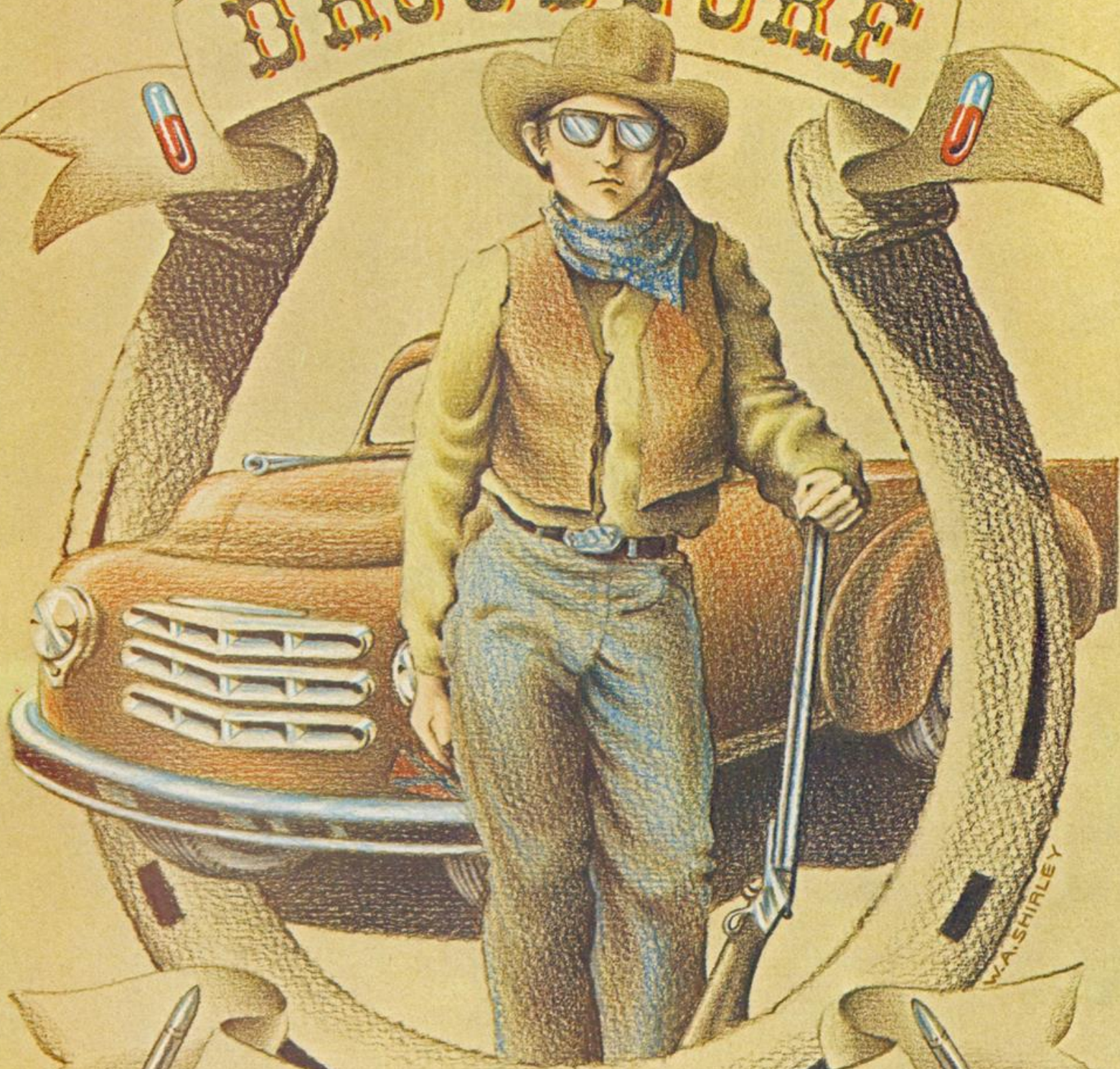
dancing madness. The most popular dance, the frevo, ends in a mass frenzy of leaping up and down.

The partying goes on till the party-goers drop. They head down to the beach, pass out for a few hours and go back for more. Planning a program of rigorous discipline and arduous spiritual development? Take a tip from the happy natives of this sun-kissed clime and flip out first! ▣





BUG STORE



COWBOYS



## Pharmaceutical looters terrorize Dixie: a true confession by George Butler

**T**here are a lot of thieves in the South. I've seen police crime bulletins that list North Carolina, Georgia and South Carolina as the top three states in crime rate. They're also the hottest states for drugstore robberies, although Louisiana, Florida, Alabama and Tennessee are also good pickins. In fact, according to a new state law, South Carolina pharmacies can no longer get insurance unless they are properly alarmed. Pharmacies are being hit all over the country, but the South is definitely the center of the action—maybe because Southerners tend to know more about pharmaceuticals. And towns tend to be smaller down here, with less sophisticated alarm systems and fewer police.

I'm 20 now, and I've been hitting stores for five years. But my first job was a doctor's office. A friend had told me how to get in and out of the place. He had described it as a "truckload," literally "a million dollars' worth." Well, a few days later, me and my main boy, J.C., were tripping on some acid and really freaking out. We couldn't find a barb anywhere to come down with. It just so happened that at that moment we were driving by this office. I told J.C. we could get some downs there, and he was ready.

We parked his truck a mile away in the woods and took along two burlap sacks, some masking tape, socks for gloves and a sawed-off shotgun. I had to cut through five locked doors with my trusty Buck pocket knife. We ended up with four gallons of paregoric, 40 grams of sodium pentathol and a bunch of bullshit. Since this was our first heist, we really didn't know what to look for. We just took as much as we could carry of anything that looked dopey.

On our way out we passed a drink machine blinking on and off in the front office. J.C. thought it was the cops and emptied both barrels into it. We hauled ass and headed for Macon, only to find out that we had barely \$200 or \$300 in dope. A month or two later we hit a real store and had a good lick at that.

There are many ways to get certain kinds of pills short of robbery. The Class A drugs—narcotics—are the most popular down here. For these, wisdom teeth and abscesses are good to use on your dentist. I've always used the kidney-stone trip with

doctors, putting some blood in the urine sample and using my best rap. These methods yield morphine, Dilaudid, Demerol, Pantopon and Percodan.

Forging prescriptions is another method. I haven't done this very often, but I know the routine. Some friends and I once broke into a doctor's office, found the script pads and forged them for Dilaudid. Then we left two people there—a guy to play doctor and a woman to be his receptionist and answer the phone. We cashed the scripts all over town. If a pharmacist became a little suspicious, he just called the office and we were covered. Since we were in a fairly large city, we ended up with over a thousand pills.

**W**ho does stores? I've done them with black dudes and New York Puerto Ricans, but most of the guys are middle-class white boys. Most are dope fiends out to get high, but others are only in it for the money and don't even get off themselves. Some go for the barbs and speed, but junkies have been doing it for years. Charlie Moore, an 80-year-old patient in the Veteran's Hospital in Columbia, South Carolina, told me he started stealing dope when morphine went to \$40 an ounce. He hit his last store when he was 76 and broke his foot on the way out. Old Charlie is a living legend, a story by himself. The state narcotics commissioner, Mr. Woods, told me Charlie was the best in the business.

It's hard to tell in advance what a store is worth; they vary according to the prescriptions they fill most. My share in the job I'm now doing time for was 300 No. 4 Dilaudid, 275 Percodan, 400 Quaaludes and Sopors (300 mg), 175 Optimil and Parest (400 mg), 500 Nembutal (100 mg), 200 Seconal (100 mg), 200 3-grain Tuinal, 200 3-grain Amytal, 300 Desoxyn and assorted other kinds of speed, 175 Preludin (25 and 75 mg), 200 Biphedamine (Black Beauties) and 250 Amphaplex (10 and 20 mg). Amphaplex, put out by Palmedico in Columbia, South Carolina, is hands down the most famous speed in the South. The old ones would break down by cold-shaking, but buffers are added to the new ones to cut down their abuse potential, so they have to be cooked and strained. An average store will



net about 10 to 15 grand if sold in quantity, but I've heard of people making as much as \$60,000 on a single hit.

I usually fronted my speed and barbs to my tight boys down at the university. They sold singles—speed to study and downs to party. I sold the most expensive hard drugs myself. I didn't see much of the good stuff, though, because me and my old lady can really get down. We used to get to where we were shootin' three or four No. 4 Dilaudid at a time. She was brought up on Thai scag, though, and likes heroin better. I like the head of heroin, too, but the rush—no way to describe it—it gives me a hard that just won't quit. Maybe that's the reason she's still around.

My tight man, Fat Boy Turner, who's now doing 25 for armed robbery, likes Desoxyn best. This speed's good enough to make a 17-year-old preacher's son get out his gun and go hunting. Of course, when it comes to downs, Quaalude is the national favorite. It's a 714 generation; everybody's after the big Lude. But all bullshit aside, the junkies are the real cowboys. They do it for the real physical need.

For the rest of us, there's the drugstore addiction itself—the action, not the dope. Like my ol' roadie, Jerry Hogg, told me, "Just imagine yourself broke and dope sick, trying to keep it off your mind. Then suddenly there it is, a sure-fire lick. You see it, you feel it, and then the hard part: you do it." The last and best part is crawling into your car and getting away with a \$30,000 score. Everything's cool until that "cowboy fever" strikes and you're ready to do it again. That's why we're all sittin' here in prison. You can't quit. It's like bustin' one nut; you gotta go back for the other.

After doing a store, I used to like to go home to Coven, Georgia. I liked to turn on all my home boys with barb parties. Us Ohoopie River swamp boys used to really get down. I've seen some of them down nine three-grain Tuinals with a quart of white liquor. They'd be a-fightin' and a-raisin' sho-nuff hell, while the women'd be looser'n a lighter stump in a sand ridge.

Then we'd come to the hardest part: selling the stuff. In this police state you can never tell who'll turn you in. I've never been caught while on the scene or leaving

it. All my busts were the result of faulty rap partners. My tight boy Jerry, a Geechie from Charleston, South Carolina, sells his drugs in places like Joe's Tackle Shop and to the prostitutes on Reynolds Avenue. He never rushes things, just makes himself available. His system must work, 'cause he's been raiding stores for five years and never been convicted for it.

Selling in quantity is faster and safer but less profitable. One of our biggest takes happened like this: In August of '74, me and my partner were on our way to the August Jam in Charlotte, North Carolina, when we spotted a good store. We went inside and J.C. helped me hide up in the bathroom ceiling before he split. After hours I slipped down, turned off the alarms, found the narcotics box and left. We went on to the concert and sold almost the whole store in singles. People from all over the country were copping from us instead of buying the street dope.

One little tip: before a job it's always a good idea to call the store and ask if they can fill a certain prescription. Dilaudid is a good one to ask for, because if they have this, they're sure to have anything else you'll want. There are four basic ways to do a store: armed robbery, hiding inside and breaking out, breaking and entering, or just kicking in the door—grabbing what you can and splitting fast. This last method is called "healing them," and it's my favorite, although I've done all four. Armed robbery is fun because it gives you that ol' Jesse James feeling. Hiding inside is the slickest and easiest, and B & E takes the most skill. But healing them is the one that really takes heart. You're inside the store with all the alarms going off and only seconds to find the narc box and haul ass. I've done that one a lot and they say I've got a lotta heart, but my old lady and kids have it now. She says I'll never see the inside of another store—not after hours, anyway. But I'll never forget the rush in the nuts and head I used to feel running down the street with two full burlap sacks.

By the time I get out of here, if a man wants a store he'll have to Bogart it with a gun. Of course, every store can be hit. A man just has to put his mind to it. With different stores you use different methods. Healing them is not always possible, since some places have the dope in safes or scattered on the back shelves. In these cases it takes too long to get it all together. Usually, though, it's all kept in a locked box or drawer. Finding this is an instinct with me; it's never taken me more than two minutes, even in a strange store.

Once, in a South Carolina small town, two of my most solid partners and I planned to take a store. Tony, a Puerto Rican, and Jesse, a good Southern boy, had both made time before. Tony got his for armed robbery in Jersey, and Jesse, for stealing the chief of detectives' exhibition pot from his office in Jesse's home

(continued on page 96)

## Butler's Black Market Pharmaceutical Quotations

Type of pill	Street name	Price per hit	Size
Paregoric	Goric	\$15 to 25	3 oz
Dilaudid	Big Ds	\$15 to 25	4 mg
Morphine	—	\$10 to 15	¼ grain
Pantopon	—	\$15 to 25	½ grain
Tincture of Opium	—	\$10 to 15	1 cc
Percodan	Perks	\$1 to 2	2.5 mg
Demerol	Demis	\$3 to 5	100 mg
Nembutal	Yellowjackets	\$1.50 to 3.00	100 mg
Seconal	Reds	\$1.50 to 3.00	100 mg
Amytal	Blue Heavens	\$2.50 to 4.00	200 mg
Tuinal	Tues	\$2.50 to 4.00	200 mg
Rorer 714	Quaaludes, Ludes, 714s	\$3 to 4	300 mg
Sopor AS	Sopors	\$3 to 4	300 mg
Parest Methaqualone	—	\$3 to 4	400 mg
Optimil Methaqualone	—	\$3 to 4	400 mg
Wallace Methaqualone	—	\$3 to 4	400 mg
Placidyl	—	\$3 to 4	750 mg
Amphaplex	Green Amps	\$3 to 5	20 mg
Amphaplex	Pink Amps	\$2 to 4	10 mg
Biphetamine RJS	Black Beauties	\$3 to 5	20 mg
Desoxyn	—	\$3 to 5	15 mg
Preludin	—	\$3 to 5	75 mg
Dexaspan	Green and Clears	\$2 to 3	15 mg
Dexamyl	White and Clears	\$2 to 3	15 mg
Obedrin	Speckled Birds	\$3 to 4	15 mg
Benzedrine	Orange Hearts	\$2 to 3	15 mg
Dexedrine	Brown and Clears	\$2 to 3	15 mg
Ritalin	—	\$1 to 2	10 mg

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# NATIONAL WEED

Feb.'77 **AMERICA'S LEADING NEWSMAGAZINE** No.18

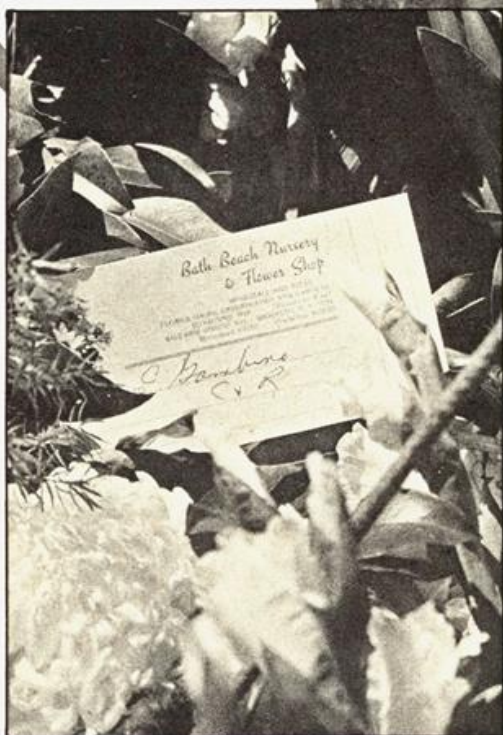
## RADICAL A-BOMBS MUSHROOM

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SIDESHOW

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# HIGH CRIMES

## 700 Popped in Puerto Rico Sweep: Net Basketball Star

A three-day, coordinated sweep by narcotics authorities throughout the island of Puerto Rico resulted in the arrests of 700 alleged dope pushers and the seizure of large amounts of dope, mostly heroin, 50 cars and a number of firearms. A police spokesman said total bail for the 700 persons charged with narcotics law violations would reach near \$7 million. In Ponce, bail for some of those arrested ran as high as \$150,000 according to Luis Murphy, CIB chief of the southern area.

Among those arrested was Edgardo Martinez Rivera, 22, a popular basketball star for the Quebradillas Pirates. According to police reports, a dozen university students and several professors were also taken into custody. Police said the confiscated heroin had been imported from Mexico.



Sheriff and deputies of Rogers County, Oklahoma, dispose of three acres of pot by burning with an ignitor and diesel fuel.

● One of the biggest border busts of all time was scored recently by Mexican federales who bagged almost 2,500 pounds of weed on a ranch south of Juarez. Charged with possession of marijuana were Jose Bustillos Chavez, 31, and Manuel Urtiaga Gonzalez of El Paso. Others popped included Jesus Chavez, known as El Chato, supposed kingpin of the dope ring and owner of the ranch where half the pot was seized. Manuel Alvarado Fierro, 26, and Melchor Aguirre, 38, both of Parral, Chihuahua, were arrested driving a lumber truck to the ranch. Concealed under the lumber was the other half of the stash. According to the federal narcotics chief, Chavez signed a statement implicating several Americans al-

legedly slated to receive the smoke. The names have been turned over to U.S. narcs.

● The stately serenity of Hearst Castle in San Simeon, California, was recently disturbed when narcs busted up a six-and-a-half-ton deal on the foamy shores. Fourteen people were arrested when they tried to unload 13,000 pounds of potent Thai weed in a rocky cove on the grounds of the spectacular estate built by newspaper tycoon William Randolph Hearst. Ten were picked up in a truck below the castle, and four others were caught in a fishing ketch heading seaward. The ketch, *Dong Phat*, was chased 40 miles by a Coast Guard cutter before it heaved to. Police had been watching the boat for five months.



● Frederick Scott Price, 31, of Willows, California, was arrested recently by Border Patrol agents on charges of importing more than a ton of marijuana from Mexico. Assistant U.S. Attorney Sandy Wittman said Price was driving a truck along a Pine Valley, California, road near the Mexican border when the agents pulled him over, saw a shotgun in the truck and searched the vehicle, thereby discovering the grass.

● A grandmother touring Big Bend National Park in Texas with her one-year-old granddaughter was one of five San Antonio, Texas, residents arrested for alleged possession of 1,094 pounds of pot. Two cars were seized in the bust, and a third car thought to be involved in the operation escaped on the park's winding roads, eluding Customs and park officials.

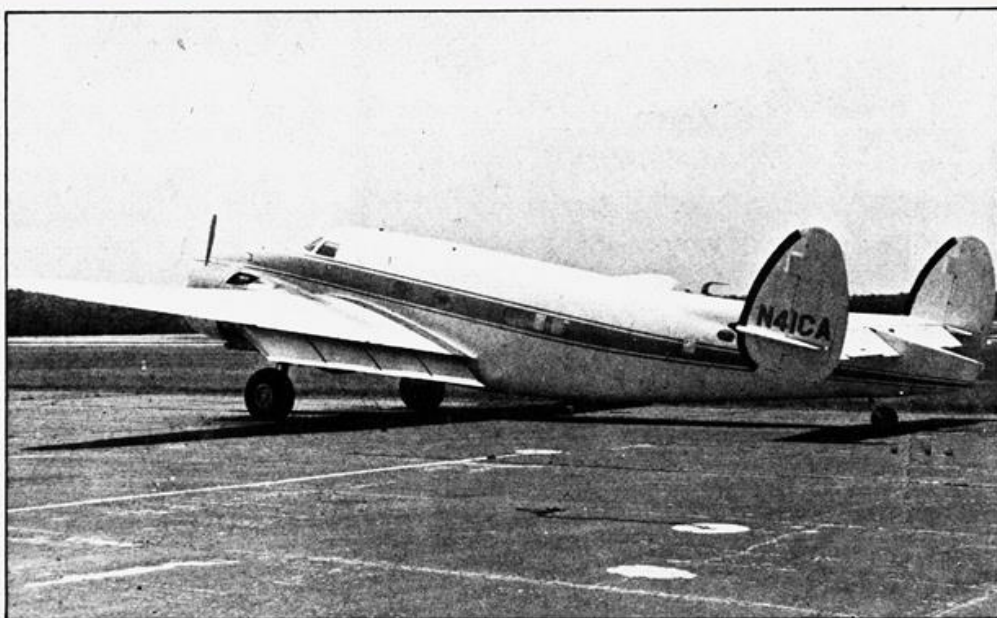
A Customs patrol agent had spotted the three cars keeping an apparent rendezvous with a boat at a river overpass in the park. The agent and park rangers watched the vehicles leave and then gave chase. Arrested were Daniel Arrendo Hernandez, Jr., 40; Renaldo Orona, 25; Dora Orona, 22; Josefina Garcia, 62, and Dahlia Perez, 34, all of San Antonio.

● The mayor of Millstone, New Jersey, has been arrested a second time on marijuana charges. Mayor Gail Anglada, 41, was apprehended at her home recently, where state police allegedly rooted out two pounds of pot and charged her with possession of marijuana with intent to distribute.

Anglada was first arrested in June 1974, along with her husband, Elton Anglada, 39, and charged with possession and growing the illegal weed. Just two weeks before her latest bust, the New Jersey Court of Appeals failed to overturn her case in spite of her argument that the search was illegal.

The former Livingstone College teacher said she was unable to pay the \$120 fine imposed by the court because the small New Jersey community does not pay her a salary and she has been living on unemployment insurance. Anglada was first elected mayor in 1973 and was reelected in June 1976.

● English bobbies in Oxhey, Hertfordshire, nabbed 1,150 pounds of pot from two brothers, Ronald and Rufus Orsmond, after keeping them under surveillance for months. According to Henry Pownall, prosecutor, witnesses had to be called to testify to the amount of grass seized because, "There were so many sacks it was impossible to photograph them together to make an exhibit." The seizure is believed to be the biggest in British history, according to



Mike Kelly/Progress Index

*A twin-engine Lockheed Learstar landed unannounced in Petersburg, Virginia. Petersburg police checked their ID's and let them go. A later check prompted police to stake out the plane, but it was too late: the men had flown the coop. Officials wouldn't say what info tipped them off, but they theorized that "the aircraft was used to smuggle drugs out of Mexico." The plane will be sold at a public auction in Richmond.*

dope squad officers on the case.

● The scramble is on among the ruling class in Finland to conceal a scandal that is breaking anyway. According to informed sources, two Finns who were arrested last year by Danish police for smuggling 260 keys of Lebanese cannabis have made a detailed confession, revealing that the dope ring for which they worked was controlled by top members of the Finnish police force.

Pekka Erkkila, a 34-year-old police officer, and Pertti Aula, a young Finnish army officer, are now serving sentences in a Finnish jail. Torsti Koskinen, chief of the Helsinki police narcotics department; Jorma Seise, a Finnish state prosecutor; and a Lebanese vice-consul in Stockholm were named by the two men as leaders of the smuggling ring.

● Phoenix Arizona, police have seized 150,000 doses of acid and arrested two Illinois men for narcotics violations at Sky Harbor International Airport outside Phoenix. Richard Vaughn, 26, and Robert Vernon Yeadon, 32, both of Justice, Illinois, were arrested as they were about to leave the airport's main terminal. According to Sergeant Sam Gonzales, "It had to be one of our shortest investigations ever. We got a telephone tip about an hour before we arrested the suspects."

● The U.S. Customs Service in Florida pounced on 2,200 pounds of marijuana aboard a cruiser they had placed under surveillance, but the owners of the vessel apparently escaped undetected. St. Johns County Sheriff Dudley Garrett said the cruiser was abandoned

when it was raided in the intracoastal waterway near St. Augustine. A young man had been seen on the boat before the raid; officials say they do not know how he escaped.

● Six young men were grabbed by cops in Montreal while reportedly holding 22 pounds of hash and \$100,000 in cash. Police said that the hash-cash bust resulted when evidence of dope deals came to light after a two-week investigation of apartment thefts in the area. Names of those arrested were not released by Canadian authorities.

● Eight betel nut smugglers have been arrested in Patiya, Bangladesh, on charges of illegal transportation of 400 pounds of the amphetamine nut. Betel nuts are licensed by the state in many Eastern countries. According to a spokesman for the Twenty-third Wing of the Bangladesh Rifles, the betel nuts had been brought from Burma to Amirabad by a gang of smugglers for distribution in various parts of the country.

● A scandal has erupted in Corpus Christi, Texas, where staffers of a drug rehabilitation center, including its owner and founder, have been charged with involvement in a heroin deal. Charged with possession of heroin were June Bunch "Mama June" Mendoza, 48, head of the Knotty Pines Drug Treatment Center at Corpus Christi Beach; Eldridge Sneed, 34, a counselor at the center; Oscar and Santos Mendoza, both 43, Mendoza's brothers-in-law; and Arturo Mendoza, 36, her husband. Mendoza was arrested when she allegedly arrived at an

Austin motel with 12 keys of Mexican brown heroin in the trunk of her car.

● The January "High Crimes" carried a story about 5,000 pounds of pot that were picked off by the Snohomish, Washington, sheriff's department. Since then, over 300 pounds of the original haul have been burgled from the sheriff's offices. A spokesman said bolt cutters were used to cut through three steel fences and gain access to about 200 pounds of marijuana plants stored in an evidence bunker. Sergeant Doug Fraser said two workers repaired the fence the next day, but the burglars came again that night and removed another 100 pounds of the incarcerated weed. The bunker contained about 5,000 pounds of pot—part of a 10,000-pound crop found growing in a nearby field a week earlier. The sheriff's office is racing for a court order allowing them to destroy the weed before it is all carried off. "It has created an enormous storage problem for us," said Fraser.

● A nationwide sweep by the DEA targeted in six cities has resulted in over 1,500 arrests. The target cities are Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Antonio and Phoenix. According to DEA sources, over 300 pounds of Mexican brown heroin were seized during the raids. The crackdown, "Operation Heroin B," is the largest program ever implemented to stop the flow of Mexican heroin into the U.S., according to Theodore L. Vernier, regional director for the DEA in Detroit. Operation Heroin B began last May.



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# COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

## Woman Scorns DEA Gets 4 Years for .0291 Grams

A Dallas woman is in jail for up to four years after refusing to turn informer after D-men arrested her for distributing less than three-hundredths of a gram of cocaine. Vickie Bressler, 25, had never been arrested before.

Observers feel that Bressler's harsh sentence was probably associated with the fact that she is employed as a secretary and bookkeeper for magazine publisher Stoney Burns. Burns, a Sixties activist, received a sentence of ten years and a day after conviction for possession of two joints.

A few days before the sentencing, DEA agent Lloyd Clifton and another D-man approached Bressler and said they would arrange to have the case dropped if she would work with them as an informer; she refused. Judge Robert Hill, a Nixon appointee, sentenced her to an indeterminate sentence. Before sentencing, Judge Hill pointedly asked Bressler whether she was aware that her employer had been in trouble with the law on drug charges.

• D-men in Miami are scratching their heads over the disappearance of 440 pounds of cocaine that were supposed to be on the seized Panamanian freighter *Don Emilio* (see "Highwitness News," January

1977). The ship was grabbed with over 100 tons of pot, in the biggest bust of all time. However, 440 pounds of cocaine were also on the ship, according to both the Coast Guard and the DEA. A spokesman said DEA intelligence indicated that coke had been on board at one time, but an intensive search had failed to turn it up. "It's a very big vessel and they could have concealed the stuff anywhere," the spokesman said. But he added that "there's a chance they spotted the cutter and dumped the cocaine."

• The Los Angeles Free Press says a nasty rumor has Glen Campbell losing his wife over "something to do with his nose." And, speaking of stardust, Tom-



Evidence officer R. E. Singleton weighs coke taken from Joe Austin Hammond, Jr.

George W. Gardner, Jr.



my Rettig, 34, the 1950s star of *Lassie* fame, is soon to hear the outcome of his notorious 1975 cocaine bust.

• Customs agents in Miami were left baffled after failing to discover the owner of 36½ pounds of top-notch toot found in an unattended bag. According to Jim Dingfield, Miami Customs agent, there is suspicion that one or more airport workers tried to divert the bag from Customs. The bag was seized anyway. No arrests were made and no one reported the bag as missing.

• Michael Anthony Kremel, 28, of Pompano Beach, Florida, was popped by U.S. Customs agents when he picked up an air freight package containing a pound of cocaine. The cocaine was discovered at the bottom of a leather box found in a package sent from Santiago, Chile.

• A Mesa, Arizona, dental student defended his recent bust for cocaine and white crosses as necessary to aid him in his studies. James William McQuerry, 21, claimed the drugs help in studies of chemistry and math.

• Boston police are crowing about "the biggest cocaine bust in the history of Boston," after seizing eight pounds of fly in a "factory-type" operation. Police said the coke was worth \$2 million. DEA and Boston Police Drug Unit agents staked out the apartments of Rafael A. Abreu, 27, and his brother Ramon, 30, for four months preceding the raid.

• Customs agents in Miami, Florida, found an undisclosed amount of cocaine stuffed into hollowed-out coat hangers in the luggage of a Miami woman arriving on a plane from Peru. Susan Wood, 23, was nabbed as she crossed Miami International Airport Customs. She was arraigned and released on \$5,000 bond.

• The legendary smuggling town of Nogales was the end of the road for three people nailed there with three pounds of blow. D-men put the arm on Andreas Lerma-Fernandez, 33, and Clemente Perez-Luna, 24, both of Culiacán, Sinaloa, Mexico, and Maria Garcia, 45, of Tucson. Thomas Maher, a DEA spokesman, said the trio sold the coke to agents in Nogales, Mexico, and were arrested as they crossed the midtown border into Nogales, Arizona.

• Long Beach, California, police are chortling after nabbing a large but unspecified amount of coke in a raid on two southern California locations. Police narcs said the arrests were the result of a month-long investigation into an international smuggling ring. Names were not released pending investigation into other areas of the alleged ring.

# Bringing in the Sheaves

## Bumper Pot Crop



Grown in Vermont, this Colombian/Afghani hybrid rivals foreign imports selling for up to \$600 a pound.



Midwest farmers, people outstanding in their fields, collect scions of Colombia's finest along Mississippi River.

America's Bicentennial will be remembered by potheads as the year of the Great Drought. Enforcement crackdowns, growers' wars and an expanding market kept imports low and prices high. For many people, the comforts of a solid stone—usually found only in expensive imports—seemed a thing of the past.

But American agrarian ingenuity has come to the rescue. Last summer's crop of domestic marijuana exceeded all previous harvests in quantity and quality and introduced a number of hybrids that could shake the bottom out of the import market. "National Weed" pot experts have ascertained that some equal the best products of Colombia and the Far East.

California growers have produced huge crops in the fertile mountain soil that stretches from Washington to Mexico, an ideal medium for Hawaiian seeds. Sinsemilla from Mexico thrived extensively in Marin County, producing enough so that large amounts worked their way across the country. Dopers in Boston,

Philadelphia and New York snapped up the seedless tops at prices from \$200 to \$300.

The arid belt that stretches from lower California through most of Texas generated potent Mexican descendants. Plains states reported substantial crops with little strength, while Southern states produced some Colombian offspring that appeared so close to its predecessor it was sold as such. Colorado, long a source of Boulder Green, pitched in another bounty crop.

Not surprisingly, the farm belts in the Midwest and Great Lakes region contributed heavily to the domestic boom. Farmers have learned to crossbreed high-altitude Colombian strains with the tough, fast-growing hemp indigenous to the areas. Like tomatoes, the best plants were germinated inside during late winter because of the short growing season.

The best domestic product tested by "Weed" came from Vermont, where elaborate crossbreeding of second-generation Afghani females with first-generation Colombian males resulted in

a select group of plants—short, squat and covered with bushy buds. The high was stronger than from low-level Colombian selling at up to \$500 a pound and had a distinct Afghani flavor. Although there was none for selling, the growers estimated that this year's seeds will reap a large excess next summer. Prices could be as low as \$165 a pound.

Another powerful competitor came from Hawaiian offspring sown in the mountains of Pennsylvania. The grower, Sid the Squid, showered profound attention on his plants, however, and says that such personal care prohibits large-scale production. Nonetheless, the weed is superlative and proves that, with a little effort, casual growers can keep themselves supplied with the finest smoke.

The delicate juggling of seeds, soils, fertilizers, altitude, growing seasons and other variables has turned up domestic hybrids to rival the best imports. Americans are tired of being victimized by foreign dope cartels. Soon self-sufficiency in the dope market will ensure cheap, happy highs for all.



# MUCHO MACHO

● The Jolly Roger was gayer than we think, according to an Arizona history professor who claims that almost all pirates were homosexual. **Dr. B. R. Burg**, a specialist in sexuality in Restoration England, has concluded that the swash-buckling pirates who raped and plundered their way across the Caribbean in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were gay. Burg cites two factors: the paucity of women on the high seas and in port towns, and the acceptance of homosexual relationships by seafarers spending long, lonely voyages together. According to Burg, the popular scenario of the savage buccaneer carrying struggling women from ships is far from accurate. Pirates were more likely to carry off young boys.

● Dum-da-dum-dum... this is the city... Los Angeles... where 16 police officers face possible criminal charges for sexual offenses against girl members of the Explorer Scouts. At least six girls ranging in age from 15 to 18 were involved in escapades that took place during the last two years, according to Assistant Police Chief

**Daryl Gates**. Nine of the 16 officers could face criminal felony charges for unlawful intercourse with a minor. Four or five of the officers could face misdemeanors, and others face departmental disciplinary action.

Although no one was saying exactly what happened, the Explorer Scout program involves young girls and boys who help police officers fight crime, act as informants and ride around in cruising patrol cars. All of the girls worked in the Hollywood division. According to Gates, "These were all private situations, and I'd rather not get into much detail." He added that Police Chief Ed Davis "is outraged."

● Prosecutors in the murder trial of **Louis Dupree**, accused of shooting policeman Phillippe Cardillo during a brawl at a Black Muslim headquarters, put out a dragnet for the murder weapon. New York Police Department divers searched the Harlem River bottom below a bridge on a hunch that the .38 revolver would be found. The divers found over two dozen guns and a score of knives.



Wide World

**NEW VD STRAIN:** Researchers have discovered a new strain of an old virus—"pharyngeal gonorrhea," or throat clap, which is passed almost exclusively through fellatio. Dr. Yehudi Felman, director of the New York Health Department's Bureau of VD, says the bug is picking up "with the rise of oral-genital sex, particularly among the lower social-economic group that previously considered it an aberrant sex form." The bureau reports the highest incidence of throat clap "in the gay community and among pregnant women."

The suspected murder weapon was not among them.

● **Muhammed Ali** is doing a movie—*The Greatest*—of his life, and it may be because he needs the money. The six million dollars he got for defending his title over Ken Norton is tied up in the courts until the divorce suit filed by his wife Khalilah is disposed of.

● For reasons still known only to himself, **Melvin Hobby**, a New Haven, Connecticut, man recently kicked his dog and threw him from the front porch into the street. This behavior prompted a neighbor to complain and a policeman to investigate. The man said he would do what he wished with

the dog, which was small and brown in color. The policeman, Officer James McGuire, disagreed with that assertion, however, and arrested 21-year-old Hobby for cruelty to animals. In the court of common pleas, the prosecutor, a happy new owner of a dog himself, asked that Hobby be sentenced to six months in jail. The judge granted that request.

A little more than a week after Hobby kicked his dog, he kicked and beat a New Haven woman. For that, Hobby was charged with third-degree assault, found guilty and sentenced to another six months in jail. The sentences will be served concurrently.

● Informed at the door that he could not wear blue jeans in the plush confines of Sergio's in Los Angeles, Who drummer **Keith Moon** removed the offending pants, slung them over his shoulder and went in anyway.

● Former Secretary of the Treasury **William Simon** is embroiled in a clash with New Jersey authorities because they won't let him add a Thompson submachine gun to his weapon collection. Simon was turned down by Morris County Judge Charles M. Egan, Jr. after he requested to move the Tommy-gun from his Virginia home to his Harding Township estate. Although the judge did not comment on why Simon's request was refused, he did say that he needed more information as to why Simon wanted to keep the gun. Simon was unhappy. "It is my right as an American to bear arms and to be a gun collector," he fumed to reporters.



Superstar bad-boy Keith Moon after mooning in Sergio's restaurant.

Photo Trends



# MAFIA KINGPIN KICKS

## Good-bye Mr. Chips

By Cary Herz



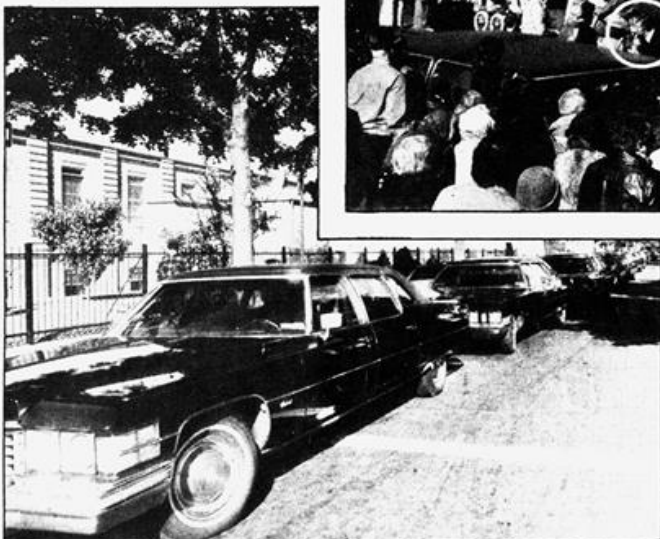
Gambino bodyguards wait outside during services.

Except for the bronze coffin and the pious drone of the priest, it was by no means an ordinary event, the funeral of Carlo Gambino, *capo di tutti capi*, don of dons, boss of bosses. Burly men guarded the church doors, admitting only ticket holders; a panel truck with one-way windows was parked nearby, apparently photographing those who entered the church; undercover intelligence mingled with the crowd; a stout, gray-haired man in a black cashmere coat left the hour-long ceremony early, covering his face with a black silk handkerchief. He sipped Scotch from a champagne glass in the rear of his rented steel-blue limousine. No one could get his name. Police said they had successfully photographed the man but still could not place his face.

Six carloads of flowers were sent to the cemetery ahead of the funeral procession so that they wouldn't block the streets around the church, and many flowers were returned to florists at the family's request. Members of the press from all over the world came to record the funeral.

The crowd of neighbors and curiosity seekers had to be moved back several times by the special ushers. Everyone wanted to get a closer look at how a man of Gambino's reputation would be treated at his final public appearance.

A former neighborhood man, 75, a year older than Gambino, was delivering 25 pounds of grapes



Limos line up for funeral procession. Although only one flower car was seen at church, 11 turned up at the cemetery.

to his son when he stopped to see the funeral cortege. He remembered that years earlier one of the local priests had died and 5,000 people had paid their respects. "Now that was a big funeral!" Referring to Gambino, he said, "I didn't know the guy personally. And I'm not sure about everything I read in the papers about his business dealings. I just feel badly when anybody dies."

Four men in heavy tweed coats took out their racing sheets while waiting outside the church for the service to end. They asked a middle-aged man in a royal-blue suit if he took bets. "How about num-



Mourners watch in fascination as crime kingpin is laid to rest.



Man in circle, face covered with mask, retired to limo and sat in back seat sipping champagne.

a good neighbor, it's not my business what he does for a living."

All of this "low-keyed-to-do" took place for a stowaway who came here 55 years ago from Palermo, Sicily, and who rose to the head of the national crime syndicate. He had gained his power in gambling, hijacking, narcotics, loan sharking and labor racketeering over the last half-century not so much through violence as through his finesse in mob politics and his unfailing courtly old-school manner. Gambino (Don Carlo) became the chairman of the board of the families with the gangland assassination of Albert Anastasia in a barber shop in 1957. Since then he has controlled all 26 families with discipline and caution.

Father Dominic A. Sclafani administered the last rites three times before Don Carlo died of a heart condition on Friday, October 15, 1976. The rites were administered in Italian. "He did everything a good Catholic would do. Gambino died," said the priest, "in a state of grace."

bers?" they asked. They compared scratch sheets and races, and handed some money to the man in the blue suit. None of them appeared very concerned with their surroundings.

A cabbie who works the Bay Ridge area felt that the neighborhood was safe because Mr. Gambino lived there. "He kept the muggers out. Maybe he cheated the government, but then some bankers do, too."

The general feeling about Gambino's alleged business dealings was one of "minding my own business." As one woman put it, "My neighbor is a fireman. If he's



# SIDESHOW

## Barbary Coast Hosts Hookers — COYOTE Howls

By Michael Snyder

*In a saloon next to the Hilton, it's business as usual—conventioners in plaid polyesters and white shoes, a couple of secretaries from Chicago vacationing for a glorious week in San Francisco. Social amenities are suddenly thwarted by the screech of tires outside the hotel's entrance.*

*A wedding party! Flashbulbs. Confetti. Shrieking champagne-soaked revelers. But wait! The maid of honor is in black thigh-high boots and a leather bikini. The best man is Count Dracula. The ring bearer is a satyr. And the bride is bearded . . .*

In a spirit of wretched excess, COYOTE, the self-proclaimed "Loose Woman's Organization," has undertaken the sponsorship of the Hookers' Ball. A Bay Area tradition in its third year, this orgy of tricks and treats brought thousands of disparate creatures together and crammed them into the Hilton's Continental Ballroom for a Walpurgisnacht to remember. Wall-to-wall pervers.

For the uninitiated, COYOTE (call off your old tired ethics) is an informal coalition of prostitutes who believe that people own their bodies and have the right to engage in harmless sexual activities as they choose. The union's primary goals include the legalization of prostitution and the provision of identity, information and shelter for the woman on the street. Their current slogan—"Ignorance is no excuse for a law!"

The evening of the Hookers' Ball commenced with a little pre-Ball foreplay featuring the great and the near-great. At \$25 a head, one could partake of hot hors d'oeuvres, chilled bubbly and a jaunty set of ragtime raunch by world-renowned cartoonist/banjo-picker R. Crumb and his Cheapsuit Serenaders. Among the toe-tappers were local politicians such as Police Chief Charlie Gain and Sheriff Richard Hongisto (sans rods), assorted media mavens, some luscious whores and the first wave of whackos.

At the stroke of eight, the six-hour snake dance began. Four bands pumped out amplified funk

and, fueled by an immense quantity of booze and sundries, the crowd was nonstop undulation. Witches and wizards. Street-walkers and johns. Drag queens and goblins. Topless nuns with whips. Considering the number of cameras present and their effect on the performers, the ball could rate as the most outlandish piece of cinema verité ever recorded.

The professionals who were shooting atmosphere for honest-to-Satan x-raters couldn't have been better off. Some of the amateurs weren't as lucky. An astonished shutterbug astride a table peered below his belt through a reflex lens and gasped, "Only in San Francisco!" His plumbing was being serviced by three ardent admirers at once. Unfortunately, his lens had all the reflexes.

Luminaries everywhere. Captain America. Colonel Sanders licking his fingers over Chicken Woman. Abe Lincoln with his hands down his pants. The Cowardly Lion with his paws all over a bare-breasted Dorothy. (There's no place like home.) And at least a half-dozen pregnant girl scouts tossin' their cookies.

By midnight, chaos was king and poppers were omnipresent. A gang of droogs trashed a headless couple on stilts. The room was aglow with a gaggle of fairies waving their wands. An enormous banana drank from a sheik's can of motor oil, and they both gaped at Nixon's pendulous knockers.

Tits were tweaked, rumps were colliding and more Charmin was



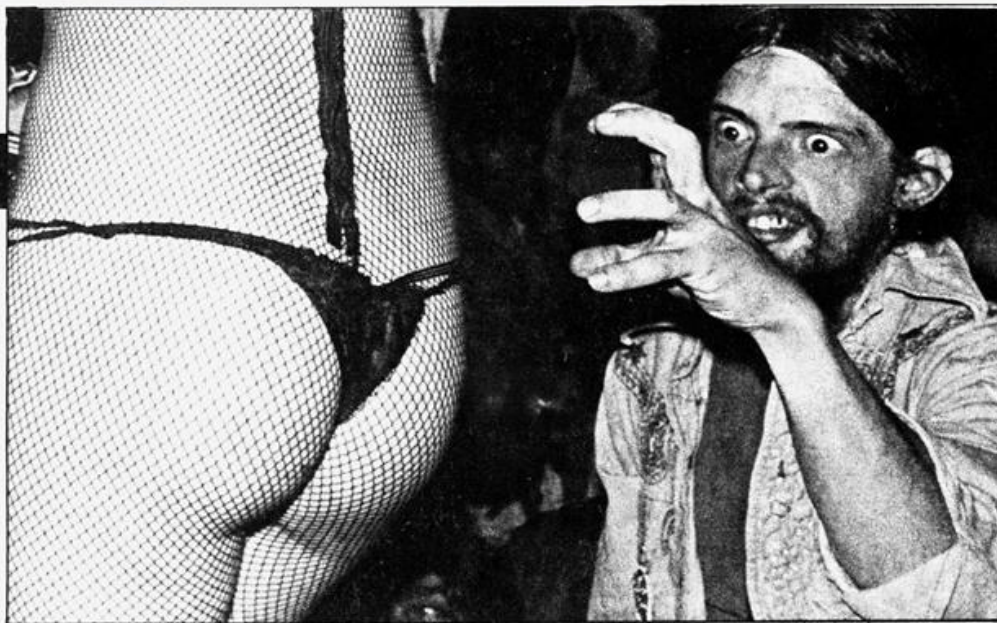
*Celebration of world's oldest profession attracted throngs of onlookers, styles and characters that seemed odd even by San Francisco standards.*

Photos: David Patrick

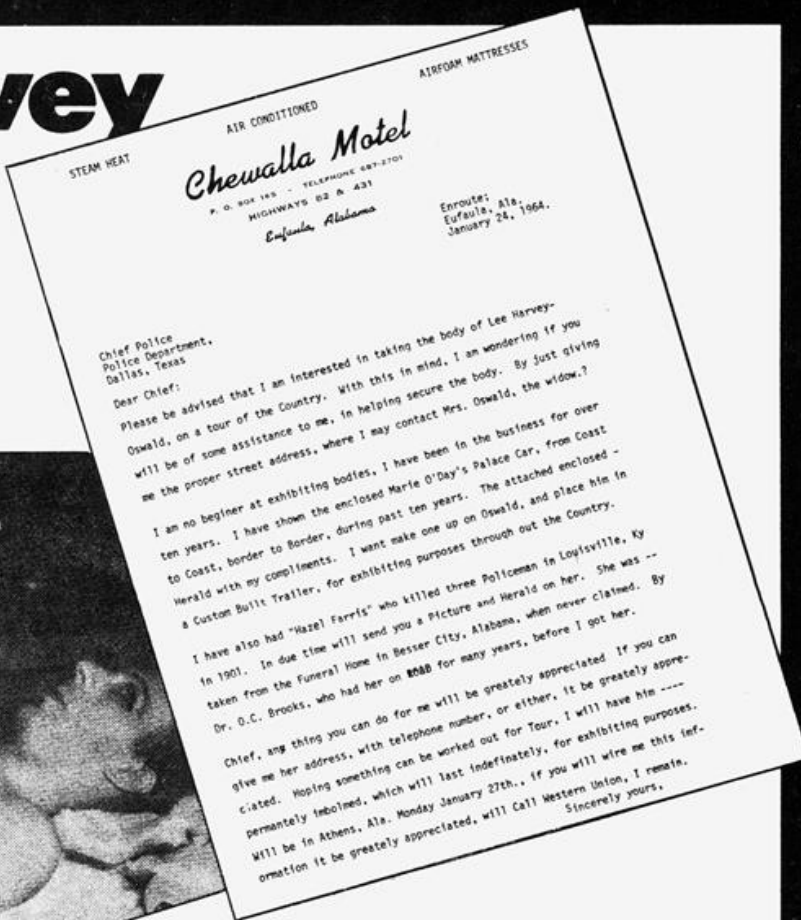


being squeezed than at Mr. Whipple's last sale. No bruises went untreated, owing to a dedicated troop of doctors and nurses draped in stethoscopes, enema bags and entrails, vibrators set on "stun." Even the Berkeley Woman's Health Collective got down, selling speculums as salad tongs and administering free pelvic exams (a dollar a peek for the curious). Good clean fun.

The Hookers' Ball is not just a pointless, run-of-the-mill bacchanal like New Year's Eve or V-J Day. All proceeds from tickets and drinks go toward COYOTE's battle for the decriminalization of prostitution or into the coffers of the Victoria C. Woodhull Foundation, organized by black activist-attorney Florynce Kennedy for women's health care and education. The prices may have been steep, but the clientele were satisfied. Hooked, not crooked.



# Lee Harvey Oswald on Tour



Kennedy-conspiracy researcher A. J. Webberman has come across many strange, intriguing and inexplicable pieces of information during his ten-year study of the assassination, but nothing quite so bizarre as the letter at right. The signer, mercifully spared an identity, works the Southwest carney circuit. He contacted Oswald's relatives to gain support for his macabre plan. They declined his offer.



# FEMME FATALE

By Terez Coe

● A famous member of the Fugs, one of the country's first radical rock bands, declaimed on some of the pitfalls of feminism when reminded of radical feminist magazine **Majority Report's** advertisement of a forum allowing the admission of men only "if accompanied by a responsible adult." He commented, "Barring men from women's meetings is as unconstitutional as vice versa ... Not that I wanted to go..."

● Fug notwithstanding, nine women have set out to explore the South American jungle, their worst opposition expected, anticlimactically enough, from the mosquitoes. Leader **Carolyn Oxtan**, understandably hoping to brook this and other unforeseen creepiness with equanimity when trudging, twitching and scratching through the giant Atrato swamp of Colombia, pondered, "Mosquitoes—they're really vicious. We'll be sleeping in hammocks with mosquito netting over them. I don't know quite how we'll undress and dress..."

● Among the 20,000 publications banned by the South African government are: *Our Bodies, Ourselves* by the Boston Women's Health

United Nations, is also banned in South Africa.

● Help yourself. We are told by **Lolly Hirsch** of the Women's Self-Help Gynecology Movement that the plant verberna, used in witches' love potions for centuries, has also been put by our ever-resourceful ancestresses into men's drinks so that they could not get an erection for six days.

● As part of a study on the problems of women job-seekers **Women Office Workers (WOW)**, based in New York City, has been giving phony job orders to metropolitan-area employment agencies that place clerical workers. A spokesperson for WOW described their findings as "best compared with the sexual politics of singles bars." Agencies readily accepted orders for a secretary who "looks good" or "dresses sharply" and typically promised the "employer" they wouldn't "send any dogs."

● A restaurant in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, has received a "thumbs down" rating from the Women's Center of Topeka, Kansas, for its "sexist advertising." The restaurant, called the "Girlie Pancake House," has as its motto, "They're stacked better."

● A judge told feminist attorney **Florynce Kennedy** that her pants suit was not proper attire for court. Kennedy, noticing that the judge was wearing "a long black dress gathered at the yoke," brashly declared, "Judge, if you won't talk about what I'm wearing, I won't talk about what you're wearing."

● A London art gallery with a \$150,000 government grant recently exhibited the work of American-born artist **Mary Kelly**... or rather the work of her baby. A collection of 28 soiled diaper linings went on view, in tones delicately described in the catalogue as "sepia." Kelly insists the diapers are "meaningful" and definitely "artistic." "I am trying to show the reciprocity of the process of socialization in the first few years of life," she says.

● Folksinger **Mary Travers**, having dumped Peter and Paul along the way, is doing her bit for

# WOMEN PRISONERS



Flamboyant Flo Kennedy dressed down by judge.

women in politics these days. Her latest was a benefit to help Bella Abzug pay off a large debt in her close campaign for the democratic nomination for U.S. senator from New York. The concert, which included several less well-known female vocalists, was held in New York's women's bar Casa Maria.

● **Sarah Jane Moore**, would-be assassin of Gerald Ford, clocks out her life sentence at Terminal Island Prison in Los Angeles as one of the editors of the prison newspaper in spite of her "high-risk" status there. Apparently she has taken a liberated journalistic stance by cutting out some of the tales of inmate intimacies. Perhaps eligible for parole in ten years, Moore presented a defiant posture when she declared recently, "I do regret that I didn't succeed."

● Good news for old maids. Results of a study conducted by the National Center for Health Statistics indicate that people who never marry are the healthiest group in American society. It's the first time a government agency has sought to correlate marital status and health.

● A California company has started marketing a one-hour audio cassette called "**Patty Hearst** versus **Tania**." The tape sells for four dollars and contains a history of the Symbionese Liberation Army, some of the group's communiqués and re-creations of Patty's bank-robbery trial.

● A district court in Jerusalem has ordered a retrial for 36-year-old Brazilian **Louisa Margaridi**, who was jailed for being raped in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher on the west bank of the Jordan River. In her appeal, Margaridi claimed that she was attacked while walking through the church and was being raped by 33-year-old Habis Muhammad Abdul Halim when a monk found them on the floor. Margaridi and Halim, a Jordanian, were both sentenced to six-months imprisonment and fined \$600 each. Margaridi said there was no official Portuguese interpreter at her first trial. She said the judge appointed Halim as interpreter.

● Only 43 women have proffered themselves to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) for experiments testing female susceptibility to conditions simulating space travel. Doubtless we will soon pore over statistics comparing the physiques of females and astronauts. Passing muster entails a long spin in a high-velocity rotation chair, treadmill running and exercises (certainly long a field of feminine endeavor) and resisting a pressure cylinder while strapped into it. Come to think of it, they all sound sort of familiar. Takers apply to Johnson Space Center in Houston, Texas. Space Center—now there's a place to launch a reputation.



Sarah Jane Moore: Politics is never having to say you're sorry.

Collective, *Going Home* by Doris Lessing, *The Group* by Mary McCarthy and *A Spy in the House of Love* by Anaïs Nin. A list of all the forbidden titles, compiled by the



Ken Weiner



# Mary Wanna, Mary Wanna



1. A smiling Tom, off to seek gainful employment. "Good luck," says Mary.



2. Minutes later, Abbie arrives. "What's in there, a body?" inquires Mary.



5. It's A.J., the garbage man. "Got any good garbage?" he asks. "I haven't seen any decent trash since Gore Vidal's last book."



6. "You're welcome to any good pickings you find in here," Mary laughs as she shows A.J. to the door. "Thanks, but your garbage is usually only two stars," he says as he departs.



9. Abbie's back. "Where's my money, bitch?" "But it was garbage," Mary pleads. Abbie is not amused: "Immature, maybe, but not garbage."



10. Suddenly there is a knock at the door. It's A.J. again. "Some threads," Mary and Abbie notice. "My rich uncle from Colombia ... er, Columbus, just died," A.J. explains.



# Chapter Two: Gone with the Garbage

By Harry Wasserman  
Photography by Howard Berman



3. "No," answers Abbie. "The best Colombian gold to hit Fernweed since the drought. I'll front you some." Mary is dubious. "I don't know... I still owe you a thousand from the coke." "Don't worry," he assures her. "What could possibly go wrong?"



4. Mary agrees. "I'll sell some to Kathy. She's always in the market for good dope." She sets the pot down next to the garbage. Abbie goes off on his rounds.



7. Later, Mary has coffee with Kathy. "You'll never guess what I've got in here," Mary says. "Let me try," responds Kathy. "Smells like dead cats."



8. "I've seen bad weed before, but this is real garbage!" Kathy exclaims. "I can't understand it," Mary puzzles. "When I set it down, it was the finest pot anywhere... Oh well, you want me to roll a joint anyway?"



11. Tom returns from a day of job-hunting. He is stunned. "I bust my balls looking for a job all day, and here you are with Abbie again... I thought I told you... and A.J., are you going to a funeral?"



12. "No, I'm off to Rio... but if it'll help you any, there's a job open at the Sanitation Department!"



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Duck: Of all the gin joints in all the towns all over the world, she walks into mine.



Duck: What's that crap you're playing?  
Sham: Oh, just a little Chopin...  
Duck: Well, stuff it. You know what I want to hear.



Duck: You played it for her, you can play it for me. If she can stand it, I can.  
*Play it, Sham.*



Sham: "You must keep this in mind:  
A fool in love is blind  
And love can be unkind..."



...Hearts will break and feathers fly  
As time drags by.



... So when some little twit  
Says "Baby, this is it"  
Just pack yo' bags an' git...



... She won't care if you live or die  
As time drags by.



Sham: Please, boss, let's go. There ain't nothin' but trouble for you here.



Duck: She's coming back. I know she's coming ba... UK! Wuk!...



Elsie: Hello, sucker...got a match?



Sham: STAND BACK, BOSS.



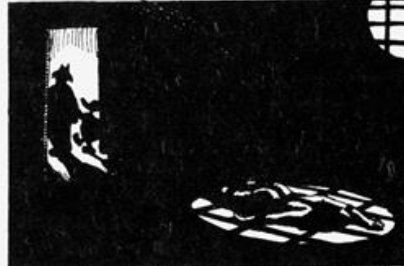
Pistol: BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM.



Elsie: AAARRGH. (Thud).



Sham: Can we go now, boss?



Duck: Sham, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.



# John Wilcock's OTHER SCENES



## SATURDAY

Arriving in Athens, I headed for the little Hotel Carolina and was greeted by the avuncular owner, Lou, who has cared for a generation of \$5-a-day travelers. One day somebody will write a book about the Carolina, the type of place where everybody gets personal attention, questions answered. Next stop: the sidewalk café outside American Express on Syntagma Square, its 200 tables bustling as always with tourists from every country, plus the usual clutch of macho Greeks seeking to "practice their English" on nubile teenagers. For the single male, Greece is full of promise (usually unfulfilled). Every time you sit at a sidewalk café, every time you take a new boat or disembark at a new island, adventure appears to be just around the corner. Usually it stays there—undiscovered.

## TUESDAY

The centuries-old Herod Atticou theatre, built by the Romans below the Acropolis, is the only theatre I know in which you can get stoned and lie down staring at the stars as the music rises from below you in waves to the sky. Even here, though, it is necessary to climb right to the uppermost marble benches to recline, risking the disapproving glances of the Greek audience and the solitary policeman who patrols the enclosing fence. But it's a tradition worth reviving.

Late evening, café-sitting on the steps in Plaka, the Bohemian old-town quarter, where the music from a score of different tavernas and discotheques intersects at one of the world's most fascinating people-watching spots. Tables both sides of the ancient marble steps allow a pathway less than six feet wide through which file a constant procession of Beautiful People, tourists and hairy-chested studs. Wise visitors never walk up the narrow steps but make their way to the top by circuitous back streets, descending leisurely into the eye of the storm and coolly appraising the layout before sitting down and merging unobtrusively into the melee.

## WEDNESDAY

Stayed up so late in Plaka last night that I arrived at the office of Athens News today just as it was closing. Nevertheless I managed to place my ad: "Island-hopping writer seeks companion to assist in research, call 3220-837"—a blatant come-on, but quite legitimate. I've been a great fan of classified ads since I advertised for a researcher on magic in London's Time Out some years back and ended up with a blonde Chicago-born roommate and the nucleus of a whole summer's party guests. After placing the ad I was in the Viking Tours office making arrangements for my cruise next week when who should walk in but Arthur Frommer, sudden star of Barclays Bank travelers cheque commercials after a

decade of nonrecognition as the author of *Europe on \$5* (now \$10) a Day. I always used to tell him he was the least known best-known person I knew: everybody traveled with him for weeks on end but nobody ever recognized him in person. We spent the day with his wife, Hope, and their daughter inspecting hotels on the Sounion peninsula.

## FRIDAY

New York poet and filmmaker Charles Henri Ford, with whom I'm now staying in Crete, is having workmen construct a new terrace for his 300-year-old house on Chania's Venetian harbor. Awakened at 7 A.M., it seemed appropriate to take the famous trip through the Samaria Gorge, so popular in recent years. The gorge is renowned for its lovely scenery, but it soon became obvious that the main point is to complete the marathon hike as quickly as possible. The moment the bus dead-ends at the cliffs of Omalos, everybody is off and running down the precipitous slopes into the gorge—charging along the dried-up river, which carved out the gorge eons ago. Almost 17 miles in length, it emerges at a tiny beach on Crete's south coast, from which a boat ferries the hikers to Chora Sfakion to meet the return bus. By sprinting through the boulder-strewn gorge in four hours or less, you can avoid a three-hour wait for the next boat and be back in Chania by late afternoon. Swept along by the human tide, I did just that. It was only when I got back and Charles asked me if the scenery really was beautiful that I realized I hadn't noticed it.

## WEDNESDAY

Today began at 7 A.M. with a series of bus and boat rides to Kefalonia, where a score of us, all strangers, assembled for Viking's week-long cruise of the islands near Corfu. As a VIP guest, I'm allotted one of half a dozen cabins on the 85-foot yacht, the overflow sleeping in shoreside hotels at the tiny islands where we anchor each night. After watching the Mediterranean sun set, I stowed away my gear and went off to have dinner with Lotti, the Dutch guide who acts as the boat's tour hostess. We sat on the balcony of a restaurant in Ithaca harbor and I remarked that I'd been amazed to discover how scarce fish is on these islands. "What do islands like this live on," I asked, "now that fishing is so unrewarding?" "People like us," Lotti said. "Tourism is about all there is for some of these places. It's sad how much it changes them, but it's good that it brings them an income." "True," I said, "but look at Mykonos—once the loveliest island in the Aegean and now a parody of itself, overflowing with Beautiful People in their fancy clothes, everything overpriced and scores of discos blasting away the peaceful nights." It seemed to me that the wealthy yacht crowd are the pirates of today, moving into peaceful harbors, turning them into shabby replicas of St. Tropez and then moving on like a plague of locusts.



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over-the-counter drugs that are worthless or even harmful.

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## Drugstore Cowboys

(continued from page 78)

town. Tony needed the money, Jesse needed the dope and I needed the rush.

I already had the place scoped out. The only hang-up was the police station right across the street. We parked in a factory parking lot a few blocks away. A strange car in a small town will get you nabbed faster than anything. Tony and Jesse pried open the back door while I hawked from beside the store. I was about to piss in my pants: the cops were sitting outside drinking coffee at 2:00 A.M.

When they finally got the door open, we ran inside straight for the prescription counter. Next thing I knew we were all running out again. Seems they had an intercom system connected directly to the police station. We got outside and saw everything was still cool, so Jesse went back in and turned down the volume on the intercom. He said they'd be more likely to notice if it was turned off completely.

Jesse was a bang-up thief, but he had a habit of stretching the truth a bit. In fact, he lied a lot. He'd been telling us he could crack a safe with a stethoscope. Well, on that night Tony's wife, a nurse, just happened to have a stethoscope. Tony handed it to him, but he wriggled out of it by saying he had to have the electric type. I told him he was full of shit, and back in we went. I got the narcotics box while Tony gathered the paregoric and syringes on the shelves. I told Jesse to try the safe, although I knew he couldn't do it. I'm finished loading my sacks when I look over and see Jesse acting like a real safe-cracker, blowing on his knuckles and everything, when suddenly the door of the safe opens. Jesse fell over and fainted. Of course, he never admitted it, but it was just a stroke of luck. Anyway, who cared, with \$2,600 plus all the dope?

Like most convicts, I've sometimes thought a book on my life of crime would be a seller. It probably wouldn't, but this opportunity to say a few things has me walkin' in tall cotton.

I've lived a good, hard, fast life these last six years. Now I have to pay back four years in return. And, as they say here, "Payback is a bitch." Time has never bothered me before: I've been in countless jails, reformatories, chain-gang camps and penitentiaries. These four wouldn't really bother me except that I've gone and fallen in love, something that's strange and new to me. It's something I've always managed to avoid or overcome, but now it's got me by the balls and this time is really kicking my ass. I've grown tired of all this bullshit, and if my old lady sticks with me, I'm through with it. They give big time for drugstores these days, and Southern pens are rough. I've shot more dope than many people have ever seen, gotten my share of ass and spent plenty of money. All I've got to show for now, though, are a few scars on my arms, some good memories, and a woman who loves me. But in four years, who knows? ■



## Jazz and Boo

(continued from page 65)

better and work better. . . . Shortly after the Tribune's exposé a new Louisiana law made possession illegal.

Whether the investigative reporting on the part of the Picayune and the Tribune can be taken without a grain of salt, we can say for sure that jazz artists were then enshrining their favorite green right smack in their lyrics. Take for instance Josie Miles' "Pipe Dream Blues" (1924). Or the New Orleans Rhythm Kings' "Golden Leaf Strut" (1925). How about Victoria Spivey's "Dope Head's Blues" (1927) and of course Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong's "Muggles" (1928). The government might have been trying to squeeze these black jazz kings out of New Orleans, but they could never squeeze the wild golden plant out of them.

Greats like Satchmo and his coterie moved on north to Chicago and New York, but already New Orleans could boast a "Golden Leaf Social Circle," organized in 1889, and the "Golden Leaf Band" of 1919. But the Storyville age was closing fast. New Orleans would later erect monuments to the music it tried so strenuously to squash, and it would see a jazz museum, Louis Armstrong Park and a yearly jazz festival.

However, there's no such tribute to the mellow smoke that made the music. Unless it's Mezz Mezzrow's book *Really the Blues*. Mezz knew Louis and the others, and Mezz knew his weed—to him it was all one gas that the rest of the world would never understand.

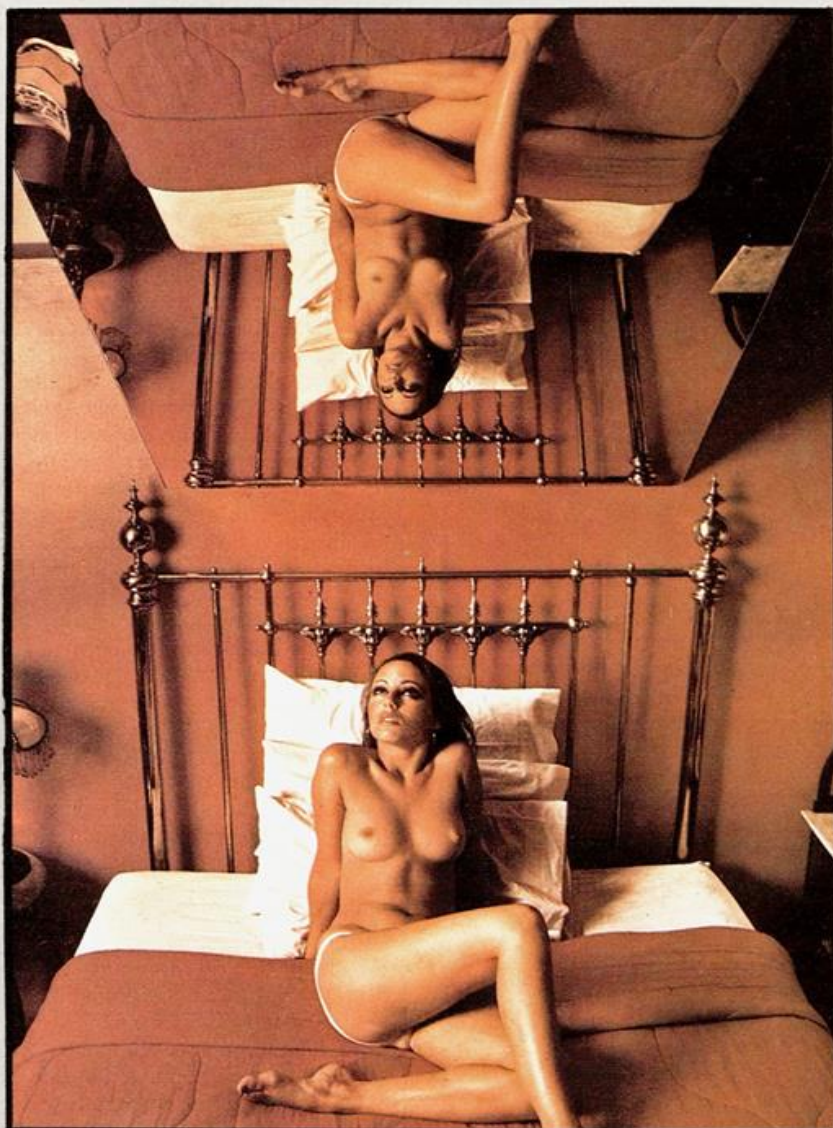
The real jazz, like the real marijuana, comes from the bayou country. . . . In those days we used to get a Prince Albert can full of marijuana, clean and without sticks or seeds in it, for two dollars. . . . Us vipers began to know that we had a gang of things in common: we ate like starved cannibals who'd finally latched on to a missionary and we laughed a whole lot and lazed around in an easygoing way. . . . we were on another plane in another sphere compared to the musicians who were bottle babies. . . . We liked things to be easy and mellow and relaxed, not loud and loutish, and the scowling chin-out tension of the lushounds with their false courage didn't appeal to us.

Mezz learned from Louis Armstrong, from Bix Beiderbecke and the rest of the jazz greats. To Mezz, the weed was beneficial. "I was really coming on. All the notes came easing out of my horn like they'd already been made up, greased and stuffed into the bell, so all I had to do was blow a little and send them on their way, one right after another, never missing, never behind, without an ounce of effort."

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## Silent Zone

(continued from page 59)

me. He will make this revelation only in the Silent Zone.

I persist, and I find that what Ramón will explain is why Our Lady of Fátima is the key to UFOs. Ramón, exhausted from a complete resumé of his beliefs, drops off. Guillermo is out of radio contact with the other vans. There is silence. Your reporter stares into the incredible heavens, imagining each point of light that shoots through the sky as a god.

Shooting star. Out here you see them. But then another light moves strangely through the sky. It executes a maneuver impossible for an ordinary aircraft. Is it? Is it? No. No, it's not. Just a light from the horizon caroming off the side windows. The hours pass, and the van seems hurtling toward certain doom as the moon goes down and the silent Spaniard keeps it to the floor, drifting the mountain bends, jockeying with hellbent buses and trucks on the road, which is now a two-lane blacktop. I smoke dope and try chanting Om to keep the car on the road. Is Guillermo insane? The light creeps up, revealing a strange landscape—gnarled mountains, spines of giant monsters surfacing in the plain, odd cones.

**T**hey say you have to be careful about the water in Mexico. Major roadside towns have water stops with signs that say "good water." Just to be on the safe side I drank a couple of Bohemia beers for breakfast with the eggs. I would recommend this to travelers in Mexico. And as I ate breakfast I hummed the Doors' line, "Woke up this morning and got myself a beer/The future's uncertain and the end is always near."

So let's skip over the next 12 hours, when not much happened beside driving down a piece of pavement straighter than most people could possibly imagine through the most empty countryside you could ever find. A lot of CB, Mexicans getting mad at Americans for refusing to stop in certain restaurants, Ede getting sicker and me drinking more beer without ice and smoking more dope and getting a little angry about an at-least-eight-hour underestimate of driving time.

Then, despite Guillermo's proclaimed intention of keeping the vans together, or at least within CB range, his fanatic, to-the-floor driving won out, and by morning we'd lost the other vehicles. The highway was marked with crosses every few miles. Victims of horrible accidents on this high-balling highway. My uncle is over there, points Guillermo. The road used to curve off over there. In another spot there are a dozen little crosses; yes, the famous school-bus crash in which a sideswiping truck claimed the heads of 12 children.

So we've been driving for about 20 hours when we hit Ceballos—a truck-stop town

in cactus country on the road to Texas—the closest on-the-road location to the Silent Zone.

We feel incredible relief reaching Ceballos. The restaurants aren't too bad. The Silent Zone is supposed to be just a few hours off the road. The gringos can't believe that we drove straight through 20 hours—and are unanimously for checking into the Ceballos hotel, if there is one. But there is no stopping Guillermo. Eat, get water and gasoline, see the guide to the Silent Zone trail and head out off the road.

We go to the guide's house. Guillermo has explained that this man will put us on the path. The guide is a solid, official-looking man carrying a pistol. I learn that he is the comandante of the federales for miles around only after he has already found me in the van, poring over the map with a large splif. He is a friend of Guillermo's and doesn't even blink. Later I wonder at my possible fate as a tourist in the same situation.

The comandante has a large comfortable house with a half-assembled Piper plane kit in the backyard and dozens of large, oddly shaped stones arranged around the flower garden. The stones are from the Silent Zone. They are large meteorites—and most are certainly "UFO-shaped," symmetrical globes with saucer-shaped rims on top. They are so convincingly weird that one would almost suspect some concrete-Cardiff-giant-type hoax as their origin, but after seeing the comandante's collection of smaller space rocks, the design seems to be just naturally weird.

At this point, things start to get really weird. We've been on the road for 24 hours. It takes a long time to get the pure water and gasoline loaded up on the vans. Guillermo's motorcycle, up to now hitched to the back of our van, has to be rearranged. There might be too much weight.

Your reporter, senseless with lack of sleep, beer and drugs, offers to ride the motorcycle to the Silent Zone. Guillermo considers this an excellent idea—but the next two hours of kicking, pushing and pulling it aren't enough to turn it over. Everyone is getting annoyed. Guillermo's wife bursts into tears and walks to the Ceballos bus stop to catch the next one back toward Mexico City. Their reconciliation eats up another hour. It is quite late when we finally head down the street that turns to a dirt road and leads to the Silent Zone.

Our "guide," the pistol-packing Comandante, whom we've tipped for this service, drives us well into a field and onto a dirt path. In a few minutes, we're on our own, on our way to El Zona del Silencio. In the back of Gemini, the leading van, the gringos are grumbling. What's the fucking hurry? Why can't we sleep here? But the single-mindedness of our leader is impressive. He's acting like Nixon. Not only are we going to the Silent Zone, but we are going in disco-paramilitary style. Are we



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The Ovnis Expedition: Man in olive jumpsuit (circled) is Ramón Thomassiny.

not men? Except for the women, of course. It would seem that we stop for nothing.

Then again, we do stop when we run out of road and get bogged down in some poor farmer's furrows. We go back the way we came and look for another road. We drive in circles for an hour. Guillermo has been here before. It was in the daytime, of course, but he knows the right direction, and with the aid of the gringo Mark on the compass we manage finally to get pointed in the right direction. We take another dirt path, along property lines, but finally the path seems to fork or disappear. We are getting away from the farms of Ceballos. The stars are out, but the moon is disappearing fast.

We are coming to a fork. The road is supposed to turn, but it is running along a dry riverbed and it's hard to tell them apart. Eerie hills lie ahead in the darkness. Suddenly a red flash lights up the night ahead. Guillermo yells. I see it. It looks like a brilliant red question mark quickly drawn in the sky and then erased. The convoy stops. Thirty Mexican UFOlogists are very excited, and four gringos are very puzzled. All of Ramón's suspicions are confirmed. Looked like an odd flare to me, but coming from the middle of nowhere it casts some interesting doubts.

Everyone is out of their vans, milling with excitement, having seen a sign from the Silent Zone. Unfortunately we run out of road. It is nowhere to be found. It is decided that we will send out four men, two to the right and two to the left, to look for the road.

Meanwhile your gringo reporter tries to read our location from the sinister mountain shapes in our path, checking them against the map in the dying light of the moon. Mark, the other gringo *hombre*, leaves in one of the scouting teams. He takes the path to the right, down the dry riverbed. Watch out for quicksand, says Guillermo. Mark isn't afraid. He walks off straight ahead between the sinister mountains into the kind of terrain that's nearly always fatal to foreigners in Paul Bowles novels, exactly in the direction of the unidentified flying red question mark.

The minutes tick by. Ede is sleeping in the back of the van. Your reporter is discussing mutiny with Shelley. It is ob-

viously symptomatic of mania that after 27 grueling hours on the road we are poking around in the dark looking for a trail that will be perfectly obvious with the dawn's early light; so why the fuck can't we sleep here? But Guillermo, acting a part right out of the Spanish-dubbed version of *Back to Bataan*, is insistent on pressing on.

One group of searchers comes back. Then one other man. Mark hasn't returned. Minutes pass. Mark is overdue. We blow the van horns. Whistle on our whistles. Mark has one too, but there is no answer. Has he been swallowed up by the Silent Zone? By the unidentified flying question mark? By Indians suspicious of an American hippie in a boy scout uniform poking around at 5:00 A.M. in the-middle-of-nowhere Mexico? Or by quicksand, perhaps? The plots of horror movies flash through my mind—*It Came from Another World*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. Even if Mark does return, will he be the same Mark?

Cautiously we head down the trail where Mark disappeared. The dry river leads to a swampy lake. Our cries echo across the desolate darkness to no avail. Real panic sets in. We return to the vans and wait. Finally he shows up. He was only a little lost.

**N**ow Bravo sets off in one van, looking for the road. He finds it, and again we head off into the night, driving a kilometer or two before we are lost again. The moon sets. This time the American insurrection is successful. Solidarity pays off. We refuse to budge. Bravo yields. We set up our tents and sack out. Your reporter has been awake 68 hours. He goes to sleep.

A few hours later the sun is beating on our nylon tent like a hammer, and the horrible chain-saw scream of Guillermo's bike finally coming to life blasts us awake. Bravo is off on the bike to find the road. The light of day shows we are truly in the middle of nowhere. But at least we find what there is of the road, and we press on. It's desert driving, and every few hours the lead van dies. Thanks to the gringos' basic motor skills, it manages to get going each time. Remember the Maya had no wheel. And after a few hours off the road, keeping the chock-full vans rolling becomes criti-



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brought down their  
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**A mutant plant in the Silent Zone.**

cal. It's hot as hell and a day's walk to anywhere. Cattle skeletons appear on the desert. But on we press.

By the time the sun hits zenith, we come to a river. It's a dry river. But not dry enough, and its banks are a sheer drop of about eight feet. Most of the bottom is quicksand. The river ford is right in front of us. It's very muddy in spots, and very steep on the other side, impassable as is. On our right a deep gully prevents any progress.

A van sets out on the left to find another ford. There isn't one. If we can get across this, says Guillermo, after about 35 hours of incredibly tedious driving, then we'll be able to get to the Silent Zone. Out come the picks and shovels, and after a hard dig, all of the vans make it across, and we are home free.

Bravo drove on furiously over a near-impassable rutted trail. Frequently his disabled motorcycle would dislodge itself from the microbus, causing us to stop for elaborate knot-tying discussions in Spanish. But before sundown we managed to arrive at a ranch not a kilometer from the Silent Zone. The arch of a ruined building surrounded by a stone wall of lunar-looking rocks seems to be the gateway to the Silent Zone. A NASA airstrip adjoins the camp—an area cleared of cactus on the flat desert floor—where the scientific expedition would land, hopefully, in 40 hours.

Here it was—gateway to the Silent Zone. We had driven for approximately 37 hours. We had reached a place that could pass for the middle of nowhere. We were on the verge of the Silent Zone.

But we were hot and tired, covered with dust, aching from sitting for days and nights. The map showed a lake nearby. We set off from the local rancho past a few cattle grazing on the desert greens, past cattle bones, past gullies that looked like their ooze bottoms contained saber-toothed tigers, ancient men and an old car or two. Weird mountains lurked in the distance. "Under-the-volcano" territory, it was. But the map showed the lake to be a green grassy oasis in this bleak land—and we were going to swim.

Finally, after a few more hours and a gringo takeover of navigation, we reached the lake. It was indeed a green spot with

shade trees. It was also the turf of a very large herd of cattle—some of which seemed like fellas—that didn't seem ready to relinquish the lakeside. But finally they moseyed off. The field proved to be cowpie city, and the lake looked similarly spiced and muddy besides. But the kids with us, the sons of Mr. Ken Smith, an American retired from ABC radio and now a top Mexican TV commentator, took a dip and came back without leeches. Feet were soaked, and a meal was rustled up by the cook, a short, swarthy cleaver artist.

Mutiny had been in the air for many hours. Although Guillermo Bravo had remained charming and urbane, he had also terrorized the gringos with his macho un-stoppability. The Mexicans were still pissed at the gringos for refusing to stop at certain restaurants along the way. The meal made things worse. Not quite enough food is dispersed, and the gringos can't believe that things are being rationed. The dirty little spics seem to be hogging all the food.

Persistence pays off. We are finally fed, but tempers are up. The sun is sinking. The gringos want to sleep here by the lake, under the trees on the soft grass. The majority of Mexicans want to head back and sleep in the Silent Zone. A meeting is held, arguments are presented, the gringos are defeated and we head back to the Silent Zone. We can't blame them for wanting to sleep in the Zone, though. We've driven like maniacs to reach it. We need sleep, perchance to dream.

Driving back to the area by the ranch where the Silent Zone is supposed to be located we play Rolling Stones tapes and knock back some brandy. We get there by dark. The vans have used half their gas. We are carrying some reserve, but we'll be here for days. Hmm. At the ranch we pick up a cowboy who guides us through the darkness to the landing strip, and we make our camp next to it.

Mark, who sports excellent camping equipment, much of it dating back to boy scout jamborees, and your reporter set up the tents while Bravo and his deputies try to find the Silent Zone with their CBs, wandering out into the cactus blackness with flashlights, calling out, "Alo Alpha! Alo Alpha!" Comandante Bravo doesn't

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A large meteorite found in the Silent Zone.

find the Silent Zone that night, and after a nice meal of sandwiches and hot chocolate we tuck ourselves in—near, if not in, the Silent Zone.

The sky out here looks like Space. Is this the doorway to another dimension? Thinking about the folks back in Manhattan, it seems it must be that. Sleep falls near the Silent Zone.

**T**he next morning I have no recollections of any dreams. It's fucking hot. It is Saturday. We plan to find the Silent Zone. Ramón plans to give his talk Saturday night to boost everyone's morale. He will make a startling announcement, he says. While we drive toward the meteorite area, Ramón tells me that on this night, for the first time, he will reveal the contents of the letters presented to the children at Fátima by the Blessed Virgin Mary for the Pope.

The last of these letters was to be opened in 1960, during the papacy of the New Frontier Papa, John XXIII. But the revelations, whatever they were, were never passed on to the body of the Church. What was the Pope hiding? Was it the date of the Second Coming? A prediction of war? The end of the world? An April fool's joke? Ramón has found out, and we shall be the first to know. And we shall hear it in the Silent Zone, assuming we find it.

The meteorite area is fascinating. This land was once an ocean, then a lake. The desert, for miles around, is littered with rocks; many of the rocks are fossils, many of them aerolites and tectites of extraterrestrial origin. We pick up a lot of rocks, find some plants that certainly look mutant and off-color. Guillermo finds purple cactus. But still the CBs chatter away. No silence. There are some particularly bizarre mountains which, Ramón explains, were carved by an ancient race of cave dwellers who survived the flood and re-formed the mountains into fantastic shapes of gods, mortals and beasts. Certainly the imaginative eye can read much in many of the weirdo peaks of Mexico, that we'll grant you.

Heading back to our camp, the lead van, Señor Bravo at the wheel, died. It wouldn't

**What was the Pope hiding? Was it the date of the Second Coming? A prediction of war? The end of the world? An April fool's joke?**

restart. The gringos tried their tricks of cleaning out the air filter, cleaning the spark plugs and cooling the coil. Nothing. We are marooned for a few hours while the other van on this jaunt heads back to camp for help. The sun beats down like Death Valley. One vehicle down and four to go. The rescue van comes and we head back to camp. The gas and water are going fast. Water's not a big problem; the ranch has a good well. The water looks a little alive, but it can be boiled. In a fit of good will we gringos even drink a bit of it as we stand around recuperating, throwing buckets over each other bathing.

Guillermo wears a Star of David pendant. He's not Jewish, though. In fact he was raised a Huguenot. The six-pointed star is an energy generator, says Guillermo. He says he learned to use his in the Rose Cross Degree of the Masons. Guillermo is a Mason. He says that you really don't get anywhere in Mexican politics unless you are a right worshipful brother.

Another member of the expedition wears the same pendant. She is the Mexican voice of "I Dream of Jeannie." She is not a Mason and, Guillermo ventures, probably doesn't know how to do it. She is a well-preserved, jumpsuited hot tamale of a woman, fortyish, belongs to some pop-occult society and is traveling with a jumpsuited, impish Latin lover of about 18. They make out constantly. She strips naked at the well in front of the rosary-wielding local cowboys who don't look away, but blush.

A group of psychics is aboard to perform tests. Gravity, according to some tellers, is less in the Silent Zone. According to the Department of Parapsychology at the University of North Carolina, psychic-test results were improved in descending elevators. Would the Silent Zone prove to have unusual parapsychological properties? One of the psychics, a short, burly man in lederhosen, proved to be a captain in the Mexican police. He bragged to us of busting hundreds of kilos of coke and grass. We called him the Psychic Narc, a man more valuable in his work than a trained German shepherd and a flatfoot all in one.

The cowboys at the ranch near our camp live in the nineteenth century, except that





The Psychic Narc (right) plays poker with the Silent Zone's cowboys for meteorites.

they don't have to worry about *bandidos* and they live within a day's drive of Coca-Cola. They are embarrassed by the Aquarian city Mexicans; yet they are very hospitable, sharing their water and inviting the expeditioners into the house to see their collection of meteorites, arrowheads and fossils. They make a show of the collection by playing poker for it under replicas of the Sacred Heart, the BVM and various saints. They shared their fresh milk and Nescafé with us. They gave us rattlesnakes and horseback rides. We gave them some brandy and some pesos.

One of the cowboys had lived in Chicago but didn't like it and came back. He said the hills around the Silent Zone once grew marijuana. No more. He had tried it but didn't like it too much. The cowboys told the interested UFOlogists that they had seen some strange lights in the sky. Guillermo had taken a pretty good UFO photo on his last trip to the area. But the cowboys didn't seem to be UFO believers. They had seen strange lights, but the Atlas-Agena must have been a pretty strange light; so who knows what gives.

One thing is certain. Many of the expeditioners expected to see UFOs. As the sun sank over the western mountains, belief rose from the east till it was so thick you could cut it with a machete. Ramón seemed to glow. We were all feeling the presence of the Silent Zone. Your reporter, a fanatical skeptic, would not have been surprised to see a hot pink UFO land and disgorge a troupe of Tibetan hurdy-gurdy grinders.

"I don't feel good," says Mark. Ede is still on her back in the gringo tent. Mark goes to lie down. Later he wanders out. He's got Montezuma's revenge. He heads out into the cactus behind the camp to relieve himself. While I'm watching him walk away, I notice him crumple and hit the dirt. Closer inspection reveals he's passed out in a cold sweat. "The Silent Zone got me," he whispers. "The Silent Zone got me."

Something unspoken has passed between the Americans. Ede is down. Mark is down. Shelley doesn't feel too good. Your reporter feels OK but is worried. If the cacti, the centipedes and the tortoises are mutant, why not the bacteria, the very

viruses of the Silent Zone? Could not radiation, cosmic rays, freak magnetism, the mysterious forces of the zone spawn giant, killer coliform dysentery creatures that can eat a person's bowels in four hours? We didn't know. Sitting over Mark in the tent, listening to him moan, out of his head, "The Silent Zone got me," he seemed to be making a lot of sense.

**A**fter dinner Saturday night a big bonfire is set for Ramón's major revelation. Everyone gathers—Ramón has a prepared text, "The Occult Letter of Fátima." Ramón is still dressed in the uniform of his mission, a smartly tailored, olive-drab polyester jumpsuit embossed with the solar cross of his UN vision. Ken Smith, the American expatriate, will translate Ramón's revelation for the gringos. The Silent Zone sky is as clear as Star Trek country—perhaps Ramón's speech will be accompanied by a sign, eh?

Ramón's eyes are glowing like cigarillos as he takes the desert floor. He announces that he is about to make a major revelation having to do not only with the secret of the saucers but also with the letters presented to the children of the Fátima miracle by the Blessed Virgin Mary for conveyance to the Pope. The last letter was to be opened by Pope John XXIII, but he never revealed its contents.

Ramón says that according to one Gordon Creighton, a British diplomat and officer of Her Majesty's Secret Service, the letter deals with the mystery of UFOs. No, Ramón has not had a Deep Throat contact in the Vatican. He has learned the secret of the Fátima letters and of UFOs through his years of full-time meditation on the problems presented by his UN vision. He recounts the vision for the expedition.

Ramón saw the sun spin in the sky. This was the vision initially reported by the children at Fátima and apparently later seen by the thousands who gathered in the Portuguese sheep pasture.

On May 13, 1917, three children of the village of Aljustrel, Portugal—Lucy, 10, Jacinta, 7, and Francisco, 9—were walking through a hollow near their village when they noticed two flashes in the sky. Then a ball of light appeared over a tree in the

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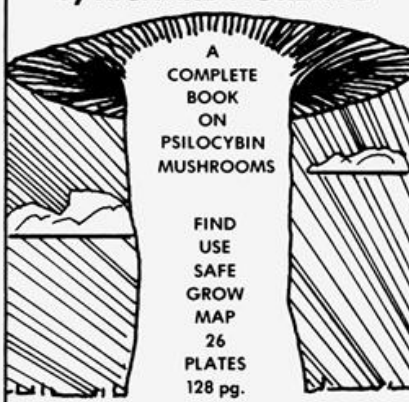
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hollow, and in it was a young girl dressed in white. She didn't identify herself but said she was from heaven and asked the children to appear in the same spot on the same day of the month at the same time for the next six months. She told them to say their rosaries for peace.

The vision was repeated in July. The girl repeated her first message and then gave Lucy what is known as the Message of Fátima, two parts of which Lucy related to her bishop in 1938 and the third part of which was set down in a letter to be opened by the Pope in 1960. The August meeting did not take place, because the children were temporarily kidnapped by an official; but on August 19, the children met her in another place and were promised proof on October 13. At the September 13 apparition, members of the crowd did not see the girl but did see a glowing ball in the sky and white petals of light falling.

What occurred on October 13, 1917, is known as the Miracle of Fátima. About 75,000 people gathered at the sight of the vision. It was raining, and the crowd waited under umbrellas. When the girl appeared, she identified herself as the Lady of the Rosary. She instructed the children to say the rosary daily and told them the war would soon end.

The rain stopped. The clouds parted and the sun emerged. The sun seemed to rotate, shooting off colored rays, and it seemed to dance about the sky, according to newspaper reports, making impossible movements and seemingly about to crash to earth. The sun was described as "a crown of fire, empty in the middle. It went around itself and moved across the sky. It could be seen behind the clouds and in between them, rolling around and moving horizontally." This phenomenon was observed from as far away as 18 miles.

For Ramón, this miraculous sighting by 75,000 Portuguese is the world's greatest UFO sighting. He cites other solar apparitions but wastes no time stating his hypothesis that the secret of UFOs and the secret letter of Our Lady of Fátima are one and the same.

"The famous secret of the occult letter of Fátima is: the letter is from the sun; the letter is from the living star, the letter of universal life; the letter of the sun is responsible for the apparitions." Ramón believes that the sun is a living, sensing being which rules its system. It is the God of the Egyptians and the Mexicans as well as of the Jews and of Christ. Not only is the sun the source of our light, heat and magnetic energy; it is the source of the astral fluid, the source of living energy.

Ramón cites biblical instances of visions of the sun and historical visions of the type collected by Charles Fort. He also cites latter-day UFO sun visions. Since we know that sunspots and the cycle of the sun have a profound effect on our biosphere, supposing "all is sentient," should not the sun be capable of true deity? Ramón compares a photograph of an eclipse of the sun's

corona with the corona of rays emitting from a human finger in a Kirlian photograph. UFOs are the phenomenal messengers of the sun, working through the subtle vibrational infinities of energy in order to prove superior intelligence to humanity, he proclaims. What humanity does not realize is that this superior intelligence resides in a star, not an alien race.

Ramón believes that his theory can be, and soon will be, verified by science. Indeed, if science were to apply its great powers toward this proposition, it should be possible for humanity to communicate with an intelligence of infinite proportion, with light itself.

Ramón's speech is well delivered; yet no signs accompany it, and it fails to electrify the Mexicans gathered around the campfire. But Ramón has electrified himself, and the hush of nature and the expedition respect this. Ramón is prophesying. He believes that he is making as important a revelation as that made by John the Divine in terms of human destiny. And Ramón becomes specific. He announces that an earthquake will strike Durango—he gives no date—and then he predicts a unique solar event for the following day. A sign. And, perhaps, a terrible earthquake.

**N**ow, your reporter does not wish to give the impression that he scoffs at Ramón's prophecy or his philosophy. In fact, your Celtic correspondent views sun worship as an infinitely more sensible, and aesthetically acceptable, form of religion than Christianity, which itself may have been a solar-cult revival challenging a deadeningly orthodox state of paganism. In fact, he thinks that Ramón's explanation of the UFO phenomenon is less upsetting than Von Däniken humanoidism, which challenges humanity's primacy as the crown of creation.

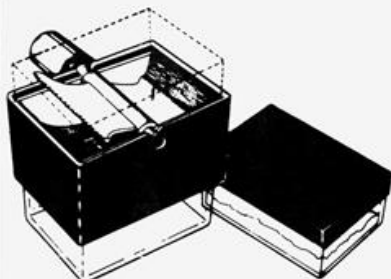
When confronting the concept of "superior humanoids" your reporter is always plagued by the fear that they should prove to be hairless, humorless, interstellar Adam-12s, preferring the cold ratios of the void to the Edenic utopia of palm trees, hula skirts and one-finger poy. Perhaps it is the sin of a Miltonian Satanist, but sun worship does grant humanity terrestrial supremacy under the domination of a benign genius.

No, what bothers this reporter about Ramón is the nature of his belief—not its object. Your reporter might even hold the same doctrine as the banzai Mexican; yet he finds the trappings of this prophecy, the style of the speculative UFOlogist, the craving for deliverance from the pleasures as well as the pains of normal terrestrial existence somehow tasteless distractions from the real business of life. Ramón scans the sky for miracles, tripping over the rocks in the desert. Yes, what troubles your reporter about Ramón is his Belief. It overwhelms all other aspects of his personality—it is an obsession. He sees things,



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The moon is near full over the camp. It looks good to your reporter. And where does Isis fit into Ramón's cosmology? And come to think of it, after two thousand years of burning sun worshipers and deviants, how come the sun is still speaking to the Pope?

The Mexicans still sit very silently. Do they believe Ramón? Or are they spooked by his prediction of earthquake, impending apocalypse and a solar apparition on the morrow? They may just be tired. Ramón calls up all of his powers as an orator to ask that the entire expedition join him at sunrise to say the Lord's Prayer to the sun. It is, Ramón explains, a prayer to the sun written by the son of the sun, Jesus Christ. Ramón leaves. The group sits in silence and retires one by one as the fire burns down.

The sun comes, on schedule. All of the Mexicans assemble and hail the sun. "Our Father, who art in heaven..."

The Americans sleep on, dreamless, in the Silent Zone. Mark and Ede are still down with the Silent Zone's revenge, and Shelley, a neo-Dadaist painter from Queens, and yours truly are not about to petition the Lord communally with prayer with a bunch of Mexicans we're not too crazy about; so we sleep on.

Mark and Ede recovered themselves enough to function. Señor Bravo again led an expedition out to find the Silent Zone with CBs. He never did actually locate it on this trip, although he'd managed to do so before. He claimed that it moves and that there are more specific areas of radio silence but that they are elusive. We did see purple cactus and strange vegetation, we did see a shitload of meteors and an unidentified flashing question mark, and we did pick up the Silent Zone flu. But I do think it's there, the Silent Zone. I did feel silence on my radio.

The psychics had better luck, though. Conducting some standard parapsych tests, the psychic narc and his friend, a medium, managed to come up with a 90-percent mark.

The government expedition of scientists never zoomed down out of the sky. They were, perhaps, grounded by the lack of planes, which supposedly put our group in vans. But by the end of our stay the gringos were very suspicious of the reliability of OVNIS and its officers, and very appreciative of the civilization awaiting us at the end of another 35 hours of rolling torture. And Ramón's sign from the sun never came. Was it because the gringos didn't pray El Sol?

On the return trip we couldn't help but think even more of Bravo and Ramón, although we were by now convinced that each was totally off the wall in his own way. Bravo was a Renaissance man with a Mediterranean living-room set. He was disciplined, soldierly, mystical, intelligent.

(continued on page 110)

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## 500 MILES HIGH: Flora Purim at Montreux (Milestone M-9070). 500 Miles



High was recorded just a few months before Flora Purim was sent to San Francisco's Terminal Island on a cocaine charge. Like that white powder, Flora is one of South America's finest exports. She's a jazz-oriented songbird, whose previous performances with such jazz/rock ensembles as Santana and the recently disbanded Return to Forever have shot her into the forefront of lady singers in the '70s. She's equally at home in progressive jazz groups and in the rock motifs afforded her in the past. This, the latest of her outstanding solo work, is an exceptional joy.

*500 Miles High* was recorded at Montreux, the famous Swiss jazz festival. It exhibits to great advantage the tight basic working group that showcases both Flora's exceptional South-American-dialect scat singing and the polyrhythmic percussive instrumentation of Airtio (her husband, who has graced groups led by such giants of modern jazz as Miles Davis, Stan Getz and John McLaughlin).

The first three tunes here ("O Cantador," "Brideg" and the title song) form a kind of suite. With the gentle tingling *berimbau* (an Incan vibraharp) accented from underneath by bassist Ron Carter, the tune erupts into an explosive Brazilian carnival, with guitarist David Amaro cutting loose one slashing hell of a solo. Add to these elements the impact of Flora's voice floating amidst crescendos laced with those odd-sounding native instruments.

This is a sample toke of one of this country's happiest singing additions. Flora Purim, who's out of prison now, shows here a lot more than just promise. They don't call this record *500 Miles High* for nothing.

—Jim Brodey

## NIGHT MOVES, by Bob Seger (Capitol ST-11557). Very few rock and roll singers



left on this planet have roots, conviction and natural ability. Bob Seger has to rank as one of the greats along those lines.

A Detroit legend who began performing way back in 1960, Seger has created some classic rock and roll in his career—obscure albums that only sold well in Detroit, like *Smokin' Op's* and *Mongrel*—and hit songs like

"Heavy Music" and "Two Plus Two."

Seger has set high standards, and each record he makes has to be listened to in that light. Much of his product over the years has stood the test well. Back in '72's title cut, as well as "Rosalie" and Van Morrison's "I've Been Workin'" from that album, are examples. "Katmandu" from *Beautiful Loser* and almost all the tunes on his recent live album are what rock and roll is about—physical and tough with a sense of nostalgia. Great rock and roll makes you think you've heard it before somewhere.

Bob Seger's new album, *Night Moves*, has its moments as well. "The Fire Down Below," "Come to Poppa" and parts of "Rock and Roll Never Forgets" show off Seger's gutsy, raspy vocals while never losing their melodic sense. The album works best on the rockers. Seger's penchant for ballads gets a bit unnerving sometimes. He has, on occasion, penned a classic ballad ("Beautiful Loser"), but he puts too much stock into too many forgettable ones. The soft title track, "Night Moves," only works when he slides into the middle of the second verse and the song begins to take shape. For most of the tune, Seger is melodically one dimensional and tries to cram too many words into each line a la Bruce Springsteen (who can get away with at least that). "Mainstreet" on side two fares better, and Seger sings his heart out at the end.

Seger constantly works with two of the best rock and roll bands in existence—his own Silver Bullet Band, which is wild and spontaneous, backs him on side one, and the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section, a more deliberate outfit, but masterful at creating a groove (witness "Sunspot Baby"). on side two. Unfortunately, although *Night Moves* is a recommendable and satisfying album with some real moments, it probably will not be considered the equal of Seger's other studio work. Here's hoping for more.

—Steve Weitzman

## CLOSENESS, by Charlie Haden (Horizon SP-710). The scene is Portugal, 1971.



just before the overthrow of the dictatorship. Bassist Charlie Haden is on stage near Lisbon, where he dedicates his "Song for Che" to the "black liberation movements of Mozambique, Angola and Guinea." The next morning, Haden, who is white, is arrested by the Portuguese secret

police and forced to leave the country under a cloak of secrecy.

Charlie Haden is a dedicated musician of the first order. He emerged into the jazz world as a member of the cataclysmic Ornette Coleman quartet of the early Sixties, a group which, as the title of one of its strongest albums suggests, changed *The Shape of Jazz to Come*. Haden's piercing yet lyrical bass lines accompanied Ornette for many years as the group stood firm in the face of the whole jazz-critical establishment, which dubbed their non-Western, rule-breaking music as "noise."

The new music of pure feeling has achieved far greater understanding since that time, although the corporate tastemakers continue to regard it as alien territory. People like Charlie Haden have had to pay their dues in order to remain true to their musical inspiration.

*Closeness*, Haden's latest work as a leader, consists of four duets—first between the bassist and Ornette Coleman on sax, then with Alice Coltrane on harp, then with pianist Keith Jarrett and finally with percussionist Paul Motian. *Closeness* is tender, melancholy and very beautifully meditative. Haden is in top form—so much so that he seems to get more out of Keith Jarrett than one can hear on the pianist's own recordings. Ornette's appearance here is a rare one for him during the Seventies.

Alongside Haden's refusal to make "more commercial" lucrative recordings stands his vocal political outlook. *Closeness* includes one work (with Motian) entitled "For a Free Portugal," which has mixed into it the national anthem of the Angolan Liberation Movement and the sounds of a colonial battle.

"Song for Che," the tune for which he was arrested in Portugal, can be found on Haden's only other, more ambitious, work as a leader, this time with the splendid 25-piece Jazz Composer's Orchestra including Gato Barbieri, Carla Bley, Dewey Redman and a host of other jazz luminaries. That album is called the *Liberation Music Orchestra* and is a must for any new music collection.

*Closeness* is a spiritual recording, richly textured and very moving. One usually doesn't think of the bass as a lyrical, leading instrument, but Charlie Haden makes it sing enough to stand on its own almost as a solo instrument. Hopefully A & M's Horizon label will, despite rumors of its impending demise, continue to showcase artists like Charlie Haden, giving them the broad availability and informative packaging this music deserves, but rarely receives.

—David Fenton



**THERMO, by Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers (Milestone 47008).**



Do you like Billy Cobham? How about Lenny White's playing with Return to Forever? Or Tony Williams? Or Elvin Jones? If you answer yes to any of these questions, or even if you don't, we'd like to recommend to you the work of Art Blakey, one of the original thunder drummers, a man who inspired, directly or lineally, each of the above players.

Blakey's groups were (and are) known as the Jazz Messengers, the message being that jazz is hot and swinging. The music that the ever-changing Messengers have bequeathed us from 1955 to 1965 remains among the most hot-blooded and buoyant to be found on records.

Blakey came up during the swing era and was fully armed with the power necessary to drive a big band when the modern era arrived in the wild and angry persons of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonius Monk and Bud Powell. Jazz drumming had to change to fit the new style. Freed from having to keep time with the bass drum on every beat, drummers like Kenny Clarke, Max Roach and Blakey began to develop melodically and as soloists, to state the pulse obliquely and to enrich things with polyrhythms. (Blakey spent two years in Mother Africa listening to and learning from his ancestors.)

The powerfully fleet style they developed was precisely what was needed to accompany the very quick and quirky bebop lines. (Listen to Cobham with the Mahavishnu Orchestra on some of their up-tempo rave-ups for a striking modern-day equivalent.)

Parker's prototypical bop line-up was a quintet—sax, trumpet, piano, bass, drums—a configuration in ensemble that managed to suggest the big bands but that could swing like a big band never could. As band leader, Blakey has always liked this setup, and his brassy units have spawned these stars—Donald Byrd, Lee Morgan, Freddie Hubbard and Chuck Mangione, trumpets; Jackie McLean, Johnny Griffin, Gary Bartz and Wayne Shorter, saxophones; and Horace Silver, Wynton Kelly, McCoy Tyner and Keith Jarrett, piano.

The great thing is that there are at least a dozen albums still available (many of them on Blue Note) featuring these exceptional improvising musicians in one of the most fertile, heated contexts of their careers. (Indeed, Freddie Hubbard rejoined the Jazz Messengers for a performance

during the Newport Jazz Festival this past summer, and observers reported that it was the most inspired playing coaxed from him in years.)

But if you haven't heard much from Blakey, this Milestone two-fer is the place to start. It features Hubbard and Wayne Shorter (on tenor!) at their hair-raising best, playing, for the most part, their own compositions, including the classic title cut and "This Is for Albert."

Meanwhile, Blakey and the latest incarnation of the Jazz Messengers continue to thrive and tour right up to this minute. They remain a breathing textbook model of the sound of jazz, 1958, which far from being dated, has, like all great art, the aura of timelessness.

—Bill Adler

**SPIRIT, by Earth, Wind and Fire (Columbia PC 34241).**



Earth, Wind and Fire is so unfailingly positive that they seem a trifle unreal at times. Their abiding lyric faith in the saving power of love and brotherhood (expressed here in "Spirit" and "Burnin' Bush") is weirdly reminiscent of the salad days of the Summer of Love, though genuine nonetheless.

Yet as admirable and rare as is their sense of responsibility, their awareness of their power as superstars, they occasionally become irritatingly, self-righteously admonitory (as in "Saturday Nite").

Still, still, still ... When I first heard "Getaway" leap from the dash, I just about jumped straight out of my skin and through the roof. It's the perfect single, so outstandingly energetic—from the tip of that hip fanfare intro to the gleaming, stuttering horn fade-out three minutes, 47 seconds later—that it utterly overshadows anything "They've" allowed us on the AM dial for years.

In fact, the whole of *Spirit* is just bursting with good feeling and great playing. Particular gems include every tune Charles Stepney arranged. Stepney, who passed away just after the completion of this album, will live on through the grandeur of his work in "Getaway," "Imagination," "EWF" and the instrumental "Departure." His horn parts bristle with a type of staggering punch unequalled since the heyday of the Maestro of Muscle, Count Basie.

Provoked at the time (1963) by the overwhelming vigor and loveliness of the music being created by the John Coltrane

quartet, Amiri Baraka (then LeRoi Jones) expressed his bafflement that "despite its essentially vile profile, so much beauty continues to exist" in America. Since he wrote that, things have only gotten worse economically in the nation's largely black urban centers. And still the music emerging from the cities' black spokespersons remains almost uniformly positive.

In sum, Maurice White and Co. are at the top of their form, and *Spirit* provides in generous measure just the sort of inspiration one needs when life in the material world gets a little too grim. E.W.&F. continue to make it so easy and pleasurable to get away.

—Bill Adler

**ROCK AND ROLL HEART, by Lou Reed (Arista AL4100).**



Jonathan Richmond once said, "I think of the Velvet Underground as a spiritual group." Andy Shernoff of the Dictators once sang, "I think Lou Reed is a creep." Actually, Lou Reed is a spiritual creep. He's a creep because he tried hard to be. He's spiritual because he can't help it. Um, Lou Reed is a creep because he puts people off. He would probably never get mugged.

In 1966, when everyone was a mod, Lou Reed had a psychedelic anarchist pop-art rhythm-and-blues band, the Velvet Underground, and wrote songs like "Heroin" and "I'm Waiting For My Man." In 1967, during the summer of love, Lou recorded a 17-minute heavy metal psychorock track called "Sister Ray," the refrain of which was "I'm searchin' for my mainline. I said I couldn't hit it sideways."

In 1968, when the psychedelic scene started catching up to the VUs, the group changed direction completely and recorded a lyrical acoustic album. In '69 the Velvet Underground recorded an album called *Loaded*, which featured the sound that virtually created glitter, punk and the modern sound of today's hardest rocking teens. But it was four or five years before it hit. Yup, from beginning to end, the Velvet Underground was always so far ahead of its time that it was regarded as without commercial potential, and the group broke up.

Lou's first solo album was good but not spectacular. Then David Bowie came along and decided to elevate his idols Lou and Iggy Pop to their deserved levels of fame. To Bowie's credit, he produced a good





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album for each, and as a result Lou Reed seemed on the verge of catching up with his legend. With a little success he seemed to head back to his old ways. Just before kicking off his old label, RCA, Lou gave them a present of *Metal Machine Music*, about as commercial as the soundtrack of your last laundry load. Lou was up to his old tricks, being a spiritual creep.

*Rock and Roll Heart* is Lou Reed as a contrary creep once again. Just when you'd expect him to cash in on his demand as a big hall heavy metal act, Lou comes up with a soulful, really cool album. The latest Lou Reed is really up there. He's playing with a full deck, better than ever.

*Rock and Roll Heart* is good-time music, but with a difference. It has a bad attitude. Lou's "I Believe in Love" tells you with lotsa upbeat that he believes in love, good-time music, rock-and-roll, parties and "the Iron Cross, as everybody knows." "Banging on My Drum" tells you that Lou is still fast and tight. (He played all the guitars, did all the backup vocals and did the ultra production job himself.) "Follow the Leader" is a stuttering, fast jazz number that sounds like music for disco dancers going cold turkey. "Ladies Pay" is an amazing black song of love, war and prostitution done like "All Along the Watchtower," but more desperate and psychedelic.

*Rock and Roll Heart* is the AM radio, big chords, rocker anthem. A pick hit, and why not? "Chooser and the Chosen" is Lou's first instrumental, and really A-1. "Senselessly Cruel"? You can tell how great it is just by the title. "Vicious Circle" is the spiritual number. It's a little acoustic ditty as fine as the Velvet's acoustic stuff—and when Lou's voice goes flat on the refrain, the cracks send chills up your spine. Lou sings bad better than anybody.

Lou Reed's *Rock and Roll Heart* is good for boozing, doping, making out or even thinking. If you're sick of dumb lyrics written by people from California and England, this album by a spiritual creep with a lot of smarts and a lot of—believe it or not—swing is just the Rx for you.

—Glenn O'Brien

CONCEPTS IN UNITY, Grupo Folklorico y Experimental Nuevayorquino (Salsoul SAL 2-400). Imagine a fusion of African,



Cuban cabaret and Puerto Rican country dances melded to the streets of New York, and you have *Concepts in Unity*. Unlike traditional salsa, whose tempos can become paroxysmally boring after a while, this album soars by interpreting diverse rhythmic and melodic elements through an improvisational jazz matrix, making the songs both danceable and listenable.

El Grupo Folklorico is a versatile ensemble of Puerto Rican and Cuban musicians

led by three male singers and a dynamite rhythm section backed up by a chorus of six female voices. They can structure their music as formally as any studio musician or let it rip in the sass and backtalk of street conga drummers.

The keys to the album for me were the numbers "Canto Asojin" and "Canto Ebioso," which aggressively blend repetitive arabesques of choral with West African "bata" drumming. The bata is a type of two-tone drum with a neck collared by bells. It is played in a set of three differing sizes. The Yoruba tribe, who originated the batas, use them exclusively for religious ceremonies.

The batas saturate the voices with a rich, percussive density, but another beat whumps through many of the cuts, that born of the frustration Afro-Latin cultures feel having been transplanted to the concrete cavity of New York City. The guaguanco, guajira and mambo influences of Cuba, the plenas from the barrios of Puerto Rico, obviously mean more to these musicians than a beat to shake your ass at.

El Grupo Folklorico is more interested in expression and innovation than simply repackaging the salsa success formula. *Concepts in Unity* is neither too heady, nor too footsy. It's just what the title says it is.

—Craig Pyes

BLACK ORPHEUS, Original Film Soundtrack, by A. C. Jobim and Luiz Bonfá (Fontana SRF 67520). Marcel



Camus's 1959 Cannes Film Festival-winning film proved once and for all that dancing is a sin. The two main characters go to hell for doing the samba. This is the music that made them do it.

If Eydie Gormé had made this film a year later, she would have called it "Blame It on the Bossa Nova," and for good reason. The compelling new beat plays the role of fate in this film version of an ancient Roman myth.

The updated love tragedy unfolds amidst the drunken mass sambas of Brazil's annual carnival celebration. Four or five haunting introductory guitar notes erupt into the full percussive exoticism of traditional Rio street frenzy. African and Brazilian-Indian gourd and skin instruments imitate human voices, and vice versa. The street is the mythic underworld—scene of the reality lurking beneath all others. The sound track is otherworldly and supersensual.

Luiz Bonfá's "Mão de Carnaval" ("Tomorrow the Carnival") runs as the lovers' theme throughout the album, repeated three times in entirety. Its pure lyricism alternates with the orgies of tribalism that are samba, the hellbent beat of spirit possession and voodoo. This score represents the first big Latin influence on jazz.—PLS



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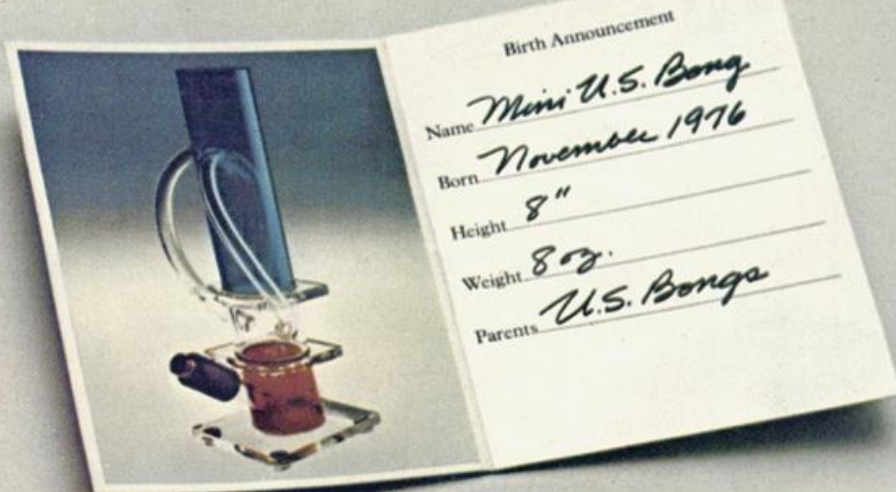
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## Silent Zone

(continued from page 105)

a born leader—yet he was also a maniac, a hustler, out of touch with reality and unreliable.

Ramón was a man totally given to Belief, a man drunk with his vision of God—yet he was foolish, unconsciously humorous in his humorlessness. Although there was no developed friendship between the two men, one could not help but see them as the New Mexico. Guillermo Bravo, with his disco-paramilitary psychic hustle, and Ramón Thomassiny, with his faith to burn, presented a matched pair—Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, Montezuma and his human footstool.

**Y**es, Mexico had an ancient heritage of magical religioscientific civilization. Perhaps a new synthesis of religion and science could occur here. A new theocracy, a new breed of political UFOlogists, could be born from the vast resources of native belief, relatively untapped in recent times, providing the masses with a new scenario for the miraculous.

Your reporter, recharged by his exit from the Silent Zone, did a lot of driving on the trek back to Mexico City. He drove all night, while Bravo and Beatrice dozed. Distant lightning illuminated the west. Bravo woke up and saw the flashes. It took 15 minutes before the flashes on the horizon were pronounced lightning. The UFOs did not swoop down over the road. Ramón had made a major prophecy, but the sightings he expected and the sign from the sun had not come.

Your reporter whistled to stay awake and thought of a nice Ezra Pound line. "The gods have not returned./They never left./They have not returned."

And, lighting up a cigarette, he swigged on a Coca-Cola, which is as good in Mexico as it is on 42nd Street.

Driving through Durango, we noticed it was still there; the earthquake had not hit. But then we hit Mexico City and picked up the papers. A few things had happened. The sister of the president-elect had narrowly escaped death, and her chauffeur had not, when her limo was riddled by guerrilla bullets. And anarchists had blown up the basilica at Guadalupe, and New York had been hit by a terrible hurricane. The first Mexican reports called it the worst disaster since Galveston.

Ramón burned with excitement. More signs! More signs! We had been in the Silent Zone, under the full-mooned clear sky, when the storm tore into the city, wiping it out and killing thousands. The minutes before we were able to call the city were agony. Then we learned that nobody was dead, although the Connecticut tobacco crop had been severely threatened. News lag—that's another terrifying form of radio silence. But everything was O.K. Long distance is the next best thing to being there. ■

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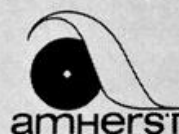


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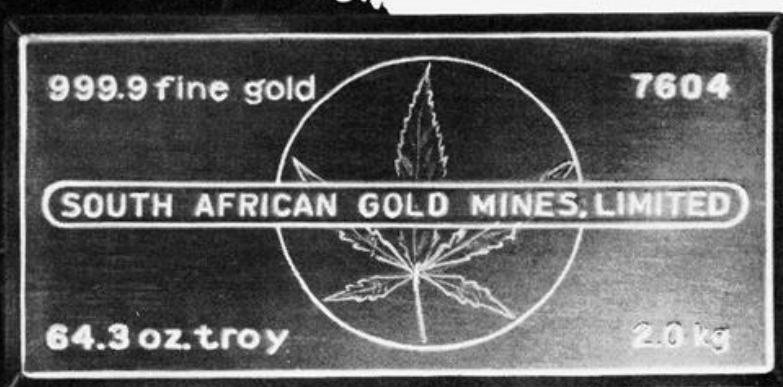
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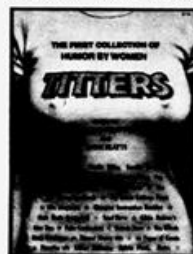
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**TITTERS**, edited by Deanne Stillman and Anne Beatts (New York: Macmillan, \$14.95 hardbound, \$7.95 paperback).



*Titters* is the first collection of women's humor ever published. This is pretty hard to believe, because pussies have been cracking jokes ever since the beginning of time. In fact, some anthropologists believe that a cave cunt invented the joke when she said, "Take my husband . . . please!" Still, for millions of years, women's jests and jibes went uncollected—although there were countless instances of individual women being hilarious—Marie Antoinette, Jane Austen, Zasu Pitts, Judy Holliday, Eve Arden, Gracie Allen and Rusty Warren, just to name a few. But the women's movement has changed all that. Women have always possessed their own humor, but the self-consciousness of the movement has altered it, sharpening its socio-political schtick while at the same time providing excellent grist for the mills of satire on a broad range of topics. *Titters* is feminist, but it also takes on feminism and shakes it up a bit. "Miz" magazine and the Sylvia Plath Cookbook are examples of this healthy, let's-not-get-ridic attitude.

Rumor had it that Lily Tomlin turned down *Titters* because she thought the title was sexist. This is pretty surprising because you'd think that this book would politically offend only the Kamikazes of the women's movement—the ones in the "A Woman Without a Man is Like a Fish Without a Bicycle" T-shirts. Maybe Lily had other reasons. Most of female top bananas—Totie Fields, Erica Jong and Bella Abzug—are represented here.

The style of *Titters* owes plenty to the National Lampoon style of parody and satire, but, catch this, it is much better done than the Lampoon has been in years. This is not surprising because Beatts and Stillman are both Lampoon bitches, among their numerous accomplishments. Still, *Titters* is more universal in its tastes than the Lampoon ever was, and the line-up of talent—from syndicated columnists Erma Bombeck and Peg Bracken to comedian Phyllis Diller to Interview's tongue-on-wry with mustard Fran Lebowitz—shows an insightful eclecticism that transcends the adolescence of much published humor. In other words, if you can't find anything funny in this volume you'd better get your glands checked. Even if you don't like reading books, you ought to like this because it has a lot of funny pictures, cartoons, illustrations and anatomical charts. Too bad *Titters* isn't a magazine, because it seems that the *artistes* represented have got a lot more where this came from.

There's nothing to jerk off to in this book, except a Manet nude of "Saturday Night's" Michael O'Donahue, but you can have a few laughs. If you buy only one humor book this April Fool's Day, make it *Titters*, and while you're at it, pick one up for your mother too.

—Alfred E. Newperson

**BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY**, by Ron Kovic (New York: McGraw-Hill, \$7.95).



Ron Kovic was that wheelchair-bound paraplegic who had to be shoved quickly out the door after disrupting Richard Nixon's presidential acceptance speech during the 1972 Republican National Convention in Miami. In this book, his first, he documents what that moment really meant to him. It's possibly the heaviest and most frighteningly moving account of personal disaster to come out of the Vietnam War.

Kovic relives every agony, from the moment the bullets splashed his spine into splinters to the screaming ordeal in the field hospital, from the ineptly run state-side V.A. hospital where his own battle begins to the present inescapable reality of having no feelings below his chest, pissing through a plastic tube and aching to dissolve within a woman's soft body that he'll never know again.

His story will churn your own guts, as Ron does his wheelies through Mexican whorehouses, continual accidents, setbacks, loneliness and drunken brawls with himself. He achieves a cleansing victory over his fears as he—reluctantly at first—enters into radical politics, joins the first big peace march on Washington and moves up quickly to become the chief spokesman for Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Then on the floor of the Republican National Convention, Ron Kovic conveyed his message live to the American people for almost two minutes via Roger Mudd and the CBS cameras before he and two crippled friends tried to drown out Nixon. "The living dead man," as he describes himself, had found a moment to live for.

The narrative of this book slashes straight through any easy smugness: the war is wrong; John Wayne sucks. It cuts deep with an unflinching relentlessness of detail that rivals anyone's concept of a good war novel. It demands: where were you when all this was going down? There are very few books to compare *Born on the Fourth of July* with. The heaviest, most penetrating of the genre—like Dalton Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun* or Stephen Crane's classic Civil War novel *The Red Badge of Courage*—are both special in their portrayal of the horror of war as an event in human affairs.

*The Red Badge of Courage*, however, was a fiction created to make a point. Ron Kovic's *Born on the Fourth of July* is that point. Don't let it pass you by. —Jim Brodey

**A GOLDEN GUIDE: HALLUCINOGENIC PLANTS**, by Richard Evans Schultes, illustrated by Elmer W. Smith (New York: Golden Press, \$1.95).



A little *Golden Guide* to hallucinogenic plants? Yes! And all indications are that this delightful and inexpensive book will soon be a hot collector's item in the psychedelic culture.

In case you don't remember what little

*Golden Guides* look like, they are the lavishly illustrated handbooks to such innocent manifestations of nature as birds, wild flowers, insects, sea shells and minerals. To see all the popular hallucinogenic plants and many, many little-known ones presented in the same format is charming, to say the least.

The amount of information packed into the 160 pages of this book is formidable (and unbeatable for the price), and it comes from one of the world's foremost botanical experts on the subject—Dr. Richard Evans Schultes, director of the Harvard Botanical Museum. (His *Botany and Chemistry of Hallucinogens*, written with Albert Hofmann, is now a standard reference work.) The present *Golden Guide* is written for laymen but includes useful botanical and chemical information as well as cogent descriptions of the ways the plants are prepared and used.

The *Guide* covers first the Old World hallucinogens and then the New World hallucinogens and includes long sections on the major plants: *Amanita muscaria*, *Cannabis*, psilocybin mushrooms, *Viola*, ayahuasca, peyote, morning glories, dataras. It also gives a great deal of information on such lesser-known drugs as San Pedro cactus, Turkestan mint, sinicuichi, yopo snuff and iboga, as well as on dozens of others most people have never heard of.

Perhaps the most endearing feature of the book is the art work by Elmer ("Smitty") Smith, a noted botanical illustrator also on the staff of the Harvard Museum. The color plates of the plants are meticulously executed, as are the drawings of paraphernalia associated with their use. Smitty also provides us with wonderful portraits of Amazonian Indians preparing *Viola* (a powerful DMT-containing snuff) and dancing under the influence of the strong hallucinogenic drink known as yagé, or ayahuasca. There are classic paintings, too, of a Oaxacan mushroom ceremony and a pair of medieval European witches cooking up a pot of henbane



soup. Publication of the book was long delayed by preparation of these illustrations, but the wait was well worth it.

My only criticism of the *Guide* is that it includes a number of very obscure plants whose claim to hallucinogenic status is at best shaky. The *Brunfelsias*, for example, are South American nightshades best considered toxic delirants rather than psychedelics. Evidence that *Coleus*, *lochroma*, and *Petunia violacea* are hallucinogenic is weak. The bushman shown rubbing a cut bulb of *Pancratium trianthum* into a scalp wound to get himself high makes a nice illustration, but the only evidence that the bulb of this lilylike African plant is so used is a second-hand report briefly annotated on one herbarium specimen. There are also occasional errors in describing the medical effects of the drugs. These include perpetuating the mistaken notion that *Cannabis* dilates the pupils of the eyes.

But these are, at worst, minor quibbles with what is a thoroughly entertaining and much needed book. —Andrew Weil

**WHAT DOES WOMAN WANT?** by Timothy Leary (West Hollywood: 88 Books, \$10.00). What Does Woman Want?



(the question for which Life is the answer) is a dazzling performance of psychoactive vaudeville in which the political, sexual and philosophical survival of both the protagonist—an Evolutionary Agent named Leri—

and the species are at stake.

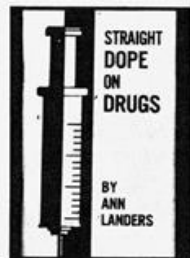
Fashionable, pharmaceutical Switzerland ("Mon Dieu, those rascals are holding back drugs in their laboratories that can make your brain feel like the gold-vaults of Zurich and the cunt of Bardot") in 1971 is the setting for a cast of attractively decadent swindlers and seekers who engage the hero in fervid philosophical dialogues and intrigues over vintage wines and French cigarettes.

Nixon-gang members are trying to extradite the fugitive back to a 20-year prison term. Meanwhile, his seven-year love affair with ravishing fellow-fugitive Rosemarie Barnacle has become "a satin trap," and a suave con man is legally stealing all of his future royalties. To survive these larval forces Leri must go beyond Gurdjieff and Crowley by stating the Next Evolutionary Step.

A parallel plot relates the hero's initiation into the Rapture Circuit (Stage 13) a decade earlier, the historical launching of the expanded consciousness movement with neurotransmitter substances, and the discovery of "the encoded secret that the dying planet hungered for" in an ancient Tantrik illuminated manuscript. Stage 14 (Erotic Engineering) is prefigured by a wunderkind name Joanna. Another narrative sequence compiled from future ar-

chives reminds readers that all of these events took place six centuries ago and resulted in the saving of the species through a program of space migration, intelligence raising, and life extension—SMILE. —Michael Horowitz

**STRAIGHT DOPE ON DRUGS**, by Ann Landers (Looks Like It Was Done on a Xerox Machine Press, 65 little pages).



The cutesy title alone of Ms. Landers's book sets the same bells ringing in my head that first clanged when the queer scout master took me aside for a little talk about masturbation. A nasty little offering from a mother you can be happy you never had. The usual collection of dated, ridiculous drug names, unnecessary, inaccurate descriptions of smuggling and sale and ludicrous lists of symptoms. A wormy blend of truth, ill-textured stupidity and insincere concern calculated to counsel parents of teens on drugs.

It would appear that syndicated busybody Landers does not feel that relations are painful enough between near-grown children and adults. I can't imagine how horrible it would be to deal with a nice old parent who had read in Ann's pamphlet that the Manson family used cocaine and that unnamed LSD-users attempted to play with a real freight train and were killed.

Books about drugs can be useful. Books about drugs and morality colored with stupid scare-stories can only damage understanding. Anyone who has ever picked up a *Physicians' Desk Reference* and looked at the list of unpleasant side effects possible for the simplest, most commonly used drugs knows that all drugs are potentially dangerous. People who place extraordinary stress on the dangers and overlook the delights are—not to put too fine a point on it—dry, joyless and, in the end, as dead as you or I. The type wants to put air bags on all the tricycles, tell you how to fuck and what position to use and generally make petty rules to remedy the dangerous little world we live in.

—Ted Mann

**WHITE WOMEN**, by Helmut Newton (New York: Stonehill, \$25.00). Helmut



Newton is a French photographer who shoots fashion for French and American Vogue and beaver for Lui and Oui. Mr. Newton is one of those photographers who make writers who sit alone with a typewriter question the meaning of life, in that his gainful employment is standing in the same room

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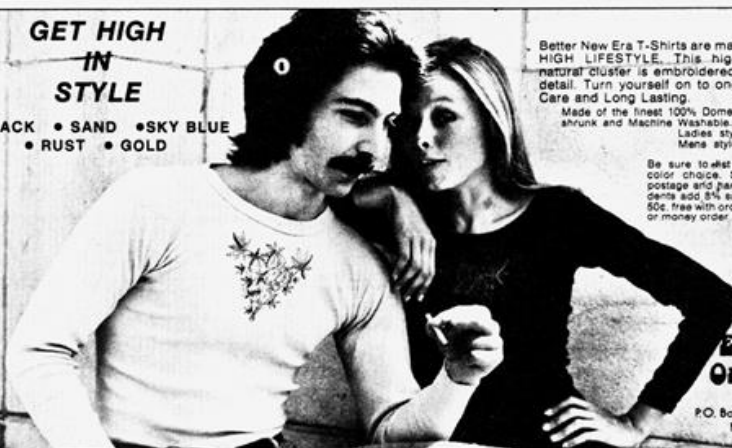
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with the most exquisite women of the world—naked. Exquisite women like being naked, but only in front of the most select men or in front of a camera. Mr. Newton is both. Mr. Newton gets away with this ultra lifestyle for one reason. His commercial photography is also considered fine art. Now, the relationship of fashion to art is a ticklish one. Jean Cocteau drew on dresses for Dior. Oscar Wilde said, "Be a work of Art or wear one." Richard Avedon shows at the Museum of Modern Art. Andy Warhol has a fashion magazine. Is Fashion Art, the Enemy, or both?

Fashion, if it is Art, can be a dangerous weapon in the wars of class and secret societal struggle. Gucci is a uniform, and so is Goochy. So where does that leave Helmut Newton—and, while we're at it, all the other *artistes* of the fashion world? In terms of formulating an extreme, merciless standard of taste, fashion photographers are probably the most dangerous brand of psychosexual magicians in the world. They are capable of evoking a presence—not only of the sex object herself but also of a scene and scenario for narcissistic masturbatory purposes that is virtually unobtainable in reality.

Since society is by now well trained in upward aesthetic mobility, it is not hard to addict it with images of extremely artificial, arcane and costly sexuality. For most men this masturbation image, grafted on during the lean, horny teen years, is superior to any object he can hope to attain in "real life": nevertheless he persists in his desire and his masturbation fantasies in an attempt at self-improvement through sympathetic magic of the most primitive sort. (See the Golden Bough.) If he has sex with this superior image in his mind she will eventually appear. Thus the average jerk-off maintains two sexual standards: what he will settle for fucking, what he fucks in dreamland. It doesn't take a Wilhelm Reich to notice that today pornzines are the primary mechanism for manipulating sexual tensions to capitalist ends. (See Mass Psychology of Fascism.) If America got laid tonight, it would have one less thing to worry about tomorrow, hence, the calm, lucid determination necessary for revolutionary political action, not to mention true sensuality.

Helmut Newton's *White Women* is the most interesting hardcover stroke book to come down the pike in a long time. All the pix are of rich bitches, class babes and top models. Most are naked or practically so and engage in some exotic, hypercinematic kind of scene that suggests that something very chic but also very existential is happening. Yet there is also present the formal and conceptual strength required for a good Magritte knock-off. The feminine aesthetic is Vogue. Didn't Hef start Oui when he found out that Harvard boys were jacking off to French Vogue? If you like to jack off, you'll probably like this book—because each pic gives you not only a sex object or two but also a mood, a feeling—



God forbid, an idea. Newton is an idea man, and his thoughts accompany his photographs. He has a typically French sense of humor. You know, quiche in the face.

Helmut Newton's white women aren't pink—no frontal labia. This is a class act, in fact, the pictures are not really as much about person-to-person sex as about sexual objectification. Elite, top-drawer, million-dollar sex can only be had by quest, following the clues of courtly behavior set down in secret runic shopping techniques scattered throughout our culture. Ultimate orgasm is as attainable as a 450SL. Love is like a Barcelona table. —Glenn O'Brien

# SOMBRERO FALLOUT—A JAPANESE NOVEL, by Richard Brautigan (New York: Simon and Schuster, \$6.95).



Richard Brautigan's seventh work of fiction is an autobiographical account of his love affair with a Japanese girl named Yukiko. It is also a surrealistic novel-within-a-novel that the narrator tells us has written itself after having been thrown into the abyss of the wastepaper basket.

The plot that has written itself concerns the death and rebirth of a town. A colder-than-ice black sombrero falls from the sky onto the street. A bloody riot breaks out when its presence is noticed by the mayor and two citizens. When the state police, the governor and the National Guard try to intervene, the town goes to war with them all. The toll of dead and wounded rises high enough for the media to take an interest. Norman Mailer arrives on the scene and describes it as Hell. Finally, the president stops the massacre. The sombrero, now white, continues to lie in the street.

Themes of loneliness, love, insanity and grief tie together the two threads of the book. The narrator-author, who insists that he has no sense of humor, concentrates on irony by rewarding the agony of the absurd violence with fame and fortune. The town prospers by turning into a national monument that draws more tourists than does the Grand Canyon. The lonely lover transforms his pain into a country-and-western song that becomes the number-one hit in America.

Brautigan expresses a characteristic sense of wonder in all of his books. This time he does it by examining the beauty of a single hair, the act of falling in love and the possibility that an unexplained object might drop from the sky. With lyricism reminiscent of haiku and with brief, poemlike chapters, Brautigan asserts the gentle fatalism of a grown-up still aware of the miraculous. "There is more to life than meets the eye," the narrator remarks in a tongue-in-cheek throwaway. There is also more to this book than is immediately apparent. —Carol Ardman

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*Sherlock Holmes: coke fiend*

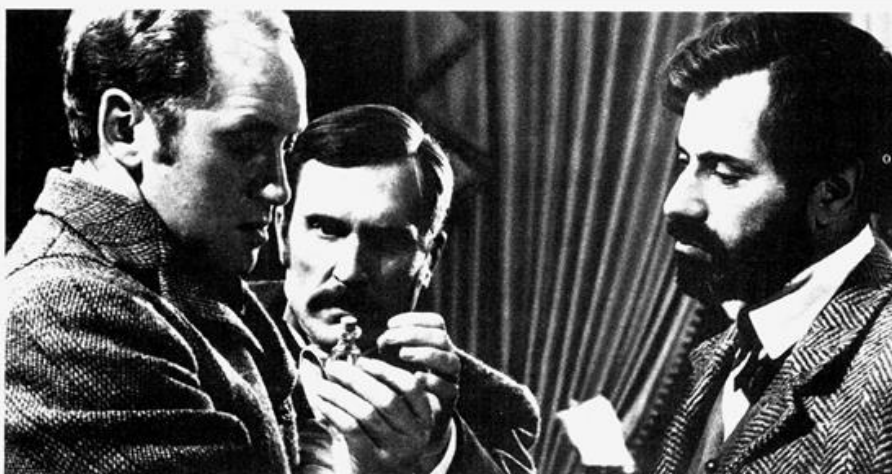
## The Seven-Per-Cent Solution

By Joe Kane

Sherlock Holmes has been on the screen scene, with or without his works, since 1903. Before the production code cracked down on celluloid simulations of what it called drug use, Conan Doyle's talented tec was seen injecting cocaine in silent films like *Sherlock Holmes* (1916) and *A Scandal In Bohemia* (1921)—a facet of Holmes's character more recently revived in Billy Wilder's *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* (1970). But it wasn't until Herbert Ross's *Seven-Per-Cent Solution* that a film dealt centrally—albeit whimsically—with the celebrated sleuth's coke craving.

Scripted by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote the best-selling novel of the same name, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* finds our famous shamus (Nicol Williamson) in the throes of advanced coke-provoked paranoia. In an unconscious attempt to exorcise the lingering demons of a long-suppressed childhood trauma, Sherlock convinces himself that his imagined nemesis, enfeebled mathematician Professor Moriarity (Laurence Olivier), is a closet criminal genius responsible for most of the evil mischief being perpetrated on the continent.

When Holmes apprises a worried Watson (Robert Duvall) of these beliefs, the



*Freud and Watson going for the works*



*Moriarity: the hard surface*



*Holmes: the cutting edge*

latter spirits his mentor off to visit young Dr. Freud (Alan Arkin), Victorian Europe's leading authority on cocaine abuse. It is in Vienna that the plot thickens, as the trio meshes wits to solve the ominous disappearance of courtesan-chanteuse Lola Devereaux (Vanessa Redgrave).

A sly, stylish and thoroughly inconsequential entertainment, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* moves with the leisured low-key precision of a well-crafted underground-comix fantasy. Herbert Ross's deliberately static direction synchronizes with Watson's understated narration; the film, while containing more choice lines than a barrel of blow, rarely reaches for cheap laughs—preferring, when it has nothing uproarious to say or do, to use that time to advance the story line (a restraint

that shotgun satirists of the Mel Brooks school would do well to adopt). Particularly effective are Holmes's withdrawal scenes, in which he's compelled to suffer comic visions of vipers, Baskervillean hounds and apparitions of the Red-Headed League. A tennis duel between Freud and an anti-Semitic villain (Jeremy Kemp), an extended locomotive chase and the witty depiction of Freud and Holmes's ratiocinative symbiosis are other highlights.

The players rank on agreeable par with both script and direction. Williamson acts properly hyperkinetic, while Arkin is calmly comedic. Duvall and Redgrave are winning as Watson and Lola Devereaux. Withal, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* is good, clean, unpretentious fun. ■

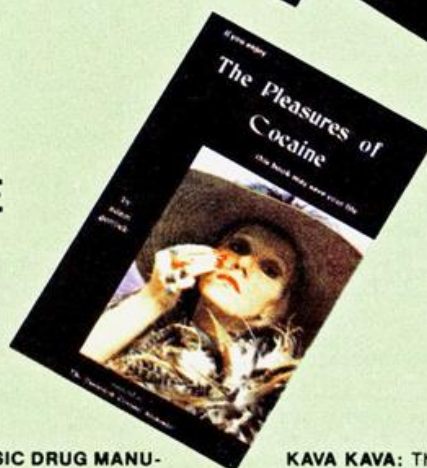


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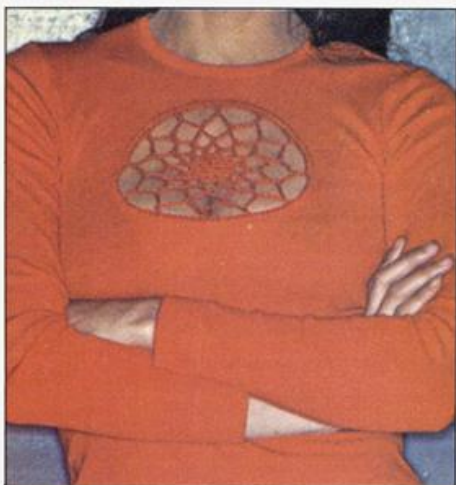
### Cannabis Curios

Parke, Davis & Company no longer makes its Standard Powder Extract of Indian Cannabis, but if your neighborhood pharmacist doesn't rotate stock too often, a few bottles might yet survive. Still, even tightly corked, this savvy snuff may have lost a bit of its pep. Better yet, check your local backwoods salvage shop for empties. They make fine stashes and serve as reminders of a sensible age when U.S. government-inspected dope was dispensed at every drugstore.

This watch was designed for the fob pocket of Elwood Jones's grandfather. Jones, of Easton, Pennsylvania, is one of

our readers, and his grandfather was a half-breed Cherokee medicine man whose rounds stretched from Mexico and the southwestern states all the way north to the Poconos, where he stopped long enough to create an eastern branch of the family. The doctor's little black bag was filled with such ancient Indian remedies as the one depicted on this timepiece and with elixirs made from herbs and peyote. Mr. Jones's watch is not shock-, water- or dust-proof; but it was made in 1880 and it's still ticking. Powerful medicine. Why not have your jeweler whip you up one in rose gold and platinum?





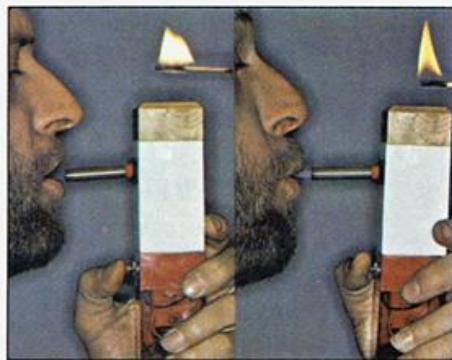
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## WHITE CHRISTMAS



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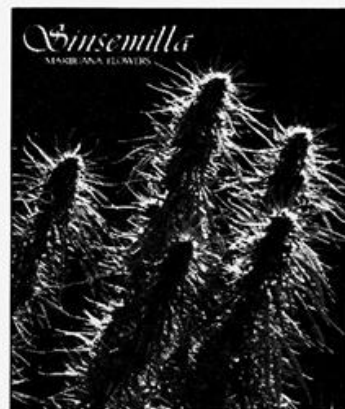
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		kilo	100-200
		oz	5-9
		kilo	125-250

AUSTRALIA			
Domestic grass	improving slightly	oz	20-35
Nepalese hash	fair supply;	lb	200-325
Indian hash	good quality	oz	75-140
Afghani hash	unrefined; just fair	lb	900-1200
LSD	decent	oz	70-90
Cocaine	easily avoided	lb	800-1100
		oz	100-140
		hit	1100-1550
		100	2-5
		gm	100-225
		oz	75-125
		oz	1600-2200

AZORE ISLANDS			
Angolan grass	fair quantity	oz	40-65
Mozambique grass	mind-bending	lb	500-725
Quaaludes	seldom seen	oz	65-100
Dormadinas	relaxing	one	500-800
		100	2-3
		one	100-200
		one	1-2
		100	75-150

BELGIUM			
Nigerian grass	fair to good	oz	30-45
Chitral hash	tasty smoke	lb	425-525
Lebanese hash	scarce	gm	2-3
Nepalese hash	quality fingers	oz	45-70
LSD	available	lb	40-60
Cocaine	maybe OK	lb	425-550
		hit	45-75
		100	450-600
		gm	2-5
		oz	225-350
		oz	60-100
		oz	1050-1500

CANADA			
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Regular	most decent	lb	150-300
Mexican	poor supply;	oz	15-35
Top-grade	excellent quality	lb	150-300
Commercial	quantity and quality	oz	35-60
Colombian	improving	lb	475-600
Connoisseur	scarce	oz	35-50
Hawaiian	worth looking for	lb	400-550
Afghani hash	usually good;	oz	50-85
Indian hash	decent supply	lb	550-700
Kashmiri hash	worthwhile smoke	oz	200-275
Afghani hash oil	fair; hard on the lungs	lb	2200-3200
Honey oil	good	oz	150-200
LSD	some blotter;	lb	1400-2100
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	100-145
MDA	quantity declining	lb	1100-1500
		oz	150-200
		lb	1800-2500
		gm	25-40
		oz	400-550
		gm	30-45
		hit	425-600
		100	2-5
		gm	150-250
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Punta roja	smooth smoke	oz	8-10
Colombian hash	easily avoided	lb	50-70
Colombian hash oil	still trying	oz	30-50
LSD	scarce	100 lb	2000-3000
Mushrooms	amazing	oz	175-225
Cocaine	usually good	lb	2000-2500
		hit	3-5
		100	250-400
		oz	3-5
		lb	30-45
		oz	250-400
		lb	4000-6000

DENMARK			
Lebanese hash	supply drying up	gm	2-3
Moroccan hash	fair at best	lb	650-900
LSD	OK USA	gm	1.50-2.50
		lb	600-750
		hit	2-4
		100	125-200

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Cocaine	good	oz	4-5
San Pedro cactus	available	gm	60-100
		oz	20-35
		free	450-650

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Lebanese hash	supply declining	lb	600-800
Afghani hash	thick black slabs;	oz	70-85
Colombian hash	good	lb	800-950
Hash oil	thick black Afghani	oz	80-115
LSD	mostly blotter	lb	800-1000
Cocaine	stepped on	oz	55-70
Mandrax	highly desired	gm	600-800
		oz	25-35
		hit	400-500
		100	1-2
		gm	75-175
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		one	1200-1800
		100	1-2
		100	75-150

FRANCE			
Yamba	excellent head	oz	40-65
Colombian	scarce	lb	400-650
Moroccan	poor to fair	oz	35-65
Afghani hash	highly potent	lb	450-750
Chitral hash	potent	oz	30-50
LSD	European blotter	lb	350-500
Opium	dreamy	gm	5-8
		lb	900-1100
		oz	50-75
		hit	500-700
		100	2.50-5
		gm	200-325
		gm	12-15

GERMANY			
Lebanese hash	quality and quantity on decline	gm	2-4
Afghani hash	excellent quality;	kilo	1100-1300
Moroccan hash	decent supply	oz	40-65
Thai sticks	just decent	lb	500-725
LSD	wonderful	oz	35-50
Cocaine	OK	lb	450-600
		one	10-15
		100	800-1000
		hit	3-5
		100	200-300
		gm	60-100
		oz	400-700

HONG KONG			
Mainland weed	fair to good	oz	10-15
Thai grass	very good high	lb	150-225
Thai sticks	strong	oz	50-100
Afghani hash	black/white; good	lb	700-1200
		one	8-12
		oz	75-150
		gm	8-15
		oz	75-150

ITALY			
Colombian grass	quantity improving;	oz	75-100
Lebanese hash	quality stable	lb	600-850
Afghani hash	just fair	oz	100-125
Moroccan hash	good to excellent;	100 gm	300-350
LSD	fair supply	oz	100-125
Cocaine	stale green	100 gm	275-325
Speed	microdot and blotter	oz	75-125
		100 gm	200-270
		hit	4-6
		100	300-400
		gm	40-60
		oz	900-1150
		gm	50-75
		oz	1000-1300

MEXICO			
Torreion violet	mind expanding	oz	5-10
Guadalajara green	tasty weed	lb	80-125
Oaxacan tops	good crop	oz	5-10
Guerro gold	improving steadily	lb	75-125
Pueblo	steady standard	oz	3-5
Magic mushrooms	natural high	lb	50-80
Cocaine	excellent	oz	4-7
Opium	very good	lb	60-120
		oz	4-6
		lb	65-100
		oz	5-8
		lb	80-115
		gm	4-5
		oz	55-70
		oz	400-500
		lb	5000

THE NETHERLANDS			
Senegalese & Congolese grass	supply dissipating	oz	50-85
Domestic hash	steadily improving	lb	425-600
Moroccan hash	thin blonde slabs;	oz	20-40
Lebanese hash	OK	lb	250-350
Pakistani hash	decent	oz	50-75
Kashmiri hash	quantity on decline	lb	400-550
Hash oil	well worth the search	oz	50-80
LSD	usually good	lb	500-600
Cocaine	both U.S. and American	oz	50-75
Burmese opium	pleasant surprise	gm	100
		oz	150-225
		gm	75-125
		oz	1200-2000
		gm	3-5
		oz	60-80

TURKEY			
Turkish hash	potentially amazing	oz	5-8
Antonia hash	tasty	lb	70-85
LSD	good when found	oz	8-10
Opium	wonderful	lb	100-150
		hit	5-12
		100	500-600
		oz	3-6
		lb	60-80

USA			
Contiguous			
Regular	fair	oz	15-30
Mexican	excellent when found	lb	100-300
Top-grade	usually poor	oz	40-75
Jamaican	improving in quality and quantity	lb	350-750
Commercial	on the horizon	oz	20-30
Colombian	fair supply;	lb	250-450
Connoisseur	several varieties	oz	25-45
Hawaiian	generally good	lb	325-525
Thai sticks	one	oz	40-75
Nigerian grass	rare	lb	450-650
Moroccan hash	thin green slabs;	oz	200-250
Lebanese hash	some blonde	lb	2100-3000
Afghani hash	occasional	oz	20-30
Nepalese hash	worth looking for	oz	190-250
Paki hash	some good;	lb	40-65
Lebanese hash oil	some bad	oz	500-650
Afghani hash	decent	lb	75-110
Honey oil	OK supply;	oz	900-1200
THC	good quality	lb	100-150
LSD	several varieties	oz	1000-1500
Psilocybin mushrooms	all kinds	lb	120-200
Cocaine	still available	oz	1400-2000
Quaaludes	usually stepped on	lb	120-185
	fluctuating supply	oz	1400-2000
		one	120-165
		100	1300-1700
		oz	20-30
		oz	325-450
		gm	25-35
		oz	350-500
		gm	25-45
		oz	375-600
		one	1-3
		100	75-175
		hit	1-3
		100	75-150
		oz	20-35
		lb	150-250
		gm	75-125
		oz	1200-1900
		one	3-5
		100	200-400

Alaska			
Domestic	fair to good	oz	35-65
Regular	improving	lb	425-500
Mexican	OK	oz	20-35
Cocaine	OK	lb	250-400
		gm	75-125
		oz	1600-2300
Hawaii			
Kona gold	good to excellent	oz	75-150
Maui	tremendous high	lb	1100-1700
		oz	100-150
		lb	1200-1800

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the areas, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐





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# Closers



## Renaissance Man

Glenn O'Brien, author of "The Silent Zone," worked for Interview, Rolling Stone and Oui

before coming to *High Times* as Articles Editor. A graduate of Georgetown University, his hobbies are watching football on TV, bowling, smoking and philosophy. He considers his greatest accomplishments winning \$11,000 on a game show called the Money Maze and posing in jockey shorts on the inside cover of the Rolling Stones' *Sticky Fingers* album.



## Human Error

Due to human error, our November "Closers" on "Mary Wanna, Mary Wanna" incorrectly identified someone who is not Harry Wasserman as Harry Wasserman. This photo shows the real Harry Wasserman, who plays Tom; Patty Powers, an Alternative Press Syndicate vet-

eran, who plays Mary's friend Kathy; Cisco, Yipster Times star reporter, who plays Abbie; A. J. Weberman, famed expert on Dylan, garbage and assassinations, playing the garbage man; and Gabrielle Schang, editor of the late, great Alternative Media Review as Mary.



## The Fabulous Gilbert Shelton

Back in the early Sixties, Gilbert Shelton, father of the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, was a laid-back college student, taking eight years to cop a B.A. from the University of Texas at Austin. His first cartoons were the adventures of Wonder Wart Hog for his college humor magazine. "The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers" are also from Austin and moved to San Fran-

cisco with Shelton. The Brothers appear in their own comic books and in the *Freak Brothers Anthology: The Best of the Rip Off Press*.

Shelton was among the founders of Rip Off Press in 1969, and he's still around as art director. His work has appeared in magazines from *Esquire* to *Playboy*—not to mention *High Times*, where his work will appear monthly, starting with this action-packed issue.



## Meet Punk

Don't believe everything that you read in our special magazine-in-a-magazine starring Punk Magazine. When these guys came up to our offices the receptionist thought they were a big order from the delicatessen. No, seriously folks, seldom do you meet a more talented bunch of juvenile delinquents than the staff of Punk. Publisher Ged Dunn, resident punk Legs McNeil and editor-cartoonist John Holmstrom all attended the same high school in Cheshire, Connecticut, where punk-

hood brought them together. Bored with the limitations of suburbia, the three moved to New York, where John pursued art and studied with famed cartoonist Harvey Kurtzman, Ged pursued money and studied the Wall Street Journal and Legs pursued girls and studied with Jack Daniels. Influenced strongly by the rock scene erupting like acne on the face of New York, the Connecticut punks put their talents together and on January 1, 1976, published Punk, vol. 1, no. 1. The rest is history.

## Butler Did It

George Butler, author of "Drugstore Cowboys," ought to know about knocking over pharmacies. Currently serving a 12-year stretch at Manning Correctional Institute in Columbia, South Carolina, Butler was caught red-handed. Only 20 years old, #81833 had already been "doing" drugstores for five years before his best friend turned state's evidence "to save his own neck." (His pal got 30 months.) Butler comes up for parole in 1980, when he plans



to go straight and make some honest bread. He now works from 5 A.M. to 6 P.M. seven days a week in the prison bakery. After slaving over a hot oven all day, George likes to relax in his cell over a cool copy of *High Times*.



## Our Man in Rio

Robert Ostrowski, who photographed Brazil's Carnival for this issue, is a real globe-trotter. Born in Salem, Massachusetts, he picked up a B.A. at the University of Mas-

sachusetts and an M.A. in anthropology at the State University of New York at Binghamton. In 1964, Ostrowski joined the Peace Corps and was stationed in Turkey, where he saw his first opium poppy. (He photographed our August opium pictorial.)

For the last few years, R. O. has spanned the globe as a free-lance photojournalist. Ostrowski now lives in Brazil. Why? We don't know, but we recall his saying: "I had to keep such a tight grip on my cameras that I didn't get to have any fun." We don't feel too sorry for him. ☐



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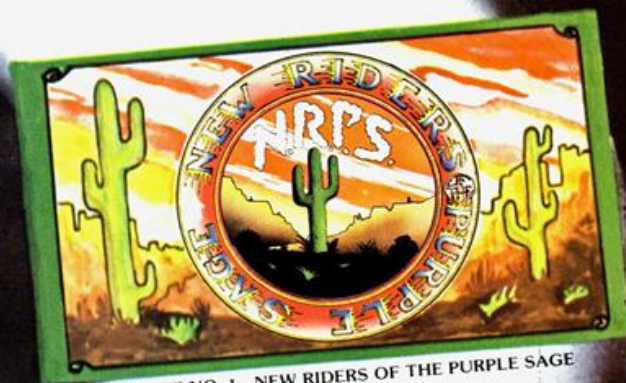
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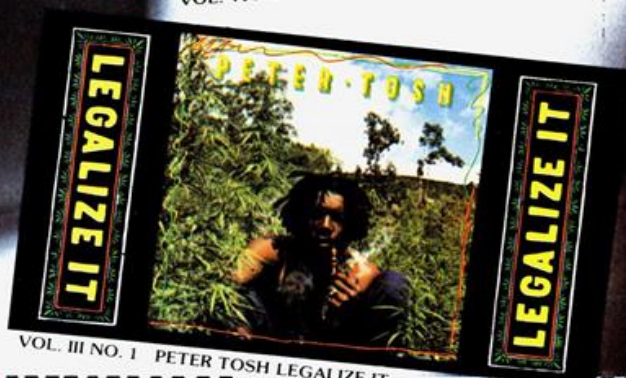
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FEBRUARY 1977



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